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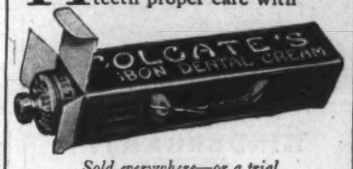

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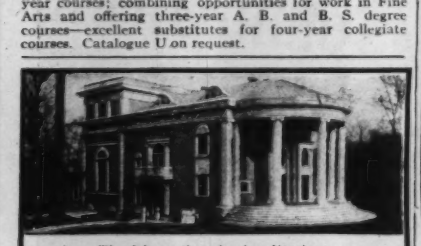

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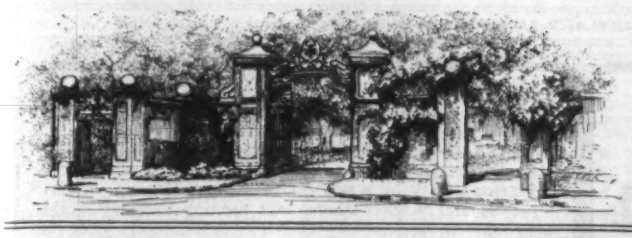

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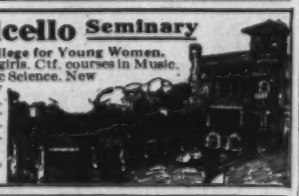

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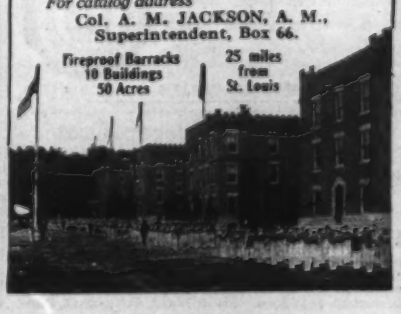

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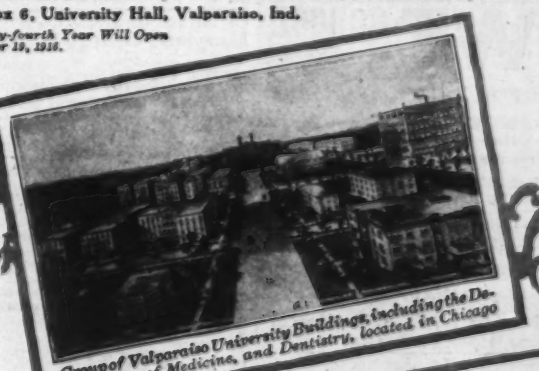

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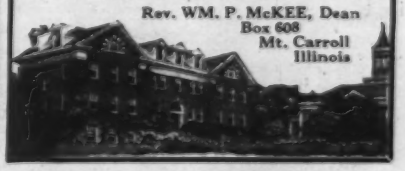

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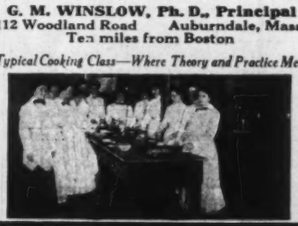

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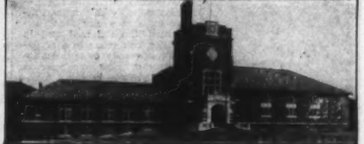

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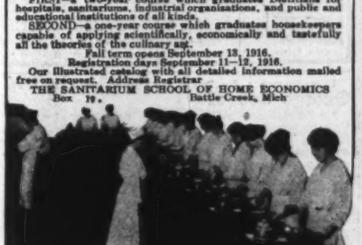

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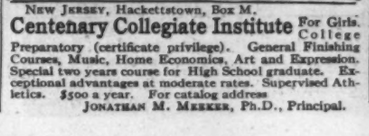

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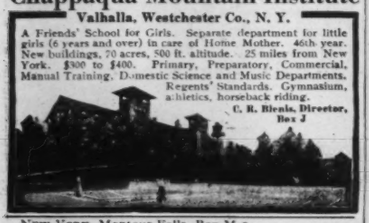

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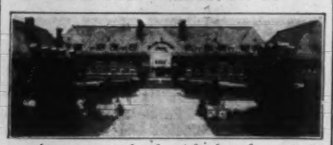

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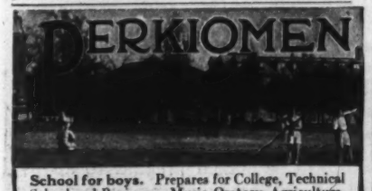

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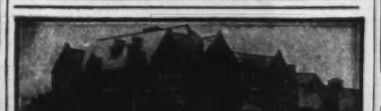

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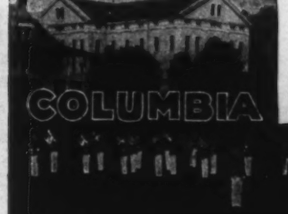

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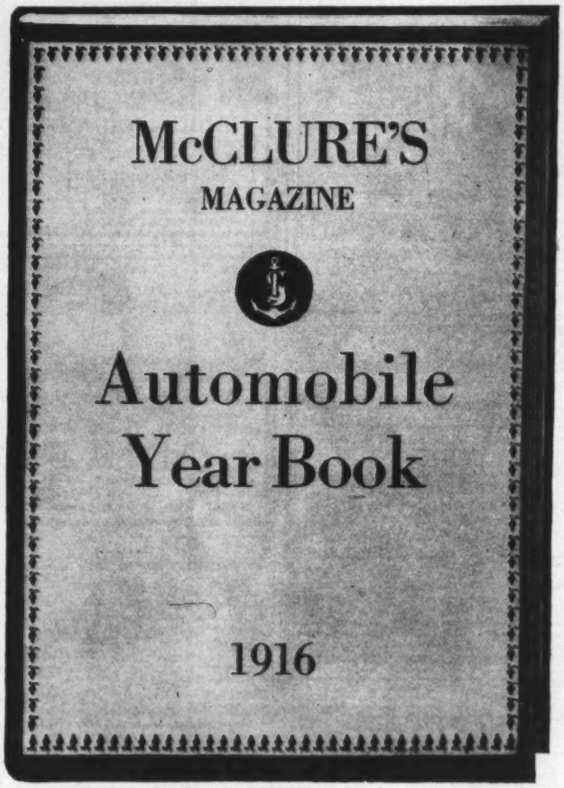

This is a good picture of the McClure Automobile Year Book

IF you are interested even to a slight degree in automobiles—you should have a copy of this book. The present edition is limited and it would be well to order your copy at once. The price is fifty cents—and the general verdict is that the two special articles are worth more than that amount. *

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The McClure Automobile Year Book will be mailed prepaid to any one sending fifty cents in stamps, check or post-office money order. Addresss all communications to McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

McClure's September Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods
Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (Page 46)
Eskay's Food
Mellin's Food

Baking Powders
Royal Baking Powder

Beverages
Walter Baker & Co.
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum (Page 47)

Candies and Confections
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates (Page 38)
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 75)

Cereals
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 55)
Shredded Wheat

Crackers and Biscuits
National Biscuit Company (Page 60)

Fish Products
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits
Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products
Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties (Page 46)
Swift & Co.

Soups
Campbell Varieties (Page 37)

Sugar
Crystal Domino Sugar

Tonics
Malt-Nutrine
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Vinol
Sanatogen (Page 57)

Toilet Preparations
Baldpate Hair Tonic
Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products (Page 3)
Cuticura Soap (Page 54)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (Page 77)
Florence Mfg. Co.
Hinds, A. S. (3rd Cover)
Ivory Soap (Page 12)
F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 62)
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products (Page 77)
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company
"Nujol" (Page 53)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap (Page 2)
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 56)
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap (Page 64)
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
J. B. Williams' Products
Woodbury's Facial Soap (Page 57)

Miscellaneous
Pompeian Olive Oil (Page 61)

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome—over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

It contains 72 pages and is bound in stiff covers—size 9¼ x 5¼. It gives you advice on the food values of various foods as well.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 25c in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it to-day.*

Pure Food Department, McClure Publications, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City (McC)

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for table or for mantel —
for sideboard or for centre piece —
for beauty or for service —
for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or tea —
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Volume XLVII
Number 5

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

SEPTEMBER
1916

Mary — she went to the opera in clothes that would have been barred if worn on the stage. She had read a few books that she should not have read and none that she should

Mary and Marie

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Author of "Peace — at Any Price," "Somewhere In ——," etc.

THE side shows of the great War, as shown to McClure readers by Mr. Browne, have been called by many the most distinguished magazine literature of the year. From "Peace — at Any Price" to "We'll Dally Round the Flag, Boys," which appears next month, each is better than the one before.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

Marie — oh, she is only a little girl . . . nineteen. But not as girls you know are nineteen. She has lived with the birds, the flowers and the river. She is innocent — but not ignorant

THIS is not much of a story. It doesn't start anywhere in particular; nor does it end anywhere in particular. It has no love interest, it will not amuse, and it has an unhappy ending. So, if you are like most of us here in America (which means that you don't believe in doing anything you don't want to do) perhaps you had better not read it. However ——

The name ot the Virgin was Mary; and the French for Mary is Marie. Time, place and association change all things and in all ways. The difference between What Might Have Been and What Is is ofttimes only so much as the gentle sunlight of a whim, or the darkling shadow of a mood. Moreover, the sunlight and the shadow may not be even of our own, but reflected upon ourselves from that which falls upon the lives of others. Whereby it were well to remember that it is not for us too much to praise Marie, too much to blame Mary. For life is as deep as it is devious, and as devious as it is deep. For had it been Mary that had been Marie, and Marie that had been Mary, who of us shall say where would rise the praise, where fall the blame? For, as you shall see ——

Marie lived in Belgium — in northern Belgium amid the gentle hills which, lace-coiffed in shining filaments of river and of brook, sat ever like good housewives amid the ordered products of their kindly lives — sat ever thus until, one day of summer, soft and still and smiling, came hordes of strange, unhuman men to rouse them to awful, biting terror, to sear their hearts with tears, and drown their souls in blood.

There lived Marie.

Mary lived in America — in the United States, a country broad and raw and young, a country that, even as Belgium went to war to save her gentle soul from dishonor, and stayed at war to save her clean, frail body from red and ravishing hands, sat idly by, selfish, self-satisfied, coddling her full young figure of the liberties and riches left her by the toil and moil and struggle of generations of strong, self-sacrificing forebears — squandering vacuously in self-pander all the riches of honor and courage and dignity that they had left her. Fatly and fatuously she stifled all in her that was fine, all that was noble, under the plea of the selfishly indolent that that which didn't happen to her was none of her business. . . . So might Christ have thought. Only He didn't. . . .

And there lived Mary.

So that now, if you have come with me thus far, we may go further.

Marie lived in a tiny *auberge* kept by her people. It was called the Hôtel des Couronnes. But it wasn't like that a bit. In France, little things run to great names — even as in America great names run to little things. Perhaps it is Nature's plan of balance. Who knows?

The Hôtel des Couronnes means the hotel of the funeral wreaths. And in the name lay perhaps, perhaps not, the spirit of prophecy.

It was not a large hotel; on the contrary, it was a very small hotel. It had four guest-rooms with very high and very old and very soft beds. It had a tiny café with marble-topped tables. It had great stables and a courtyard floored of cobbles, wherein all day long plump pigeons fluttered and strutted, strutted and fluttered. And when one walked across this courtyard, one's *sabots* made upon the cobbles a great and mighty sound. . . . Such was the God-given peace that lay like His cupped hands about the Hôtel des Couronnes. . . .

For the rest, it was a quaint old place, long and low and rambling. To its red-tiled roofs and gray walls clung, lizard-like, the sprays of dull-green ivy, fashioned

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by hands long since gone back to the earth-mother that gave them of her life and in the end gathered them once again unto her breast.

One gray wall — the one caressed by the warm rays of the setting sun — was quite close to a river.

It was a little river, this of which I tell you. A tiny river, but friendly and sociable and unbelievably talkative! Where it came from, nobody seemed to know. Those asked would shrug their shoulders uninterestedly, and say, "*Oh, ça vien du loin.*" which means somewhere a long way off. And, apparently, it went to the same place — at any rate such was the similar answer to similar queries. . . .

As near as one could see, standing on the hill where wound the white road with its tall sentinels of green poplars, the river came from up the valley just bevond the fertile fields of the farm of Papa Michard. Then, after hiding from one playfully for a space, it came in sight again just above the tiny bridge where crossed the motors on their way to the *capital*. Thence, after leaping lightly from ripple to ripple, it would come to a singing halt in the little pool near the old gray wall. And there, resting gently beneath the soft shadows of the willows, it would linger to chat with one, while the willows nodded softly as they listened.

And there, while the river lay resting in its little pool, Marie would come to chat with it, while the friendly willows gathered all about her to listen. They whispered sometimes, too; but willows have not much to say, since they spend all their lives in one place. But rivers, now, they travel vastly! . . . It must be wonderful to be a river and to see of all the world so much!

But since one may not be a river, then the next best thing is to have one for a friend. Thus it was with Marie. They knew each other well, the river and Marie; knew and loved. In all its moods she knew it: in the springtime, when it hurried past on its never-ending journey, too busy save for a passing friendly word. . . . And in the winter when the ice lay over it like a prison window; though even then one could peer through and see it smiling at one from beneath. . . .

But in the soft spring and the gentle summer she would lie by its side, listening (for, you must know, it was the river that did most of the talking; Marie liked best to listen) flat upon the ground, young limbs full sprawled, while it told her of its travels — of the broad sea of which Marie knew only in pictures — of huge ships of steel that carried in their black wombs more men than lay in all the countryside — of great cities where people dwelt like bees in a hive — where sought the skies chimneys more numerous than the stalks of corn before the harvest. . . .

It told her of the men that built the little *auberge* — the red roofs and the gray, stained walls — the men long since gone to their fathers. It told her of those before them — men in silk and cloth-of-gold, with hooded hawks upon their wrists. . . . Even of the men before these it told her — great men in shining armor that rode huge, thundering chargers covered with steel and silk and the white foam of their champing jaws. . . . You see, it was a very old river, this river that Marie knew, very old and very wise, as old as it was gentle, as kind as it was wise. . . .

And by its side Marie, full lips parted, dark eyes wide in wonder, would lie and listen until, of a sudden, soft shadows came stalking past upon the gray, stained wall — came the sound of kine splashing in the lush grass below, and the voice of her mother calling her to the white-floored kitchen with its pots and pans of flashing copper. . . . Marie would sigh softly, and go, sorry and yet infinitely glad; sorry that she must leave, even for a time, the friendly old river that knew so much, and glad because she knew it at all. . . . *Ma foi!* It is good to know a river like that! Such a traveled river! Such a very old river! A river that could tell you of at least a thousand kilometres and half a thousand years!

Such then was Marie. . . . You know her now a little, don't you? Well, then, let us leave her for a — Pardon? . . . May she not go back to the little pool and listen to the river while we are away? . . . Why, surely! . . . What? . . . Yes. I see. . . . Oh, but she is only a little girl. . . . Nineteen. But not as girls you know are nineteen. She has lived with the birds, the flowers, the trees, and, yes, to be sure, the river. She has lived with them and loved them. Sunshine has been father to her, Nature her mother. Years neither bless nor curse her. Hence I repeat, she is but a little girl. So what of it if, as she lies sprawled there by the little river her skirt does happen to be a few inches above her shoe-tops? I shan't tell her. Nor shall I permit you. It would only make her ashamed. And it is not well to make ashamed those to whom shame is not due. Remember that. And let us go.

AS I have told you, Mary lived in America. She lived in a large city. It was not a pretty city. It was just large. Consequently America was very proud of it, and boasted extensively of the height of its buildings and the number of miles of its subways and how many millionaires it had.

In this large city Mary lived in a large house. There were many servants in Mary's house. I can't tell you how many because, in Mary's house, nobody went into the kitchen except the servants. Mary's mother used to have her breakfast in bed in her twin room, and Mary's father always left for the office before she was up — left wearing a gardenia and a worried look. He was junior partner in a brokerage concern and had almost as many enemies as Germany. But he had as many friends as Germany, and of much the same kind. For he was highly efficient; and when it came to business you had to get up mighty early to put anything over on him, you bet!

Mary didn't care much for Nature. She was willing to look at it from a limousine or a yacht, if she didn't have to look too long. And then she was even more willing to pass it up for something interesting. She preferred, with other Marys, to stay up late at night dancing, eating and flirting with well-groomed, slender and wealthy young men the insides of whose heads Nature profoundly abhorred. But they were perfectly corking dancers. Which, after all, seems to be the main thing nowadays.

At the mature age of five, Mary became cognizant of true facts in the case of Santa Claus, and was surprised that she had been fooled so long. At seven she gave up dolls as things being all right for children, perhaps, but — At twelve she was strolling with an academic interest through the primary mysteries of sex; and at fourteen she knew the meaning of the word mistress as governed by modern usage, and was tolerably familiar with the duties and social status of the physical exemplifications thereof.

For the rest, she motored a bit and she yachted a bit, and she played bridge fairly well, though she could never remember what had been bid, and she went to the opera in clothes that would have been barred if worn on the stage, and she went to the theatre always making it a point to get in during the middle of the second act. She had read a few books that she shouldn't and almost none that she should, and she thought that Schopenhauer kept a road-house on Long Island. And she knew a lot of perfectly charming people.

I forgot to mention that Mary had been to boarding-school and to a fashionable finishing-school where she learned a lot of things that didn't do her any harm, and a lot more that did. I also forgot to say that one night when she was forced to discharge a frightfully neglectful maid, she ran the ribbons in her lingerie herself and thought she had done a big day's work. I further forgot to tell you that she is now just nineteen and, as ere this you undoubtedly must have observed, very very beautiful. . . .

And now you know Mary; at least, I hope you do. . . . So let us leave her and — Pardon? . . . That dance at the Splendide? Why, surely she may go. Why not? All the other Marys are going, aren't they? She never goes to bed till two or three or four, anyway.

. . . What? . . . Why, yes, certainly I see. . . . It's really very beautifully shaped, isn't it? . . . Tell her! . . . Um! . . . I beg your pardon for smiling, but really — Don't you suppose she knows it just as well as you do?. . . Yes, of course I know that she *ought* to be ashamed. But what are you going to do with people who are so frightfully poor that they have nothing but money?

Epitaph for a German Soldier

By Louis How

HE THOUGHT his country right, and loved her well.
He marched a hundred miles on bleeding feet,
And crouched in puddles with a husk to eat —
A bloody husk that had a powder smell.
He sang to drown the roaring of a shell;
The vision in his eyes was very sweet,—
He saw a flower-bordered German street,
And with a clean French bullet-wound, he fell.
And those that loved him never are to know
If he was even shoveled in a trench,—
Grotesque and grim who was their fair delight.
From that sweet seed but recollections grow:
Without a ray of hatred for the French,
He fought for what was wrong; but he was right.

It all came very suddenly. One day God smiled down through His sunshine upon the gentle hills. The next and His face was turned away. His ear grown deaf. . . . But how the devil chuckled!

Who till then had realized all the reeking horrors that mankind can do to man? Not you, nor I. And not the people of the gentle hills. . . . But they learned. God! How they learned!

Across the bridge over the little river they came, strange men in loose, dust-colored uniforms and queer helmets. . . . Before the *auberge* stood the old gray horse of Papa Michard gentled of kindness to whose old gray flanks the touch of whip was yet unknown. As the soldiers passed, he turned his head a little. A little it was; but it was enough. Of so small a thing as this may men be killed and women ravished.

For as the horse turned his head, it struck one of these invading men. He turned. Muttering a guttural oath, he kicked the horse savagely, in the belly. Papa Michard raised his hand in protest. . . . A bright point of steel showed through the back of his coat, just between the shoulders. There was blood upon it. . . . Marie, standing just behind, saw. But she did not understand at first. Even when Papa Michard fell sideways to the ground she did not understand. For she had lived her nineteen years among gentle people, and she had been taught to believe that God would protect the good. And kindly old Papa Michard was loved through all the countryside. . . .

Papa Michard's son came through the door of the *auberge*. *He* saw. *He* understood. He leaped forward. There was a sound as of someone snapping a whip. He fell across the body of his father. . . .

And so it was that the commanding officer decided that the town should be taught a lesson. I shall not tell you what this lesson was. But it is a lesson that the town learned, and well; a lesson that it will never forget as long as its people and their children and their children's children shall live within their land. . . . It was a lesson that it were better to learn than to teach; that is, if you believe in Christ. . . .

Part of this lesson Marie saw. Then something within her broke. She turned and fled.

Through the kitchen she passed, through the garden, blindly, eyes staring wide, soul seared to the core. She knew not where she fled; it was to get away from the ghastly Horror that had sunk its talons in her brain. But something guided her. It took her to the little pool by the stained gray wall. And there she flung herself upon the bank, hidden by the willows that had not seen, as had she, the tumbled bodies of murdered men through the windows of whose dead eyes gazed nothing; peaceful homes ablaze [*Continued on page 79*]

I went over and flung back the curtains into the next room. No one was there

Illustrations by WILL FOSTER

That Parkinson Affair

The First of a Brilliant New Series of Stories About Men, Women and Politics

by

SOPHIE KERR

IF it had not rained that Sunday I should have been out on the links. It wasn't just a rain, either; it was a downpour, a deluge, an opening in the sky through which all the rivers of heaven poured. Consequently I lounged in the foyer of the hotel, lazy and bored, and read the papers to rags and finally wandered into the big, glassed-in sun-room, where most of the invalids gathered. Someone spoke my name — and there in a wheel chair, specially built to hold with comfort and safety his huge body, was old Amos Stone.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him, after we'd shaken hands.

"Dying," he answered, cheerfully, "and being a damned long time about it."

"You don't look it," I replied, "and you sound like a normal sinner."

"I'm that — or worse," he said. "Why not? Charlie Frohman was right when he called dying 'the great adventure.' I'm curious about the process. I'll have to admit that I'm coward enough to hope I'm not going to have a whole lot of agony beforehand, but, by God, Hatton, every minute of my life's been interesting and this is just as interesting as any other part of it."

I sat down beside him. In spite of what he said, he looked old and alone and very ill. "What," I asked idly, "do you consider to be the most interesting thing that ever happened to you?"

"It sounds like a game at a young ladies' school," he chuckled, turning his great white head on his pillows, "but I can tell you, for I was just thinking of it, and there's no harm in my telling it now. Parkinson's been dead, politically, for years, and I'll be dead really before long. Robert," he turned to the middle-aged Englishman who attended him, "get out of here for half an hour. If I want you before that, I'll send one of the bell-boys for you. First roll me over a little nearer to the window, so I can't hear those infernal women swapping details of their operations. That'll do." Then he told me this story:

I was Parkinson's Columbus, Hatton. I found him and put him on the map. I taught him his A-B-C's in practical politics and gave him his opinions and decisions ready-made — at first. Later, I kept on giving them to him, only he didn't know it, for he'd got the habit. I don't mean in every minute detail, but where I needed something I saw to it that he took my slant.

I never minded being called a boss. I had my state as well organized as my mines and factories — and it was somewhat more profitable. [The old man cocked a twinkling eye at me:] Politics was my wife and my children, my art and my science. Practical politics, I mean, always — none of your theoretical stuff.

That's what interested me about Parkinson. Here was a man who, when I met him, had never held a public office and yet had written four big thick books about politics and lectured about politics all over this country, I reckon. Good writing, too — clear, polished, definite. It tickled my fancy, somehow, making literature out of it in that cool, detached way, looking in from the outside, you might say.

But that was Parkinson all over — cool, detached, sort of scholastic and dry — intellectually chaste, so to speak, for he hadn't ever been tempted. He had inherited a little money from his mother — his father was a college professor — so he didn't have to get out and scratch for a living. And, as you know, his books sold pretty well for that sort of thing — they were textbooks, authorities, reference books, and a lot of people read 'em who wanted to feel that they were in touch with the spirit of the age, and all that rot. You know the breed — they read Bergson and think there's something to *vers libre* besides the lines being different length and beginning with capitals.

I met Parkinson at a dinner where he'd been invited to speak. He was a tall, portly, clean-cut chap and he certainly could speak fluently and well. It amused me to hear him reel off the stuff so incisively, telling me, the old boss, in highbrow language, all about my own game. I almost choked to death trying not to haw-haw out loud and break up the party. Yet it interested me, too, for a lot of it was true, only his way of talking about it and thinking about it was so different from mine.

The idea came to me while I was listening to him. Wouldn't it be the greatest joke in the world to put him up against the real thing and find out what his theories amounted to! The more I thought of it, the more I wanted to do it; so that's the way Parkinson started — as one of my jokes with myself, Hatton. Don't misunderstand me — I didn't think he was all wind. He had a real thinking piece. Yes, Parkinson used the top of his head as well as his jaw.

I doped out the whole scheme while I sat there listening to him. I had my slate ready for fall, with just one exception — state senator in my own county — and it occurred to me that there would be an ideal place to start Parkinson. Of course, I couldn't put him on the state ticket, but on the local one he would be safe enough and it would be a good try-out. But, first of all, I says to myself: "I'll take a look at his wife and family."

So I made it my business to get acquainted with Parkinson and with the rest of the Parkinsons. His wife — she put me in mind of a currant bun — a round, middle-aged, motherly woman with sort of expressionless eyes. A good woman — church suppers, charitable boards, Y. W. C. A., all that kind of thing. I don't suppose a better-hearted woman than Mrs. Parkinson ever lived, but she didn't have any *flavor*.

He had two children — a son and a daughter — both of 'em plain, earnest-minded young people. Their light conversation was about community centers and city planning and social welfare. They overworked that word "social." Social democracy was one of their slogans. Hatton, did you ever ask a Social Democrat what the real meaning of the phrase is? Try it sometime — none of 'em know.

So far, so good. The next thing was to get Parkinson interested in the practice of what he'd spent his life preaching. Did he bite? It was just like offering a man a railroad pass.

Of course I put it on high ground! "This state is in dire need of a new primary law," I said to him, "as you so ably pointed out in that speech of yours at the Civic Club dinner. Here is your chance — to draft such a bill and put it through the legislature will be the culmination of all your great work. You know exactly what is needed — and here's the opportunity to do a great service to your state! You will have my heartiest cooperation and support."

He didn't hear the last words and, if he had, he wouldn't have realized — for he didn't know how I did things — that I was practically promising him his election and the passage of his bill. We had been needing a new primary bill, too, and I'd been casting about for somebody to put one through that would be what I wanted and wouldn't bear my trademark — it had to be born of a virgin, so to speak.

By George, I put him on the slate and when he was nominated the whole country took it up — even I hadn't foreseen what publicity he'd get. The A. P. carried it for days, magazines and weeklies had articles about it, it even got into boiler-plate. "Here," said they, "is the man who has written more about politics than anybody else in the country going to give a practical demonstration — go to it, my brave boy — the nation's watching you," or words to that effect. I used to think sometimes that I'd laugh myself to death.

She was the big, full-figured type, not a bit old-maidish; a little overblown, perhaps, but she dieted enough so that she didn't bulge anywhere

I got my primary bill — just what I wanted — and Parkinson got the *réclame*. He took to being a legislator like a duck to water. He ate it up. Everybody took him seriously — except me; and I never let on. I saw that he didn't make any raw mistakes, and I let him think he was the whole works; but I let him get a knock or two, now and then, just to keep him reminded that life is real, life is earnest, and that he wasn't on the side lines any more, but in the scrimmage.

Mrs. Parkinson and the young folks liked the life at the State capital — they gathered some congenial people around them, who read Havelock Ellis and Ellen Key and were familiar with Freud's theory and could pronounce Debussy without batting an eye; so they were very happy. That was the kind of stuff they substituted for the fox-trot. I take it Mother didn't join in these intellectual pleasures to any extent, but she was happy getting the sandwiches and grape juice ready and hearing her children air their minds.

Parkinson was nearing the close of his term in the State Senate in a regular blaze of glory when Henry Galloway died — eighty-three years old, and most of it spent in Congress. He had been our senior senator for over fifteen years — did you ever meet him? Wonderful old chap, chin whiskers, chewed tobacco, but, Lord, his tongue was as keen as a javelin. When some young senator had been culling the flowers of speech too freely, it was one of the sights of the world to see old man Galloway get after him. *Angina pectoris* finally got Galloway, with a little over a year to serve before his term expired.

Instantly the woods were full of men who would be willing, if urged, to fill out that unexpired term — those were the days when to go to the Senate was just the same as getting elected to the Millionaires' Club. Things finally narrowed down to two, both of 'em big men and both of 'em in dead earnest.

Finally the Governor came around to my office, looking blue. "Who's the blushing bride to be?" I asked him.

"I wish I knew," he said, mopping his forehead. "If I appoint Hooper, it's going to make a split in the party — and if I appoint Townsend, it's going to be a regular crevasse. I'm about ready to pitch up a dime. If there was only some good safe dark horse — you see, Townsend and Hooper both'll be all right if neither of them gets it ——"

There it was, you see. "The finger of destiny," said I, "seems to me to be pointing directly at the Honorable Herbert Parkinson."

The Governor banged his fist down on the table. "By the Lord, Harry!" he said. "Parkinson shall have it. He's a national figure anyway."

You see — even the Governor thought so.

So Parkinson went to Washington, taking along with him all his theories of politics, and a little helpful experience in the real thing besides. I suppose you remember what happened. He got there just in time to make that grand-stand play about the coal lands grab, and he certainly did pinch some fingers in Wall Street. I'll not deny that he got his facts from me — I was with the Western crowd in that, and we cleaned up on it pretty well, too. I'll bet that speech of Parkinson's — it wasn't over ten minutes long — will be as much of a classic as the Gettysburg address. It was literature. And it was cold facts, and cold logic set forth in the best Anglo-Saxon.

What with that speech and the other one he made on appropriations, Parkinson came back after his term was out a regular conquering hero, and what was as plain as a pikestaff, the party's logical candidate for Governor. "Well, why not?" said I, when the boys broached it to me.

He had taken his family with him to Washington, and naturally brought them back with him. The boy had started to study law, and the girl was engaged — to a young man in settlement work in New York, God help 'em both. One day, soon after they'd come back, I met Mrs. Parkinson on the street with her daughter and naturally I stopped to offer my felicitations and so on and so forth, but when I looked at Mrs. Parkinson I forgot everything I'd opened my mouth to say. She was the most changed woman I ever saw. She'd lost that wholesome, homey look she used to have — she looked flabby and haggard, and her eyes — say, Hatton, did you ever kick a dog and have it look up at you? Well, her eyes were like a kicked dog's. She was being put to torture someway, somehow — it wasn't just physical illness.

As quick as I got to my office I called my secretary into my private room. "Sam," I said, "go out and find what's the matter with Mrs. Parkinson."

He never blinked — he'd been my confidential man a long time and was used to queer orders. "Any particular line?" he asked.

"Go on, you muttonhead," I told him. "Look for the other woman."

"I'll probably have to go to Washington," said Sam. "That's where the sirens sing the loudest."

"Take some expense money and be quick about it," I said, "for if there's anything serious I've got to look for another candidate for Governor."

Sam was gone a week. He came grinning into the office.

"I have the honor to report," he said, "that our friend has taken on an Egeria."

"I suppose you mean an Aspasia," I said.

"The Aspasia stage has evidently not been reached," said Sam, "and you know I'm usually pretty sure of my facts."

"Who is she?"

"Hold your breath," said Sam. "It's — Mrs.— Jennison Bell!"

I did hold my breath — you remember her, of course, — why, the Bell divorce case made as much fuss in its day as the Thaw trial. I was in New York while it was going on and I went to it one day out of curiosity — and then I went to it every day afterward just to see that woman. When I saw Maude Adams in "The Legend of Leonora" a few years ago, I couldn't help but be reminded of the Bell case. Mrs. Bell held every eye in the court-room. She diddled the Judge. She diddled her husband's lawyers. She diddled her husband's witnesses. Even the reporters went easy on her.

Jennison Bell got his divorce — he was bound to on the nature of the evidence, but I don't believe there was a man in the court-room who didn't despise him for a brute and a tyrant and pity her for ever having married him. It wasn't that she was beautiful, exactly — there was something about her — a kind of extraordinary charm — she was no lithograph beauty, you know — no, she was, as near as I can describe her, the living embodiment of the romance that every man keeps hidden in his heart — and doesn't know it's there until he sees someone like her. You see how she affected me — even now I'm hot all over when I think of her, and I'm seventy-six, Hatton, and never saw the woman but twice — at her divorce trial and once afterward.

"Now what," I asked Sam, "does a woman like that find to use in Parkinson? She has plenty of money of her own — more than Parkinson could give her — he's not her type at all."

"Mr. Stone," said Sam, "you don't take Parkinson seriously enough. I wish you'd have gone down to Washington yourself — you'd be astonished to see how people feel about him. The other Senators are afraid of him — on account of his books and his — well, you know what a highbrow he is better than I do. And then, he's honest. I don't think they'd mind that, but, by gorry, when a man thinks in a cold, logical way and puts his thoughts into words without fear or favor, that bunch doesn't know what to do. They aren't used to it. It's a new game to them, and it's one they can't play. You know I've always said the real need of our Senate and House was a good, thorough, common-school education extending as high as the eighth grade. Most of 'em are in the fourth and fifth grades — and when you stack them up alongside a real college graduate, like Parkinson, they're bound to be uneasy."

"Go on, Sam," I said, "I'm listening."

"The newspaper boys have taken him up, too," said Sam, "and he's had the most desirable kind of publicity. If he doesn't gum the works while he's Governor, I think he's on the straight and narrow way to the White House."

I had suspected that — but I wanted to see if Sam would find it out.

"Well," I said, "if he's gone into the Egeria business with Lucia Bell, he won't get the nomination for Governor. This country doesn't want any domestic irregularities in its Chief Executive — and no more does this state. That is, I mean to say, no scandal must get into the papers."

Sam grinned again and went out. I sat around for quite a while, thinking it over and feeling mighty sorry for Mrs. Parkinson. As I said, she was a good woman. The worst thing she ever did was to crochet tidies and embroider shirtwaists. It was pretty tough on her. I was turning the thing around in my mind when Parkinson himself came into my office.

"How's our next Governor?" I asked him.

He took it calmly — he never had a vestige of humor in him — and admitted that the laurel wreath would about fit his size hat. We discussed some details of the campaign — there were some public-works appointments and some franchises on which I made my meaning clear and we ran over some financial matters. I had put him on to a few chances to make money on the outside — but there wasn't any smell to it. He could have worn a bulletin-board with all the details of every deal and it would have made mighty uninteresting reading for the dear public. But the final effect was that he was prosperous. His books had got a fresh impetus from all the publicity he'd had, and with his salary and his little inherited money, he was better off than he'd ever been before in his life.

He had taken on more flesh and he was better dressed, too — evidently he'd been to a good tailor, and he had a fairly expensive opal in his tie. When he was about ready to go, I said, carelessly: "I saw Mrs. Parkinson the other day on the street and she didn't look a bit well to me. I'm afraid Washington didn't agree with her."

Then I got mad. "You dirty little sneak!" I said. "You'll give up that thirty thousand and give it up quick." I wanted to thrash him

His face changed and got kind of set and mulish — you know that jaw of his could clamp down like a nut-cracker. "She isn't very well," he said. "I've urged her to take the children abroad for a while and come back after the campaign's over."

"And she won't go?"

He looked at me almost suspiciously. "No," he said stiffly, "she doesn't care to go, with Emily's marriage so near."

"I suppose not," I said. "Well, you've got a fine family, Parkinson — they make a lonely old fellow like me envious — I can't help it. United family life like yours is a pretty fine thing to see in these days of round-trip excursions to Reno. It's a funny thing, isn't it, that though divorce is so blamed easy that anybody with thirty dollars can get one somewhere, the sentiment of the country is still dead against it. The men who get the big jobs, either by election or appointment, have to be good husbands, or seem to be. The man who falls for the sirens doesn't get very far — I suppose it's the last lingering vestige of Puritanism."

I stopped speaking and I looked him square in the face. He got me, all right, and I honestly don't believe it had ever occurred to him before that philandering around with Lucia Bell was going to copper his chances politically. It gave him furiously to think, as our French friends say.

Believe me or not, it wasn't sex that drew him to her — I *know* that. But she flattered him, and allured him and dazzled him — he couldn't keep away from her any more than a kid can keep away from a circus. He was a bookish, middle-aged man — and she was Helen of Troy with a Viennese finish! He'd never known anything like her, and her interest in him fed his vanity in a way he'd never experienced. The thing that kept one wondering was: why does she dangle him? For it was she who was after him. I know that, too.

What I said had one effect — it made him cautious. There wasn't any open scandal, though I knew he met her casually — and very properly — on his short vacations after he was elected Governor. And Mrs. Parkinson didn't get any better or any happier looking. People talked — a little, but not very much, and the affair actually gave him a certain standing with a class that we've got too many of in this country.

My story's getting ahead of me, though. I got another jolt about Parkinson from Tom Haggerty, our state chairman. He was an old-timer and a wise old nut generally, and just before the state convention he came to me privately.

"I suppose it's all right about Parkinson," he said, "but I don't like him."

I waited. Haggerty chewed on his cigar a while and when he was good and ready, he went on with his complaint.

"I know I'm not in his class when it comes to gray-matter," he said, "and he's honest — as honest as is necessary — and his politics seem to be all right, and he's a good party man. But did you ever notice — he's got no men friends?"

"How about me?" I asked.

"Lord, you ain't his friend," said Haggerty. "You're his nurse. What I mean is, he don't see enough of the right kind of men. He don't seem to know how to pick 'em. Look at his secretary. He oughta have somebody with sense, who'd keep in touch with what's going on and tell him. Who's he got — that little pinhead Brady, who's always blabbin' the wrong thing, or getting fresh to some of the regulars when they drop around. He runs a typewriter all right, I suppose, but he's no support. I'm Irish myself, Stone, but there's one type of professional Irishman that I can't stomach, and Brady's it."

"I'll see that he gets another secretary," I said.

"It's not just his secretary," said Haggerty. "He's got no men friends, I tell you. He goes to a banquet and makes the speech of the evening. Nobody comes up and slaps him on the back and says, 'Parkinson, that was great!' No, they hang back and say, when pushed up to him, 'Mr. Parkinson, I enjoyed your speech very much.' He's an awful poor mixer. He don't get *at* people somehow."

"It don't hurt him for our purposes, does it?" I asked. "You just said he was a good party man."

"Sure," said Haggerty, "and maybe I'm a fool for feeling this way about him, but I got a hunch that some time when he ought to be calling in the very biggest men in the state and asking them what they know and making use of such as happens to be serviceable, he's going to retire to his library and read a chapter in one of his books and get his answer out of that. Stone, I've played the ponies ever since I was big enough to spell out a dope sheet and I tell you, before you place your money, you got to know

[*Continued on page 46*]

New Faces for Old

What Becomes of the One-

Photograph by Sarony

Ina Claire's personal charm is largely responsible for her quick jump from the chorus to the leading rôle in the Ziegfeld Follies

BROADWAY at Harvest time!

Temperature—91°.

Humidity—80°.

For sun-baked fields, asphalt, softening under a merciless afternoon sun.

For shirt-sleeved, broad-hatted toilers in the fields, coatless, hatless men, with lined faces, with cigars lopping from tired lips, lolling in sky-scrapers above theatres.

For waving grain and bending corn stalks, human flesh, especially pulchritude and more specially the brief, evanescent lure of youth — slim figures with tender, budding curves, softly rounded cheeks, dimpled chins, long lashes veiling demure glances, luxuriant hair, smiles that invite and then retreat.

Relentlessly the harvesters, seeking fresh beauty for the approaching theatrical season, separate the wheat of physical perfection from the chaff of mediocrity. The eye of the theatre-going public must be feasted!

Four floors above the moist, gray fields of Broadway, in the dingiest, dustiest, smokiest room of a once fashionable play-house, the director, representing a connoisseur of stage beauty, sits staring through cigarette haze at a girl who might be sixteen or twenty. Between the very short skirts, the very broad sport hats of the passing season and the Mary Pickford curls now adopted as a means to the end of securing an engagement in the chorus, even a seasoned harvester refuses to gamble on a girl's age.

"Had any experience?"

"Nope."

The monosyllable is accompanied by a shake of the head so violent that the before-mentioned curls fall over the dark eyes in a fashion highly pleasing to the harvester of young grain.

"Sing?"

"Yep!" is the glib reply spoken in a most unmusical tone. The grim, sardonic lines around the mouth of the musical-comedy director deepen.

"Dance?"

"Surest thing you know!"

The grim lines relax a bit. The deep-set eyes travel from the rose and white sport hat to the tips of the white imitation buckskin shoes. Time was that the applicant for a job in the chorus was bluntly asked to raise her skirts that judgment might be passed upon her worthiness for a position in the front row. Thanks to fashions in skirts and flesh-colored hosiery, this is no longer necessary.

A thin, sharp-featured youth enters through the open door from an adjoining room, bearing a sheet of paper between cigarette-stained fingers. The director glances at the paper. The office boy stares at the beauty candidate. His look hangs heavy with admiration. Its message is, "Hello, kid, I'm strong for you."

The girl who has come to accept admiration as her due, merely drops her long lashes. She is neither flattered nor bored, just childishly pleased at any tribute. The director, who has been watching the scene from the tail of his eye, almost smiles. Bold beauty is the cheaper sort. It's the stare of pleased surprise across foot-lights, that fills the front rows night after night.

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

The most talked-of beauty in the 1915 Follies, Justine Johnston, is this year playing several small parts

The office boy disappears. The director bends over his desk, making a fine pretense at signing letters. Scratch, scratch, scratch goes his pen! The girl moves restlessly. The man glances up as if suddenly recalling her existence.

"Talk to you in a minute. Better take off your hat and sit over there by the fan."

The girl obeys without question. The director returns to his papers. The electric fan tumbles her soft yellow hair and cools her shapely throat. She relaxes and stares unthinkingly at a lace curtain floating through the open window of a fashionable hotel across the street. If she had imagination, she would picture herself behind that filmy curtain in days to come, a star with her name in electric lights. Or if she were experienced in the theatrical game, she would realize that the dull red wall against which she leans furnishes a perfect background for her blonde beauty, her face silhouetted for a lynx-eyed man in the adjoining room to study.

Enter again the office boy. A second slip of paper is added to the sheaf on the director's desk. He glances at it — brushes it aside, signs another imaginary letter and swings round in his chair.

"All right, Miss — er — er ——"

"Connor —" supplies the girl.

"Come round to the —— theatre Monday morning at 10:30 and we'll see what we can do for you."

The girl reaches for her hat.

"Sure! So long!"

The director does not even answer, but as her heels click down the dingy corridor, he leans back in his chair and elevates his feet to the edge of his desk with the air of one who has completed a good piece of work. The man who owns the show and vouches for the pulchritude of its chorus strolls through the open door, stretching his arms.

"Some little girl!"

"Peachy face but no voice!"

"Put her in the pony bunch."

"Bad walk ——"

"You can cure that — and Lord, who'll notice her walk, eh, Miss Allen?"

The stenographer, having entered with some genuine letters for the director to sign, sighs enviously, and echoes her employer's opinion "Some girl."

"She'll photograph great," murmurs the press agent, strolling through another open door.

"Pippin," contributes the office boy.

The great man who owns the show does not resent the informal gathering of his underlings. Rather he is soothed by their confirmation of his verdict.

"I guess I'll call it a day's work. Back at eleven tomorrow. If anything comes up today, you can get me at the —— Inn."

Photograph by Apeda

Gertrude Dolan left the chorus to play in London and now returns to entertain the American audience with her whirlwind dancing in Pom Pom

—*by* Anna Steese Richardson

Time Beauties of the Chorus

"New faces for old." It's the managerial slogan! And what of the girl?

After adjusting her hat to her satisfaction before the mirror in the elevator, she joins her chum, who is waiting for her in the lobby downstairs.

"Whadde say?"

"Monday at ten-thirty. At the —— theatre."

"Um —" says the more experienced girl. "Getta contract?"

"Nope. But I should worry. His shows are all winners. I ain't going to chase any more offices."

"An' he knows you're a comer all right. Betcha he puts you in the ponies, an' that's good fur twenty a week."

"Uh-huh," murmurs she of the baby stare. "Gee, but it's hot."

The next Monday at ten-thirty, the candidate for the beauty class reports at the stage door of the theatre, proves that she has no singing voice, but a fair idea of dancing rhythm, is lined up with a dozen other small, young-looking girls, and is finally sent back to the office of the manager for a contract at twenty dollars a week. Thereafter she rehearses daily until her muscles ache and some of the rounded lines in body and face grow straight. She learns to hate the director with all the power of her unemotional nature. She hates the press agent who drags her, dead tired, from rehearsal to photographer. She hates the wardrobe mistress who orders her sternly not to change the angle of the hat she is to wear in the third scene of the second act. And she hates the show girls who pose like cloak and suit models while she works. But on the opening night of the show in New York when she hears a vociferous youth in the aisle seat, second row, center, babble, "Pipe the pippin, third from the end," she forgets all else. She has arrived!

"New faces for old!"

Thus all through the torrid summer do the keen-eyed managers and directors along Broadway gather the harvest of "New faces for old!" And when the season opens, in each musical show, usually one or perhaps two girls stand forth as acknowledged beauties. Their pictures are sought by art editors, their deeds and possessions, real and imaginary, are exploited by zealous press agents. They are the talk if not the toast of the town.

And afterward?

That is up to the girl.

If she has brains, personality and the divine spark of dramatic art, she uses the chorus as the stepping stone to legitimate drama. An unbeautiful girl possessing the dramatic gift of a Rachel or a Bernhardt may cool her heels in the outer offices of a theatrical magnate, while the office boy passes her more pulchritudinous but ungifted sister into the managerial holy of holies.

Helen Barnes captivates the hearts of everyone in the audience — men and women — old and young — by her extreme demureness

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

This year Marion Davies is the most talked-of beauty in the Follies. Who shall say what rôle she will fill next year?

If to beauty the gods have added nimbleness of foot, during her second season, she will probably be featured as a dancer.

If she possesses nothing but physical beauty, the manager figures that she is worth just so many columns in newspaper publicity for his show and so many rich youths lined up at his box office window, so he wastes no time planning her career or developing talents which are microscopic. Long before her charms begin to fade, she will probably contract what is known as a desirable marriage. Contrary to common opinion, an amazingly small percentage of Broadway beauties go the pace that ends in poverty, oblivion, and Potter's Field. Any such tragedy can generally be traced to the alcohol or drug habit, and the victim's sensational end is exploited all over the country. Beyond a brief announcement in the daily press, nothing is heard, however, about the career which ends merely in matrimony. But those who are on the inside of the musical-comedy game know that the young beauty of the chorus realizes her exact value in the matrimonial market and governs her conduct accordingly.

Photograph by Sarony

Julia Sanderson's chorus days were over at the first opportunity she had to substitute for the principal singer

Some seasons back, as a practical course in literary training, I elected three years' experience as press agent to more or less eminent managers. The young women exploited had been drawn to Broadway by the success of the famous Floradora sextette and the liberal salaries paid by the house of Shubert who had blazoned on their banner the single word "success" — spelled thus — "$UCCE$$."

These girls hailed from every part of the country, from all sorts of homes. Some of them were beautiful and they knew it; others were not beautiful but they did not realize this fact. Some had run away from fashionable finishing schools against parental commands; others had been urged from school at a tender age, to work in factories and shops. Some could speak two or three languages; others could only murder English. Some could boast drawing-room graces; others could recall no social experience except political outings and dance halls. But after the Floradora hit, they all stood on a common footing as "lookers." And for the privilege of standing in the front row, I have seen the tall, slender daughters of the rich endure insult and contumely at the lips of a profane and irascible stage director. And because the gods had compensated the cross of poverty, perhaps even illegitimacy, with the gift of marvelous physical beauty, I have seen a little daughter of the tenements wear diamonds as if to their glitter born, and criticize the service of a head-waiter to whom social leaders might send their chefs for suggestions.

The "copy" furnished to Broadway reporters does not represent the most interesting events discussed in the chorus-girl dressing-rooms.

Take the girl in a famous sextette — not Floradora — who threw everybody behind the scenes into a panic one night by her curt message:

"Get another girl. I've gone to London."

And she had! She had sailed that very morning — under another name. Followed a picturesque but unchronicled flight from one continental "cure" to another. Then the arrival in America of a certain trust head, and his blonde girl-wife, who, followed by the unspoken curses of his conservative relatives, took possession of his Connecticut country home. I saw her at the spring flower show, [*Continued on page 64*]

This is What Happened

When the veiled lady came to the clergyman's study with the story of her past life and put her problem up to him

SHORTLY after young Bainbridge comes to New York as assistant rector in St. Mary Magdalen's — a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue — he is called upon by a heavily veiled woman of evident wealth and position who declines to give her name. She has been greatly stirred by his sermon of the previous Sunday and wants to get his help in solving her very vital problem. When she was barely twenty a Canadian had wished to marry her, but she had become interested in a wealthy New Yorker who was living abroad, and married him. After her husband's death, four years later, she returned to New York and went to stay with a cousin and her husband for a short while. Later she had taken a home of her own and she and her cousin's husband had become intimate. This had been going on for about two years, and the time had come now when she was unhappy about it and desired to wipe out the past. Bainbridge is able to give her considerable encouragement to start out afresh, and she leaves him in a much more peaceful frame of mind. Bainbridge had all but forgotten his mysterious visitor some eighteen months later, when a Canadian, Sir Malcolm Grant, called on him with a letter which he asked the clergyman to read. The letter was not signed, but the contents showed it to be from the veiled woman who had visited him, and asked Bainbridge to tell the Canadian about her past life. In spite of the fact that the Canadian is very insistent and tells the clergyman that he has asked the writer of the letter to marry him, Bainbridge refuses to reveal any part of the woman's story, preferring to consider it in the nature of a confession.

The Lifted Veil

by

BASIL KING

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

ONCE more the curtain was rung down on the drama of which Bainbridge had taken part in but two small scenes. Another year and a half went by, bringing him to the age of thirty-three, before he was obliged to recur to it.

Once more, too, the pressure of small happenings had almost crowded both incidents from his memory. He did not, of course, forget the coming to him either of the veiled woman or of Sir Malcolm Grant; but he forgot, partially, what they had told him. Many people were beginning to seek him with their confidences, financial, domestic, religious, and in the course of time one such event melted into another. He made no notes, as a doctor of the names and symptoms of his patients, and as a matter of fact was only too glad to let the details of perplexity and care pass into that mental limbo which was all but oblivion. When the same person came to him the second time, he was generally able to take up the narrative where it had been dropped; but as a rule one man's troubles pushed another's from his mind, till a need arose for going back to them.

Malcolm Grant became to him, therefore, but a dim Herculean Scotch-Canadian, with whom he had once had a few minutes of intimate talk. At long intervals he saw his name in the papers, as being at one or another of the New York hotels, or as the head of a house taking part in some large enterprise in Canada, Cuba, or South America. Once or twice, in conversation with Canadians whom he chanced to meet, it occurred to him to ask if the baronet had married; but he repressed the inquiry as verging too closely on mere curiosity. He speculated now and then on what might have happened between Grant and the woman after the former had left his door; but so far as he was able to control his thoughts he kept himself from doing even that. He made it a point of honor to believe that a man in his position should give himself wholly for the moment to the sins and sorrows that were being aired; and then dismiss all recollection of them from his mind. He found that in proportion as he could put these secrets away till it became necessary to take them up again he won peace for himself and ease of manner for his confidants, when he met them again.

Finding himself useful, he saw the city in which he labored with more and more sympathetic eyes. The rush, the din, the brutality grew incidental. His parish, of which he was assistant rector, became a little world in itself, in which he was brought into contact with the whole round of human nature in epitome.

If you know Fifth Avenue you must know St. Mary Magdalen's — the quaint, dumpy, architecturally monstrous, sentimentally attractive, red brick church

with Doric brownstone portico, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets, on the right hand side as you go toward the Park. Erected in days when there was not too much money to spend on it, it is now adorned with costly offerings wherever the authorities can put them. Its bronze doors have been copied from those of the baptistry in Florence; its stained-glass windows from Chartres and Bourges; its choir stalls from Lincoln; its reredos from Canterbury; its pulpit from Cologne. Merely to go round it is to make a miniature grand tour. To read the names of the owners of the pews, inscribed on little brass-framed cards on the desks for books of devotion, is to come close to people of the first distinction. Something of their personalities seems to linger in these consecrated seats, though they themselves may be as far away as Deauville, Lenox, or England. Up the aisles have marched many of New York's most historic brides, now wearing coronets and adorning châteaux and castles. The vested choir is the best and most expensive in the country; the organist was tempted away by an astonishing salary from a work he liked better at Wells. All that is high-priced and handsome is provided at St. Mary Magdalen's and offered to the public free of charge.

Old Dr. Galloway, the rector, had been responsible for this elaboration, in which Bainbridge tried to see an instrument ready to his hand. In mere ecclesiastical dash and splash it had been his task to discover a soul, and indeed he had been selected for that purpose.

"You see," Dr. Galloway explained, at their first interview in Boston, "I'm an organizer. Primarily I'm a man of business. When Mannering left and I succeeded him, thirty-odd years ago, there was a good deal at loose ends. Now everything's shipshape, and we've all the money we want. But what we haven't got is the thing for which this well-equipped institution has been planned and supported. As far as that goes, St. Mary Magdalen's is a barren fig-tree. New York's as rich a field for it as any heathen land, and yet it's out of my line to give. You'd find me as much in need of it as anyone."

Bainbridge, who was then but twenty-nine, looked in dismay at the leonine white head. No lieutenant who had been asked by a general to come and command an army could have a keener sense of the irony of the invitation accorded him. He urged his age, his inexperience, his incompetence.

"Don't expect you to do everything all at once," the old man replied. "What I'm looking for is someone who'll grow up to the work, so that by the time he's equal to it he'll know its ins and outs. You can't bring a mature man from Chicago or San Francisco to New York, and expect him to find the methods used in the one place adapted to the needs of the other. Civilization in our country is not national so much as it's civic. We're a congeries of little municipal republics, each with its tricks and passwords. New York has them, just like Boston or St. Louis or St. Paul. Come and learn them, so that when you're ripe for it you can do us good."

He went on further to explain the peculiar composition of St. Mary Magdalen's. It was made up of strata running in parallel lines, each superimposed on the other. First there was the original bed-rock of old New York families, mostly of great wealth, who owned the pews and used them but spasmodically. Above them were to be found people of the same antecedents but of more moderate means, like the Endsleighs, the Jarrotts, the Colfaxes, and the Pallisers, who habitually lived in New York and carried the workings of the parish on their shoulders. Above them, but independent of them, was the transient contribution made by the great hotels and apartment-houses which during ten years had sprung up between Forty-second Street and the southern edge of the Park. Above them again, numerous enough to be noticeable, was the variety of worshiper that only America could furnish, who attended St. Mary Magdalen's because it was on Fifth Avenue, and within its walls they rubbed elbows with people of whom otherwise they knew nothing but the names and the scandals. On the surface of all was the mere human dust, the sight-seers, the passers of a month or a day who, finding themselves with a Sunday or two to spend in New York, took in this show as they took in other shows, coming to hear the music and watch the great people at prayer — and seeing chiefly each other. And in and out among them all, a few from one class and a few from another, were scattered those kindly, honest, and consecrated souls who stood for what is best in human life, and made all the effort and expense worth while.

To his vestry when he returned he spoke of the young man as no abler and no more energetic than many another young man. His recommendation was that he had spiritual insight; he had that endowment without which, in the ministry, no other endowment has value, of communicable goodness. When it was added that the young fellow was of clean, sympathetic appearance, of a good Boston family, and had private means, it seemed to the worthy professional and business men who governed St. Mary Magdalen's that they had discovered the teacher of whom they were in need, however little they bound themselves to follow his example.

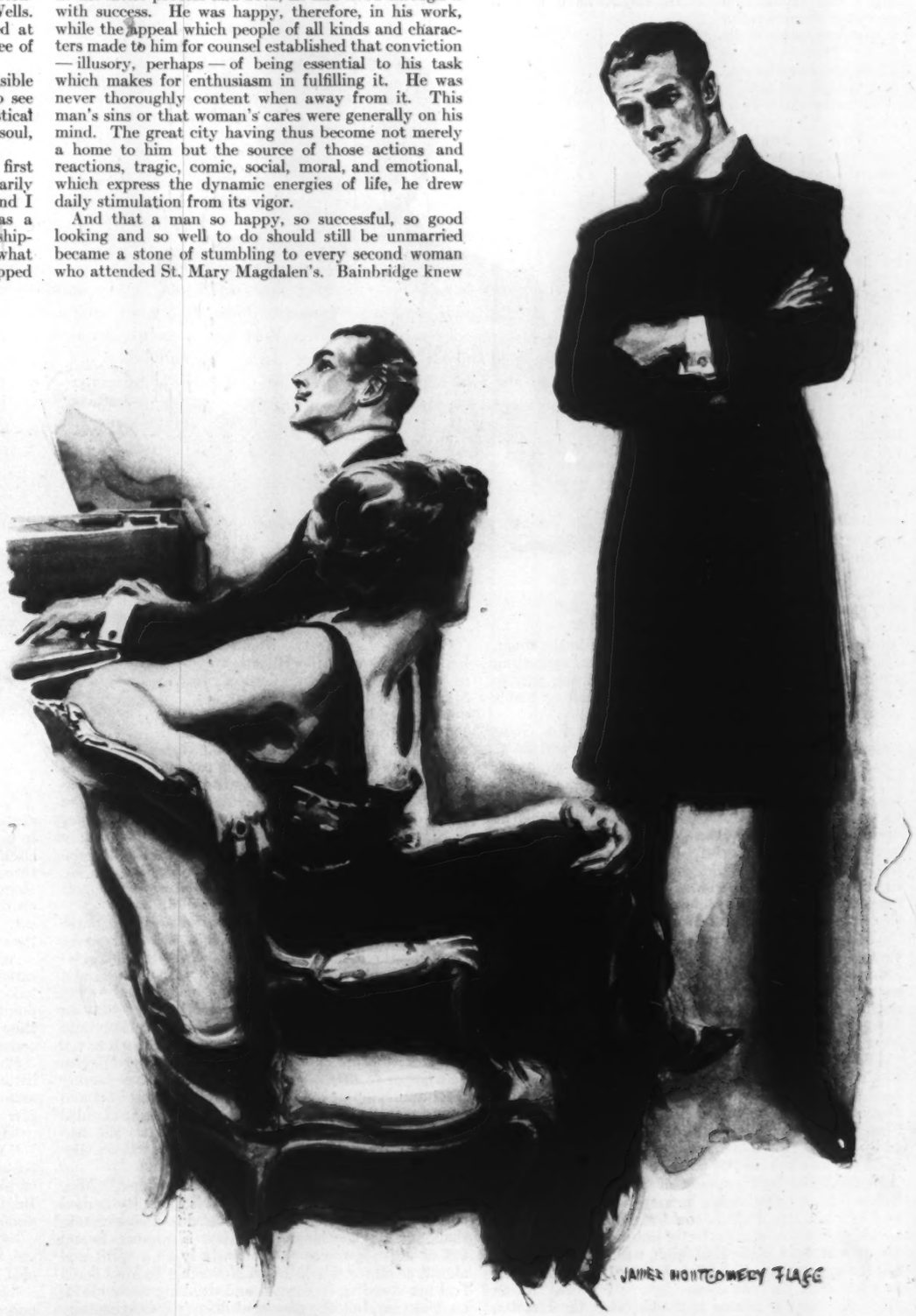
All that having been four years earlier, Bainbridge found that little by little the indications given him were fulfilled, and had been able to "shake down." Difficult as the latter process had been, he had lived through it with success. He was happy, therefore, in his work, while the appeal which people of all kinds and characters made to him for counsel established that conviction — illusory, perhaps — of being essential to his task which makes for enthusiasm in fulfilling it. He was never thoroughly content when away from it. This man's sins or that woman's cares were generally on his mind. The great city having thus become not merely a home to him but the source of those actions and reactions, tragic, comic, social, moral, and emotional, which express the dynamic energies of life, he drew daily stimulation from its vigor.

And that a man so happy, so successful, so good looking and so well to do should still be unmarried became a stone of stumbling to every second woman who attended St. Mary Magdalen's. Bainbridge knew this in a general way, and smiled within himself. He had no definite intention of being married, not even to Mary Galloway, the rector's daughter, on whom the consensus of parochial opinion bestowed him, though she was one of the sweetest girls he knew.

He made this last admission on a morning in the autumn when Mary Galloway stopped him on the rectory steps, as he was coming away from a conference with her father. Her smile was an apology for interrupting his course toward Fifth Avenue.

"Oh, Mr. Bainbridge," she said, in the tinkling, crystalline voice which held a hint of a jest in reserve, "I just want to remind you that poor Miss Higgins's reception comes this afternoon. I know what you're going to say — that you won't have time. But do look in on her, if it's only for five minutes. It will give her so much pleasure — and the poor thing doesn't have a great deal. I'm drumming up all the people I know."

He answered more or less at random, because he was saying to himself that if it was in him to fall in love



As Palliser played, the tones wove themselves in with Bainbridge's hopes and wonderings and desires

again this was probably his opportunity. He noticed, too, that the crisp autumn morning had given her a color for which no word in the language and no tint in the painter's palette was precisely adequate. She must now, he reckoned, be twenty-six, as she had been twenty-two the year of his coming to New York. In refinement she was a lady to the finger-tips, nor did she lack a demure prettiness, behind which there was a dash of fun. She had been abroad during most of his first two years at St. Mary Magdalen's, but he had remarked that since her return she had adopted, so far as he was concerned, a policy of keeping out of sight. That this withdrawal had anything to do with himself personally it had never occurred to him to think, nor did it so occur now. It only led him to say, after glancing at his engagement-book and promising to look in at Miss Higgins's:

"Where have you been this long time, and why does one never see you?"

Her answer was delivered with a scornful little smile and a toss of the head which might have been a mask for shyness rather than an expression of disdain. "That depends on whom you mean by one. Some people see me."

"I never do — or at least rarely."

"That's because you're not in the places where I am. But I assure you I don't become invisible."

"Then I shall count on you to look after me at Miss Higgins's this afternoon," he called after her, as she ran up the steps.

"Oh, poor Miss Higgins!" she threw over her shoulder. "If you'll only come I'll do anything."

And yet when he arrived at Miss Higgins's apartment, in a small residential hotel between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, Mary Galloway didn't give him so much as a glance. Helping the hostess, serving tea, introducing guests, moving hither and yon through the crowded tiny parlor, in which it was difficult to stir or to breathe, she seemed unaware that he was in the room. Miss Higgins herself, a tall, gaunt woman, suggesting an ostrich metamorphosed into human form, was so arch as to mention her in the act of shaking hands with him.

"Oh, Mr. Bainbridge! So flattered, I'm sure! So good of you to have come! And Mary will be so pleased. She's helped me so much that it's really her party more than mine. So sweet, she is. You can see her now, talking to old Mrs. Colfax — just there — with the olive-green hat. . . . Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Jarrott? So flattered, I'm sure. So good of you to have come! Mrs. Jarrott, do you know Mr. Bainbridge? . . . Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Palliser? So flattered, I'm sure. So good of you to have come. Mrs. Palliser, do you know Mr. Bainbridge? . . . Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Mortimer. . . ."

With the mechanical repetition of a doll wound up to say so many words and make so many smiling grimaces, Miss Higgins went on with the task of welcoming her guests, while Bainbridge found himself slowly swirled away, like a plum in a boiling pudding, in company with the woman he knew best in New York.

"So you're here!" Mrs. Palliser gasped. "Well, for pity's sake! More of Mary's doings, I suppose. If she hadn't dragged me in by the hair of my head Miss Higgins wouldn't have seen so much as my shadow. The people look like job-lots at an auction," she whispered. "Do come over into that corner with the little red sofa behind the palms, and let us sit down."

Beneath the high yapping of voices which, if you listened to it consciously, became persistent, pitiless, and infernal, Mrs. Palliser could make herself heard by speaking in a low and perfectly natural tone. She was the daughter of Charlie Endsleigh, a pioneer in developing the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue, from whom she had inherited her not inconsiderable fortune. As an Endsleigh she was related to the Colfaxes, the Jarrotts, and the Wrenns, which placed her in that circle in New York identified with religion, education, and philanthropy. The fact posed her solidly on ground on which she had authority. Authority was written on her face and figure, and translated in her manners and her tone of voice. She was invariably mentioned as a fine-looking woman, being tall and statuesque, with fairly good features and an inclination to be florid. Moreover, she was breezy, high-tempered, and imperious. She was outspoken, too, with the frankness of one who has a right to express her opinion.

Bainbridge listened with amusement, as, from the vantage point of the sofa in the corner, she denounced the company.

"In all my life I've never looked at such a crew. There are not more than six people whom I know — whom anybody knows — and the six are my own relations. Why Mary Galloway should have got us here I can't imagine to save my soul. Why should anyone be here? And why should a person like Miss Higgins want to give a party? Can't the good woman see that her very existence is a matter of easy-going social tolerance, and keep herself to the background where she belongs?"

On a question or two from Bainbridge, who knew Miss Higgins only as a figure flitting in and out of St. Mary Magdalen's, especially at important weddings and funerals, Mrs. Palliser accounted for her hostess with some detail. The clergyman listened for the reason that he found it profitable to know all he could learn about each of his parishioners, without paying attention to gossip. For him Miss Higgins was more than an old maid, struggling, probably on narrow means, to keep a footing in New York. In spite of her mildly grotesque appearance and her simpering smiles she was a human being like any other, a human being with hopes and cares and heartaches, to whom he might on some later occasion possibly be useful.

Miss Higgins, according to Mrs. Palliser, had never really been "in society," but then she had never really been out of it. She was asked to big things — things to which everyone to whom anyone owed anything came in hordes. No one knew exactly what was owing to Miss Higgins beyond the fact that on such occasions she was generally invited. It would have been taxing the memory too far to go back to the period in the middle eighties when old Peter Higgins had begun to make a splurge, for the splurge having risen and come in like a tidal wave had subsided and gone out in the same way, leaving Miss Higgins landed and stranded on the shore. On the shore she had remained, never climbing up the bank, but never slipping back into the water.

"It isn't so much that people know her," Mrs. Palliser continued to explain, "as it is that they're used to seeing her, in the way they're used to seeing certain shadows at certain hours of the day. She minces in and out of drawing-rooms as inoffensively as a spirit and almost as unperceived. From November to May you'll find her standing in corners and drinking uncountable cups of tea; but the poor soul doesn't do anyone any harm and makes an enemy of no one."

"Not even of you?" Bainbridge smiled.

"Good gracious, no! Why should I be her enemy? You might as well be the enemy of a sheep."

He remembered these words and this tone when, not long afterwards, he learned that Miss Higgins was a power in New York, and toyed with love and destiny as if she were one of the three Fates.

But Mrs. Palliser had already had enough of a subject which she regarded as tiresome. Without preamble or transition she went on abruptly to say: "Isn't Mary too sweet for anything?" Before Bainbridge could agree with her she added: "Why on earth don't you marry her?"

He laughed good-naturedly. It was not the first time she had attacked him thus, though perhaps never so directly from the front. After all, she was the one woman in New York who could take this liberty, for she and her husband had had him under their wing ever since his early days at St. Mary Magdalen's. Being a few years older than he they had been able to act as social counsellors and guides to the young Bostonian without losing the fellowship of contemporaneous sympathies. He came to be at ease with them, to be able to unbend in their company as he never did elsewhere. As time went on Mrs. Palliser began to throw a motherly eye over his bachelor establishment, seeing that Mrs. Wheelock cleaned it in the proper way on the proper occasions, and gave him proper food to eat. For this he was grateful for the motive rather than the result, while the ties of intimacy were strengthened.

As for the present question, his instinct was to hedge rather than to face it openly. "Isn't marriage a matter to be tackled from the positive rather than the negative point of view? If you go round asking everyone why they don't marry someone else, who knows where you'll come out?"

She answered while taking a cup of tea from a neat little maid who passed it on a tray. "My dear good man, where I come out is my own affair. I can take care of *my*self if you could do the same for *your*self."

"I should like to be allowed to make the attempt."

"Yes; like a child walking in his sleep. When it comes to marriage a man like you is as fit to take care of himself as a stray pet lamb to avoid the traffic in Broadway. If the right woman doesn't get you the wrong one will; and that you can take from me."

"I'm willing to take anything from you, as I'm sure you must know. But may I ask if you see any signs of it?"

"It's not a question of what I see signs of; it's only one of what happens. The longer I know you're going around loose the more wretched it makes me."

"I see; I see. You want me to marry for your peace

of mind, not for my own. Of course, when you put it that way, anything I can do ——"

"I don't put it that way. It's nothing to me, further than that I want to see you safe."

"Well, then, I'll let you know the minute I feel in danger."

"When I can't do any good. Nine times out of ten a drowning man doesn't know he's drowning till it's too late to pull him out. And when you could have a girl like Mary Galloway ——"

"Ah, but could I?"

"You might if you tried. I don't say she's breaking her heart for you, but . . . Ah, well!" She rose with a sigh, while he placed her empty cup on a near-by table. "If she won't do I shall have to find someone else who will."

"Please don't let me put you to any trouble."

"You put me to a great *deal* of trouble; but it's nothing to what I'm willing to take for you. Now I come to think of it, I do know a woman who might care to look you over."

"Oh, but I might balk at that!"

"Since you're bound to be some woman's prey a good one might as well have the refusal of you — even if she turns you down."

"But you won't let her take me by surprise?"

"She won't take you by surprise because you won't know anything about her. She'll come and go without your seeing that she's been there. If I don't get out of this rat-trap," she exclaimed, holding out her hand to him, "I shall smother. Good-by. Think over what I've been saying, and don't forget the twenty-ninth."

He looked blank. "The twenty-ninth?" he questioned.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten that you're going to dine with us that night! If you have, then all is over between you and me. But I give you the benefit of the doubt and leave you. Go and tell Mary that I shall never forgive her for bringing me to this ridiculous zoo."

Through the seething of the human whirlpool he made his way toward Mary Galloway. "Is this the way you look after me?" he asked. "Don't you remember what you promised to do if I came?"

When his words brought a new shade of color to her cheek he thought he had never seen anything so exquisite. Nevertheless she tossed her head with that air of disdain which might have been no more than a covering for shyness, as she said: "I saw you were very well protected."

"Did you? But there are times when a man doesn't need protection so much as sympathy."

"Was this one?"

He thought of what Mrs. Palliser had been saying, and laughed. "I almost think it was — if rightly understood."

"Then before I offer you the sympathy I must have the right understanding."

"Ah, that's not so easy," he was able to say, before a new revolution in the crowd carried him away from her and he turned to take leave of his hostess.

But he was asking himself if, after all, Mrs. Palliser might not be right. He was not in love with Mary Galloway — not as yet — but if he could be — and he ever meant to marry at all . . .

He was in the gloomy little outside hall waiting for the lift as he began making these reflections, but he was destined not to pursue them. The lift came to a sudden stop within its grille and the door was slid open.

The next two minutes remained in Bainbridge's mind as a period of impressions so rapid, so sharp, and so definite as to obliterate the sense of time and make him feel that he had lived through an experience.

A woman who had been sitting on the lift's little red-cushioned bench rose and made the one step necessary to reach the door. She was a tall, slender woman, richly dressed. Dark brown plumes and velvet, against which a row of great pearls caught the eye strikingly, were but details in a picture vividly imprinted on his mind as one of extraordinary distinction. His memory would have recorded it if she had merely passed him in the street; but as it was what happened within the next few seconds burnt it in as something he could not forget.

On the threshold of the lift, before she had stepped out of it, the woman raised her eyes which he could see were dark and curiously deep — started — drew back — turned as if looking for something she had left, or seeking another exit from the cage in which she found herself caught — turned again — confronted him with a quick, piteous glance — stepped out and passed onward, with a slight inclination of a stately head as he raised his hat. Miss Higgins's man in livery, engaged for the afternoon, having opened the door she disappeared swiftly within, leaving Bainbridge staring after.

"Going down, sir," the lift-boy was obliged to remind him, before he could sufficiently collect his wits to enter and descend.

But on the twenty-ninth Bainbridge saw this woman for the second time. Indeed, he found himself sitting beside her without realizing for the first half-hour who she was.

It was a large party, made up chiefly of people whom he didn't know, and he had arrived too late to be introduced to anyone. From the card handed to him by the footman he understood that he was to take in Mary Galloway, and after having saluted Leslie and Maggie Palliser, his host and hostess, he sought her out. Dinner being announced at once he had no opportunity to look about him till he was seated at the table.

Even then he was absorbed by his little neighbor on the right. She was touchingly lovely, Bainbridge thought, in her simple little gown, and he was glad to have her there, glad to be beside her. During his years of dining out in New York this precise situation had never arisen before. It was an opportunity to know her better, to overcome the defensive of hostility or scorn she put up nervously whenever he approached her.

"But she'll have to speak to me soon," he reflected

"I haven't seen you since the afternoon at Miss Higgins's," he began, as he unfolded his napkin. "If numbers mean anything, you certainly made her party a success."

The crystalline tinkle of her voice penetrated the uproar, which in an American gathering begins with the moment of sitting down to table, with the clear sound of a silver bell. "I dare say it wasn't worth doing, but ——"

"On the contrary; it seems to me well worth doing. You made her happy ——"

"Yes, but happy only in the way of seeing well-known people in her little parlor."

"But she was happy just the same. That's something, isn't it?"

She trifled with her caviar. "Yes, it's something; it's what most people call snobbery."

"And what do you call it?"

"Oh, snobbery, too."

"And yet you helped her out."

"Because I couldn't see what else to do."

"Exactly; we've got to take people as they are — with their limitations. If having well-known people in her parlor is the best thing Miss Higgins knows, let us help her get it — till she sees that it isn't worth while and makes a try at something better."

She lifted to him eyes that in spite of being soft and shy had a sparkle of fun in them. [*Continued on page 55*]

The deck steward held an envelope in his hand. "I have a message for Miss Dawn."

Bridges Burned

by Mary Browne Donoho

McCLURE'S is always on the lookout for new authors. We want young blood, young enthusiasm. Miss Donoho is a new Southern writer who gives an old situation a fresh twist. Next month, Jerome Beatty with a different kind of baseball yarn.

Illustration by J. H. Gardner Soper

SHE had left it all behind her, had torn herself ruthlessly away from everything she cared for most. So far the excitement of the sea voyage and the unwontedness of launching out with no definite aim but to put the Atlantic between herself and an unbearable situation had kept her in a state of irresponsible unconcern. But it was now the second night out, and though the feeling of unreality still persisted, memory slowly was reaching into the unusual present and making her realize, making her think.

The music must have done it. So she left the salon where the flutes and violins of the orchestra were drawing out their final strains and stepped upon the deserted deck. Beneath a starless sky, the sea lay dark and inscrutable, and the sighing, restless voice of the ocean breathed up into the night. Idly, her vision wandered from the far mysterious distance to the churning water at the vessel's side. She gazed at it, fascinated. Bars of light from the ports zigzagged upon its foaming surface; spots of phosphorus glowed in its restless darkness, broke and mingled in its spreading foam.

The music died out in the salon, the occasional passenger on deck disappeared, the deck steward finished his clattering job of folding up the deck chairs, and still she stood, oblivious of everything, fighting back that memory which threatened to rise and swamp her in its unhappy flood. A voice broke in upon her reflections.

"You love the sea?"

She turned to find the attractive fellow passenger beside her. She had become acquainted with him early in the day over a drinking-cup that refused to unfold and was now glad that he had interrupted her unhappy thoughts. But when she answered, the shadow of those thoughts in her mind lent to her remarks a peculiar significance.

"The sea?" she repeated. "Oh, I hardly know. I believe I fear it. I have scarcely had time to find out."

"Then this is your first crossing?"

"Yes, and a strange crossing, too," she replied as if speaking more to herself than to her companion. "Now, if one were off for a holiday. . . ." She did not finish her sentence and seemed inclined to let the conversation rest there.

"An ocean voyage is often a pleasure journey," her companion suggested politely.

"A pleasure journey . . . dear me!" she exclaimed disjointedly. "I just had to . . . I. . . ." She paused again and directed her gaze across the black water stretching endlessly into the night. A new, unreal world lay before her, a world demanding new actions and new thoughts. "What would you do first," she turned to her companion impulsively, "if you had run away?"

"I would make it worth while," he answered quickly.

"Worth while?"

"At least, you could try. Suppose we sit and talk it over."

They found two steamer-chairs at the front of the deck, under the awnings that kept off the chill of the sea. He tucked his rug around her and drew his chair up close to hers.

"Now, tell me about it," he encouraged.

"And I don't even know your name!"

"Why talk of formalities?" he protested, laughing. "At sea one forgets artificial barriers. It is the one time that persons meet upon a purely human basis. But gladly will I tell my name if it will make us better friends. It is Paul Renan. Now, it's your turn, Miss ——"

"Mollie Dawn."

"I thought so," he replied unexpectedly. "I picked it out in the passenger-list. It is the name that fits you."

"Dear me," bantered Mollie, "the plot thickens! And is your wife in Europe or America, Mr. Renan?"

"By that token I am coming on," he replied, leaning forward to study the expression of her face.

"You think so?" asked Mollie noncommittally.

"The wish may be responsible for the remark," he fenced. "But at any rate I wish to tell you there is no wife, and at home I'm ——"

"But what are you at sea?"

"An admirer of an attractive woman," he replied promptly, and laid his hand upon Mollie's that rested on the arm of her chair.

But Mollie appeared not to notice, and snuggled back luxuriously. She had a right to any diversion that would keep the blue devils from forcing themselves into her days, those endless days at sea whose prospect had begun to haunt her as she stood that night, lonely and unhappy, at the rail. If this man amused her. . . . He himself had suggested it. So she let her hand lie quietly in his grasp.

The wind was rising and the canvas awnings strained and flapped. The vessel rose with the swell of the sea and settled back again determinedly. It seemed as if the two sitting silently side by side in the sheltered corner of the deck were entirely alone in the world, cut off, adrift, launched upon an unknown waste together.

She was surprised from the half trance of the wind and the dim night by a movement of her companion. His face was very close and a word came low and vibratingly.

She rose precipitately, dropping the rug on the deck at her feet. "I must go in," she said. "It is horribly late. You have been far too entertaining."

He rose also and stood by her side.

"Tomorrow evening, perhaps?" he suggested.

"Tomorrow? Oh . . . we shall see. But I must go in now. Good-by, Mr. Renan."

"Until tomorrow!" And he stood aside as she left the deck.

WITH tomorrow came the staved-off reaction. She woke to a feeling of utter depression, and the fair beauty of the day, instead of cheering her, made her more miserable by contrast with her own gray mood. A blue sea ran out merrily under dancing sunlight and a fresh breeze blew strong and salt from the deep, but the winds mocked her and the sunlight upon the water shone garishly in her sight. How far away she was from everyone! The happy voices of the people emphasized her own loneliness and sorrow. A lump grew and grew in her throat and threatened to choke her. Unable to keep up appearances longer, or fight down her despair, she retired to her cabin and gave herself up entirely to grief.

When she failed to appear at luncheon, her steward sought her out, but she pleaded sea-sickness, sent him away, and returned to her mental arguments which led her nowhere but to misery and tears. In the afternoon, she fell asleep from pure exhaustion. She was roused from this deep slumber by a light but persistent tapping at her cabin door. It was her room steward with a message. Mr. Renan wished to inquire if she felt better, and suggested that she come on deck. He was sure the air would be helpful.

She had forgotten Mr. Renan, but she remembered him now with a feeling of grateful relief.

"Thank Mr. Renan for me," she said to the steward, "and tell him I shall be out to dinner. Say to him that I am quite all right now."

Whereupon she got out of her berth and dressed herself becomingly. "I am a fool," she scolded severely. "I run away . . . and bring with me what I hoped to leave behind. I'll have to think of something else, unless I prefer to remain a fool."

She took a long step towards finding a substitute interest when she sat with Mr. Renan that night in an unfrequented quarter of the awning deck, and talked as if there were nothing in the world but joy. The situation helped her. With the wide sky above her and the great ocean on every side, all ordinary facts of life seemed extraordinary, and the previous conditions of her existence as impalpable as a dream. Surely this was a new life from which no connection ran back to the life of other days. So when her companion talked of love, as was inevitable in the circumstances, she listened half seriously, half humorously, and lightly played her part.

"Love?" she murmured softly. "Oh, certainly, love at first sight. I have been told that it is common enough at sea."

"Ordinary things are always common," he reproved seriously, "but great passions are ever above remark."

And instead of making a bantering reply to his protest she accepted it as a natural summing up of the situation that put a new light on the careless and wholly frivolous way in which it had begun. Curiously enough in the days that followed she accepted as natural all the unnatural conditions of the voyage. There was something about the limitations of the boat, the sense of isolation in the boundless waste of water, the conscious remoteness from everything to which she was accustomed that put an entirely new complexion upon the world.

It was natural that Paul Renan should walk with her, should sit with her, should be with her constantly until the people on the boat smiled indulgently and made due allowances for flirtations at sea. But had they not made allowances, it would have been the same to her. As yet she had set up no public opinion in this life, new and entirely distinct from any she had ever lived before. The old life had ended with a jerk, the new had begun as abruptly, but as yet the new did not belong anywhere in particular and promised to go on indefinitely and operate with little conscious effort on her part.

Four days, six days, ten days glided by, and every day that passed but added to the strange isolation of her feeling, every day deepened the sense of the eternity of the idle, thoughtless, drifting days at sea. Sometimes a blue heaven smiled at the blue water and the sunlight laughed and danced between; or again, the ocean was as gray as the clouds that hung low and gloomily, and sky and sea were welded together off yonder where they met. At times, fitful gusts of rain chased the sunlight over the tumbled, white-capped water, green where the light struck upon it, black and ominous under the deep shadow of a cloud. And every condition held the unreality of some phantom existence created of the baseless fabric of a dream.

Fifteen days slipped by and the vessel sailed in summer seas near the coast of Spain. The days were bright and balmy and the nights a wonder of moonlight upon the deep. On such a night, she sat with Mr. Renan upon the topmost deck and watched the moon come up out of the sea. They watched it spread a path of silver across the restless water, saw the water quiver at the touch of its soft and amorous light. And in the great silence, the ocean answered the moonlight's wooing, responded with a sigh of longing, a languorous sigh, the voice of a caress.

"I love you," said the man, deeply, and kissed her full upon the lips.

"No . . . No!" she but half protested. "It is . . . the night . . . the moonlight . . . the . . . . After you have been ashore tomorrow evening. . . ." It was the first time she had thought of land, and she spoke of it now without conviction. But her words had an unexpected effect.

"Vigo . . . tomorrow," he said thoughtfully. "Tomorrow night in the harbor while the passengers make merry ashore. . . . You said you were running away. . . . Marry me tomorrow evening in Vigo," he urged suddenly, with the force of a compelling desire.

"Mar-ry . . . you. . . ." Her voice trailed off in weak surprise.

"Yes; I love you. I want you. Besides, I want you now."

"Can it be managed?" she questioned, dazed by his precipitate wooing into half-compliance.

"It can . . . it will. I can manage, manage easily. And you? Say 'yes' quickly, little woman. . . . It will be bliss."

And before she thought or realized anything she answered yes.

They were married the next evening by the American consul at Vigo. The consul's secretary acted as witness and the ceremony was quietly and quickly performed. Renan had managed adroitly, and when he and Mollie went ashore in the tender with the other passengers, no one guessed their purpose.

From the landing they drove hurriedly through the ancient Spanish city in a curious vehicle that looked like a wicker basket with red leather seats. It was the vesper hour, and the bells were ringing for prayers. The people gossiping at the fountain filled their water-jars languidly, placed them [*Continued on page 37*]

How to Live Long

The First of a Very Important

What I Have Done After 80

WE want to find out what the really old people of the country are doing. As Mr. Moffett points out in his brilliant article, there is a population in the United States alone of 30,000 people over 90 years of age, and 3,000 people over a hundred. Think of that! Few of these are bed-ridden. They are not just waiting to die. Quite the contrary. They are active, useful citizens. We want to learn more about them — from themselves. All of them probably sing, with Browning, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be." We want to learn several things, First: What have they done (in the sense of achievement) since they were eighty? Second: What have they enjoyed most in life?

Mr. Moffett (standing) showing how simple a matter it is for an adept in mind and body control to allow a person to push long, thick needles through such sensitive parts of his body as the tongue

ONE of the chief requisites for living long is an intense desire to live long. It may surprise many to learn that this intense desire is often lacking in men and women, numbers of whom go on living rather indifferently by mere force of the life momentum that is in them. Students of longevity statistics come upon many cases of suicide among the very old (nonogenarians often kill themselves) and it is probable that hundreds of venerable folk hasten their ends simply by desiring them. Had they wished to live longer, and especially to love longer, which implies cultivating through life the *power of loving*, they would undoubtedly have been able to do so.

Even among men and women of middle age one finds not infrequently, if the truth is told, a certain indifference to living longer. I remember the shock I experienced a few years ago at hearing two rather well-known and reasonably successful authors, both in their early fifties, admit that they were quite ready to die at any time, having pretty well seen and exhausted what life has to offer, were it not for the pain their taking off would occasion to a few near and dear ones. I had suspected my friends of posing in this attitude, since both were in average health, but a little later when I found myself facing death through sudden illness (I was just past forty) I must confess that I made no particular struggle against it, but resigned myself to the inevitable, as I supposed, without fear or regret and with only a dull impatience to have it over with.

It is only a few weeks since a distinguished and highly successful New York doctor whom I number among my friends confessed to me, as we chatted confidentially, that, from the vantage point of fifty-eight, he saw little in life that was worth living much longer for.

"You hear men of sixty talk about the fun they get out of life and how fine they feel," he said, "but I think it's mostly bluff. Don't you?"

Bluff? I wish he could see half-a-dozen hale and hearty golf-players of sixty and over whom I could name (one of them goes round the Dunwoodie course in eighty-two or less) who are as keen as boys about the game and about life in general. He should see them scrapping over bets at the club-house or shaking dice for the drinks like so many college lads. Do they enjoy life? Are they bluffing? I should say not.

I know one radiantly happy and absurdly healthy golfer of seventy-five who once gave me these three excellent rules for living and loving long:

(1) Spend just as much time as you possibly can exercising in the open air, preferably at golf.

(2) Work out a diet system that suits you and helps you, and *stick to it at all costs.*

(3) Never allow any person to come into your life unless that person gets either pleasure or advantage from the association; but don't let him suspect this is part of your plan.

I mention this *en passant.* We shall come back to the question of diet and exercise; for the moment let us consider why it is that a large number of men and women, on the testimony of body doctors and soul doctors, are either indifferent to life, or bored with life, or actually hostile to life. Why is that? Why does the world contain persons who have not the slightest desire to live to a great old age? Why?

The answer is that such persons have either failed to work out for themselves a satisfactory scheme of life, including work, play, love, and care of the body, which they might do if they would, or they have failed to carry out their scheme of life, and this, again, they might do, if they would.

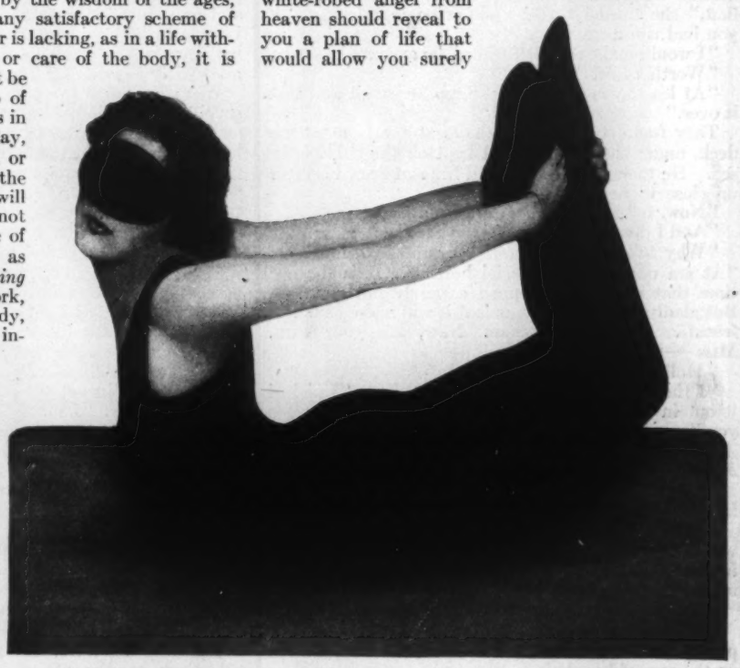
Work, play, love, care of the body!

These four, properly balanced and individually perfected, insure us our best chance of happiness, success and long life. These four, by the wisdom of the ages, are essential elements in any satisfactory scheme of existence. If one of the four is lacking, as in a life without work or play or love or care of the body, it is evident that such a life must be unsatisfactory. And if two of the elements are lacking, as in a life without love and play, or without love and work, or without love and care of the body, it is certain this life will be dull and unprofitable, not worth living. And if three of the elements are lacking, as when a person does *nothing* but play, or *nothing* but work, or *nothing* but care for his body, then life becomes utterly intolerable.

It may be objected that no scheme of life can be satisfactory so long as our earthly pilgrimage is beset by poverty, pain, disease, disappointment, bereavement, and all the ills that thwart us and crush us. Why desire to live long in a world that abounds in such miseries? The answer is that we can face these miseries serenely, even joyfully, and triumph over them if we will establish in our minds and bodies right conditions — that is to say, healthful conditions.

This most precious opportunity for self-improvement is shared by rich and poor alike, as many of the best things in life are shared equally by rich and poor. Do you doubt this? Think! All alike we possess our own bodies and our own minds (this is all we ever *really* possess) and can use them as we please. All alike we possess the time that is given us to live on this earth and we can use it as we please. All alike we may know the joys of conquest, including self-conquest, and the joys of service. All alike we share the happiness that comes from youth, from sleep, from sunshine, from the taste of food, from love, just as, all alike, we share the pains of sorrow, of old age, of death. It is equally within the power of each one of us to perfect and beautify his own body, or her own body, and by right management to extend our terms of life, if we will. No one can do this for us, no one can prevent us from doing it for ourselves, if we will.

If we will! Ah! that is the great point! Back of all plans of existence, all systems of physical culture, all regimens of exercise and diet is the attitude of the human mind, the question of individual will power. How much do you really *desire* to live long? Suppose some white-robed angel from heaven should reveal to you a plan of life that would allow you surely



The young lady who posed for this picture is not a professional — though you might think so; hence the mask. She wanted to prove that you and I can accomplish feats that now seem impossible

—and Love Long

New Series *by* Cleveland Moffett

You must not hope to accomplish this exercise until both your ambition and your physical powers have been considerably quickened

One Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes

Third: What do they regret most in life? Fourth: What has helped them most in life? For what we consider the best letter not over five hundred words in length, written by one of these octogenarians, received on or before October first, covering these points, McClure's will pay twenty-five dollars. For each of the five next best, ten dollars; and for each of the five next best, five dollars. If the letters can be accompanied by photographs, particularly of groups of several generations, so much the better. But pictures are not necessary. We want written facts, first of all, relating to the doings of alert, alive young-old people over eighty. Address, Contest Editor, McClure's, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York

but not easily to live and love for ninety or a hundred years? Could you rally the powers of your soul strongly enough to do what would be necessary? Could you fight indolence, bad habits, disease, even death itself? Think! Could you?

Fight death? Yes. Any doctor will tell you of men and women who, by some mysterious power of the will or the soul, have defied science with all its diagnoses and have gone on living for years in spite of bodily conditions that were declared to be immediately fatal. I know of a woman whose splendid love triumphed for three years over the cruel ravages of cancer. I know a distinguished editor, who being stricken with a grave malady several years ago and hearing himself condemned by eminent specialists either to death or idleness, refused either alternative and went serenely on with his ordinary life and work, and is at it still. And think of brave Molly Fancher, bed-ridden in Brooklyn for half a century, but refusing to die because she could still render service and find joy in it. Such people live long because they *will* to live long. And because they love something or somebody intensely.

The first movement in the exercise shown above

And to you, average man or woman, doomed to die long before sixty, according to the doctrine of averages and the careless drift of life, I make bold to say that if you really wished and *willed* to live to be eighty or ninety, if you cared enough about it and would use intelligently the vast available knowledge touching health and longevity, there is a strong probability that you would succeed. Why not? The United States today numbers thirty thousand men and women who are over ninety, three thousand who are over a hundred. These are official figures from the last census (1910) and if so large a number of our fellow citizens in all classes of society have accomplished this noteworthy result in living long, almost by accident and without making any particular effort to do it, why might not you and I accomplish at least as much as they if we ordered our lives according to the clear teachings of science?

Why not, indeed! We do not trust to luck or accident when we aspire to achievements in other lines. We do not expect to become business men, astronomers, musicians, architects or editors by luck or by accident. We know that we must work, that we must acquire skill and knowledge to excel in these callings and in all other callings, but when it comes to that most important business of living on this earth, and to that sublime art of loving, we assume that we know all there is to know and we neither seek nor receive special instruction. Fancy either a man or a woman of our enlightened generation trying to learn how to live and love on this earth! Absurd!

Speaking seriously and assuming that most of us are in favor of a long and joyous existence, if the thing is possible, let us go to the sources of knowledge including the lives of men and women who have attained a great age, and see what wisdom we can gain for the management of our own lives. And we may immediately put down this as the first great rule for achieving longevity: *We must form habits of abstemiousness in food and drink.* On this all the authorities, ancient and modern, are agreed. All doctors and physiologists warn us that we eat too much, that we kill ourselves, poison our bodies with ill-assimilated, if I may use a true but ugly word, putrefying, food products. We *know* that the habit of abstemiousness in eating would cure half of our bodily ills, yet we go on eating to excess — to great excess.

"I give you my word," said a distinguished food authority, professor of physiology in one of our New England universities, "that, as a rule, our well-to-do city dwellers eat twice as much food as they ought to eat and I acknowledge that I myself eat twice as much food as I ought to eat."

"And you take little exercise," I remarked.

"That's true, I take very little exercise. Here's the proof of it," he glanced down at his ample waist line. "You see I'm busy in my laboratory all day and I'm tired at night."

I looked at him curiously—a strong man worn by the strain of city life—not in very good physical condition —puffy gray pockets under his eyes—tired, as he said himself, and getting fat.

"Tell me, professor," I ventured, "don't you take these things seriously that you write about and lecture about—the proteins and calories and carbohydrates and all that?"

"Of course I do."

"You know that degenerative diseases are increasing in America — kidney disease, heart disease, hardening of the arteries and so on — don't you?"

"Know it! Heavens, man! That's my work." He paused as he caught the corner of a smile. "I see what you're thinking, and it's true — why don't we fellows who know so much about the body take better care of our own bodies? Ah! I'll tell you why. We don't exercise because we're too busy and we eat too much because — well, because we're used to it, and because we like it, and because everybody else eats too much."

Granting that most of us violate this fundamental rule of abstemiousness in food it is important to know what results in longevity might be obtained by a person with a great desire to live long who had will power enough to really follow this rule. How much practical value is there in food abstemiousness measured by added years? Are there any illuminating examples here? Yes, many of them. There is, first, the world-famous case of Louis Cornaro, the Venetian, a source of comfort to all who, early in life, may find themselves shattered in health.

"I say then," writes Cornaro (1544) in his book "How to Live to Be a Hundred Years Old, by One Who Did It," "that the heavy train of infirmities which had made great inroads on my constitution were my motives for renouncing intemperance, in the matter of eating and drinking, to which I had been addicted. . . . Having inquired of the doctors what rules I should follow they told me that I must use only food, solid or liquid, such as is generally prescribed to sick persons, and both sparingly."

This was in his fortieth year and Cornaro tells us how he adopted this restricted diet plan as his permanent rule of life, eating "with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg and soup, twelve ounces daily, neither more nor less, and I drank fourteen ounces of wine." Thus he lived happily and usefully to the age of one hundred and one and died like one who falls asleep.

History has other instances of men who have triumphed over frail bodies and achieved a great age by abstemiousness in diet. Both Aristotle and Plato tell us that the philosopher Herodicus, although feeble and consumptive, lived upwards of a century by economizing his vital powers and by practising abstinence. And Galen, the physician, attained [*Continued on page 66*]

"Now," said Miss Wendell, "tell me why you've been staring at me so — ever since nine o'clock"

Accounts Payable — *by* Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

THIS story is as light as its title is heavy. Holworthy Hall can be depended upon at all times to surround his diverting yarns with that atmosphere of youth and freshness that makes us glad we are alive.

ACROSS the dinner-table two young people in evening dress sat arguing hopefully.

"There's no use in begging the questions, Crosby," said Janet, shaking her head in great pity. "We'll probably live in Waverley the rest of our lives, and so will all these other families. And if we don't go to representative affairs like the Millers' dance, everyone who's there will think *of course* we weren't invited. And in a place like Waverley you ought to know perfectly well what *that* means!"

"I certainly do," conceded her husband, spearing the last Brussels sprout. "And now I've got these third-act clothes on, I'd go anyway. But I insist it's a vicious circle ——"

"Vicious! Why, *Crosby* ——" exclaimed Janet.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"According to your ideas, haven't I got to go to this party I don't want to go to, in order to be invited to a lot more parties I don't want to go to? I'll admit I'm only a simple business man, but I can't quite grasp the logic of it. It dodges."

Diplomatically, Janet delayed her reply until the finger-bowls were brought, because she knew that his spirits would improve as soon as he learned that there was no salad. When she spoke, it was with the consciousness that his favorite dessert, a plebeian concoction of high nutritive value, was in sight.

"But everybody loves you, Crosby! I can't see why you don't have a good time."

He grinned good-naturedly, and shook his head.

"That's part of the trouble," he explained. "I *do* have a good time. I have a good time in Waverley about five evenings a week, and then I have a bad time in the office about five mornings a week. I'm getting to consider the cold gray dawn as my own private sunset. It's getting worse instead of better — although I seem to remember how you once said we'd ease up a bit after we got ourselves established."

"If we were really established," said Janet, tasting her pudding with the normal lament of her sex that it wasn't something more delicate and decorative, "would we be dining at home tonight — alone — when there are at least six dinners in Waverley before this dance?"

Crosby attracted her attention with his tumbler.

"That reminds me! Rudderford told me on the train this morning that they'd have asked us, but they knew they were too late. They assumed we'd already been asked by most of the other five. You see what our record is."

Janet dropped her spoon, and stared incredulously.

"Mr. Rudderford said that! And — and you didn't *tell* him!"

"Sure I didn't," said Crosby comfortably. "I'm tired of these eternal dinners. I hoped we *would* be alone. I wanted to be. That's what I married you for, wasn't it? And, believe me, there've been too many occasions lately when I've wondered if I haven't married all the principals, and most of the chorus. I wouldn't bet a counterfeit nickel I'd have you to myself on any one date unless it's Sunday night in the middle of winter, with a blizzard outdoors, and the roads blocked, and the telephone out of commission!" He stirred his coffee, and smiled across the table. "We can have a party atmosphere right now," he said. "You look like a prima-donna — and we won't fold our napkins."

"And — we *could* have dined at the Rudderfords'!" said Janet, open-eyed. "Oh, Crosby!"

"This suits me better!" he told her, with a degree of admiration which pleased her in spite of her disappointment. "Better food and better company — and we'll see the same gang at the Millers', won't we?" As Janet stood up, he reached her in a stride and kissed her over the right eyebrow. "You're entirely too popular to suit me," he said jocularly. "The next time I'm married I'm going to pick out a regular prune."

Her mouth quivered ever so slightly at the corners.

"You do like me a little, Crosby — don't you?"

"Guilty!" said Crosby, patting her shoulder in proof.

"You — you wouldn't have let Mr. Rudderford think we *were* going somewhere else — if you'd known how much I wanted to go there — would you?"

"You'll be the best looking one of the lot — you're a peach anyway!"

"What? You don't mean to say you'd have preferred that crowd to *this?*"

"But it's the party *feeling*, Crosby! You don't understand — I know you don't — but it's the dinner before the dance that really makes the dance! It isn't that I don't like to be alone with you ——"

"Hm!" said Crosby. "Well — that's tough luck. That certainly is tough luck. After the best dinner I've had in a month ——"

"Why, of course!" she said, holding to him tightly. "When no one asked us out ——"

"What's that to do with it?"

"Everything!"

"And yet," he puzzled, "rather than stay here and be civilized and happy together, you'd have gone to a formal banquet, with restaurant courses, and silly conversation —" He paused, and looked down at her soberly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess I haven't analyzed this situation enough."

"It's all right, Crosby — it's all right now."

"It can't be *helped* now. . . . Look here! If we've got to breathe bad air and roses all night why don't we get the car out, and take a run over by the Sound? I'd like some ozone for a brace. Want to come?"

"Yes, indeed. . . . Only ——"

"Only what?"

She gave him a convulsive hug, and escaped to the stairs. "Nothing, Crosby — nothing. You just don't understand women yet, do you? Only — if you'll say lots of awfully nice things to me in the car — and be awfully nice to me at the Millers'— I won't mind so much. Truly I won't. Will you do that, Crosby?"

"You're on!" he promised readily; and in a desperate endeavor to discount her sorrow at having missed one of the Rudderfords' exclusive functions, he shouted up the stairs after her: "Janet! The pudding was bully! Isn't that *some* comfort?"

He had promised to console her with compliments, but three-quarters of an hour later, when the big roadster was swinging back from the Sound over the hills to westward, he hadn't said a word. Characteristically attentive and silent in the presence of smooth-running machinery, he sat behind the wheel with the detached absorption of a paid chauffeur; his eyes were for the highway; his ears were for the motor; and all his concentration was strung upon details of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Janet touched his sleeve with a gentle hand.

"Crosby."

"Oh!— hello!" he said, startled.

"Crosby, you didn't — you didn't really mean that I'm too . . . popular, did you?"

He grinned sidewise. "Well, I like to see my own judgment confirmed by other people now and then. I'm glad you're appreciated. But enough's enough, and too much is plenty."

"But *do* you think so? Do you think we ought to stay at home more?"

He opened the cut-out, and listened to the roar of the exhaust as though he loved it.

"That isn't the point. I'm speculating whether our books balance."

"Whether we're doing our share of entertaining?" she queried, perplexed.

"No, sir! Whether the whole business is worth while."

"But, Crosby!" she said, a trifle shocked. "You can't tell that any more than you can tell if Christmas gifts are worth while. You don't *want* to tell. You just want to be spontaneous about it ——"

"Not in a hundred years!" he denied, turning into the Post Road. "It's my own opinion that ever since we came to Waverley we've been entirely too giddy!"

"G-giddy!" she echoed.

"Giddy!" said Crosby. "We've got too many friends."

"Oh-h-h!" she breathed. "Why, I — I never *dreamed* you could say a thing like that! Why — Crosby! You can't mean that! You can't! Why, it's impossible to have too many friends!"

"No, it isn't. What's more, we have 'em. And as long as we're paying a big rent for our house, it seems to me we might spend a little more time in it by ourselves."

She leaned towards him quickly.

"Is that why you wouldn't let me know we could have gone to the Rudderfords'? Is it? And — and why you didn't want to come to the Millers' tonight? Why, we can't be *any*body, and stay at home all the time! We're socially in debt to half the families in Waverley! They've been perfectly lovely to us, ever since we came."

The car stopped before a very large brick house; Crosby detained his wife by the simple expedient of holding firmly to her wrist.

"Stop spluttering, little girl!" he commanded. "You're 'way off the track! I wasn't thinking of this particular party, or any other. It was simply a generalization, and we'll talk it all over whenever you want to. But this is the Millers' house, and all the people you know are going to be here, and you'll be the best looking one of the lot — you're a peach anyway!— and I'm glad I brought you — and there you are! Now hop out, and I'll put the car up!"

When she hopped out, she carried with her that electrifying sensation which married women prize, and put away among the memorabilia of the long-distant honeymoon. She had been kissed swiftly and covertly in public; only the public was still in ignorance, from lack of observation. She told herself fiercely that she *didn't* care about that Rudderford dinner!

THE huge living-room in which they presently found themselves was already filled with people dancing. Mrs. Miller, a rather gaunt, but still impressive hostess, (and not particularly unattractive, either, except in the black she now wore) stood at the entrance; she greeted the Crosby Gordons with the carefully restrained cordiality which was no small ingredient of her local prestige, although her eyes betrayed the fact that she was genuinely glad to see them.

"Be careful of him, my dear," she warned Mrs. Gordon, almost playfully. "This is dangerous territory — we have a ruthless destroyer in our midst! Elsie Wendell is here!"

"Elsie Wendell — the actress!" said Crosby quickly, turning to survey the dancers. "Really? Which is she?"

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Mrs. Miller to Janet. "Why, she's the little girl in the pink gown with the sash and the forget-me-nots. Isn't she adorable?"

The two Gordons admitted it in a breath.

"Go ahead and dance, you two," the hostess adjured them. "I'll see that you meet her. She's the only lioness I could get tonight,— and *she's* hardly more than a kitten. But be careful of him, Janet!" She dismissed them with one of her unemotionally gracious smiles, and the Gordons, failing to locate Mr. Miller in the immediate neighborhood, took it for granted that he was in supreme authority at the punchbowl in the library, and caught step to the music of a new and highly unmusical fox-trot.

"I'm rather *astonished* at Mrs. Miller," said Janet, nodding delightedly to one or two acquaintances in passing.

"How's that?"

"Why, asking that actress out here! I wonder how she knows her."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Why," said Janet, peering across the room at the youthfully gowned young person in question, "people of that class are all very well to *amuse* us — but it's — it's something entirely different to ask them out socially. Oh, there probably are a lot of nice girls on the stage — I don't doubt *that!*— but . . ."

The music ceased. Crosby, applauding with tremendous vigor, said: "Yes — go ahead."

"As soon as it starts up again — all right! Why — it's a life all froth and frivol, Crosby — and I can't think a lot of the character of girls who like that sort of thing. They haven't an intelligent thought in their heads. And you know what the type means to most people. I'm just astonished at Mrs. Miller."

"Do you realize," said Crosby, attempting to execute a Castle step, and fairly murdering it, "that if she weren't nice she wouldn't be here? And furthermore, if you believe in having a host of friends, why not have a catholic assortment? You never can tell — that child might have something worth listening to."

"Oh, yes — that may be true. And then again Mrs. Miller may have asked her because she thinks it'll help her prestige to bring out some interesting strangers. But it's more than likely that she's here to please the men. Don't you go and flirt with her, Crosby!"

"I won't have a chance!" he temporized. "We weren't early enough."

"As if you *could!*" corrected Janet, squeezing his arm. "You old bear — you couldn't flirt if you tried! You're too ingenuous!"

"Indeed!" said Crosby, glancing over to the graceful little figure in pink and blue.

"That's one thing about you," she went on confidently. "If every other man in the room were perfectly crazy about that girl — *you* wouldn't be! These ruthless destroyers wouldn't find much sympathy in you — would they? I'd trust you with anybody under the sun, Crosby — even a silly little actress! *She* won't break up our home, will she?"

"Looks pretty respectable to me," said Crosby, bumping the bumps.

Janet squeezed his arm a second time.

"If I see you batting your eyes at her, I'll tear hers out!" she declared, with great enthusiasm. "But you'll try to have a good time just the same, won't you, dear?— even if our friends *are* expensive!"

The encore came to a grand conclusion; the two Gordons were instantly in the center of a hilarious

group which had formed apparently by instinct, and remained from choice. The actress and her partner were on the outskirts; Crosby was duly presented by his hostess, who had come up to administer justice; he learned with regret that the tenth dance was the first available.

"Let's say the tenth, anyway," he deferred.

"Thank you," said Miss Wendell, dropping her eyes.

Crosby liked that, because it was a momentary act intended to convey the precise impression it had made upon him. It was born neither of coquettishness, nor of excessive modesty — it seemed to him to be a girlish acknowledgment of an ordinary compliment, so that he in turn felt complimented to have inspired it. That transitory drooping of black eyelashes prejudiced him so strongly in favor of the small professional that he was inclined to tell Janet on the spot how gravely she was in error. But Janet was speaking with Mr. Rudderford, and Crosby, isolated in conversation for a brief interval, listened instead.

"Elsie Wendell," Mr. Rudderford was announcing guardedly, "is about the only woman on the American stage today who knows what a real home is."

"I thought they all lived in horrid hotels," said Janet, "and kept frowsy dogs — and never had homes themselves, and just went around smashing other people's."

"Not this one — she takes her work just as though she were a stenographer. When she's through, she goes home — and her personal friends aren't necessarily her professional friends. It's probably cost her something to be aloof — some publicity, at least — but she is! And she's a clever woman, too."

"Clever — off the stage?"

"Cleverness isn't always in epigrams," said Mr. Rudderford. "In fact, it's usually the other way around. She's clever in her inductions, and *de*ductions. She's worth knowing. Talk to her — and you'll find out. She's studied the business of life as very few women in Waverley have — and she isn't more than twenty-five or -six now. . . . May I have the next?"

Crosby, deprived of his wife, and not yet ready to do his duty by his hostess, retreated to the library, where he encountered Mr. Miller alone, smoking complacently within range of the punch.

"Hello, youngster!" said Mr. Miller, leaping to his feet, and exercising violently upon Crosby's hand. "How's everything? Business good? That's fine! Want a cigarette? Cigar? Glass of punch? *William!*" A solemn man-servant in repressed livery materialized from nowhere, and solemnly ladled out a gill of refreshment. "Fool thing to have that around the house!" said Mr. Miller, watching the butler depart. "Feel as if I ought to furnish an alibi every time he comes in — My wife adores him — *it*. I mean — the principle! Says we've got to do in Rome as the Romans do, you know — Waverley has butlers; *we've* got to have butlers." He lifted his own glass, and regarded it fixedly. "And I was born in the gas-house district of Oklahoma City," said Mr. Miller, "and the Romans are tho-rough-ly defunct. Well — here's mud!"

"Mud!" exclaimed Crosby.

"Mining term — one fellow holds the drill, the other pounds. Going through solid rock, you know. When the man with the drill feels it punch through, he yells 'Mud!' That's the end of the job — when the drill strikes mud. So when they're at the bar, 'Here's mud!' means 'Here's hoping for an easy job!' Get it?" They drank companionably.

"I always forget that you were a mining expert," said Crosby. "You're such an obvious banker these days."

"Banker!" said Mr. Miller contemptuously. "Genteel pawnbroking! That's no job! A man ought to live outdoors. You know, it comes to me about once a week — out of the whole raft of men I mix with downtown, I don't believe there's more than two that know what my middle name is, and more than one who wouldn't sell me a gold brick if he thought I'd fall for it. You take it out there — you get to *know* folks. Your friends 'll fight for you just as fast as they'll fight *with* you. *There's* the brotherhood of man! That's what counts! This banking thing's like play — it's my kind of golf." He chuckled reminiscently. "Twenty years ago, if anybody'd told me I was breaking my back to earn eight dollars a day to support a butler in Waverley *now*, I'd have said first, 'Not worth it!' and second, 'Who's your keeper?' Well — here's mud!"

"Very good mud," appreciated Crosby.

"It ought to be," conceded Mr. Miller. "When you figure there's half a week's sledge-swinging in it — for somebody else. . . . Going to maroon me?"

"I'll have to, I'm afraid."

"I stay here," explained the host, "until the crowd begins to drift in. If I didn't, that monkey-faced Englishman'd dip out a couple of quarts of Pol Roger '96 and fill it up with seltzer. God help the rich, youngster — the poor can beg!"

Crosby laughed, and wandered back to the dancing floor, where he entered upon the fulfilment of his obligations without anticipation, and subsequently quitted the last of his convoys without regret. To insure his reputation for at least another fortnight of the spring season cost him six dances; the next was consecrated to the pretty actress. The intermission was, to his imagination, prolonged unreasonably; at last, however, he stood before her and bowed, dimly conscious that Janet, somewhere in the rear, was looking at him. He spoke an inarticulate sentence; Miss Wendell looked at him beseechingly.

"Would you mind sitting out just this once, Mr. Gordon?" she asked. "My partner went fox-trotting on my instep. Truly, would you care if we went out, and talked?"

"It can't be that you've been watching me!" said Crosby.

"But I have! That's why I'm sorry I *must* take a moment to recuperate. You dance like Mordkin — only more vigorously — and I'd love to try it with you, but. . . ." Rising, she took his arm. "If I don't lean on you," she said under her breath, "I'll *limp* — and Mr. Rudderford's conscience would bother him all the rest of the evening. May I?"

Crosby smiled down at her, and nodded.

"You can have your choice of locations," he said. "There's a sun-parlor that's draughty, and a little den of Mr. Miller's that's rather stuffy, and then there's the stairs."

"The stairs, by all means."

"And here we are," said Crosby. He helped her to a seat on the first landing, from which there was a comprehensive prospect of the hall and living-room. He sat down beside her, made the customary inquiry by gesture, and lighted a cigarette.

"Now," said Miss Wendell, regarding him with the steadiest of violet-blue eyes, "tell me why you've been staring at me so — ever since nine o'clock."

Crosby, not exactly embarrassed at the sudden demand, nor yet exactly displeased that she had noticed him, blurted out the truth.

"I was wondering how on earth you picked out the stage — a girl like you. And then I was wondering how you kept on with it, and didn't let it affect you."

"I'm rather astonished at Mrs. Miller," said Janet, "asking that actress out here! I wonder how she knows her"

"Well, here's mud!" laughed Mr. Miller

"Oh!" Her smile was obviously in payment for his frankness. "That's encouraging! So you think I'm not spoiled!"

"You may be," said Crosby. "Of course, I can't tell from simply looking at you. And if you *are* spoiled, it's certainly becoming to you. But if I hadn't been told you're an actress — and if I hadn't seen you once or twice on Broadway myself — I wouldn't have believed it."

"Why not?"

"You don't carry the aura around with you."

Her lips curved appreciatively.

"And because I don't, you think I must be a very curious sort of person — Tell me: do you let your own environment mark you so that strangers can name your business — or profession — off-hand?"

"No — that's different."

"Is it?" Her eyes were mischievous. "And yet I heard tonight that you chose your life-work for the same reason that I chose mine. Why should I be ticketed, and you not be?"

"It isn't a parallel," he declared, keeping time with his fingers to the syncopated music. "You're constantly acting, and ——"

"And you're constantly *selling*," she interposed. "But you're not trying to be a salesman tonight, any more than I'm trying to be an actress. We're both off duty. You see, I know all about you. If I remember rightly, your class in college voted you the Best Dressed Man, and the Most Affable, and the Best Athlete ——"

"Second Best," he amended. "But ——"

"And the Most Respected, and the Most Popular, and the One Most Certain to Succeed, and — oh, yes!— the One Who Had Done the Most for Yale."

"Kid stuff," said Crosby, flushing. "But your memory must be like a sponge."

"It is — it has to be. Well, then — you must have realized, from all those indications, that you had the faculty of making friends easily — so you went into the sort of work that would let you capitalize that faculty. And I — I could always please people, and I'm not altogether unattractive — I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't admit that — and I always liked to pretend — to make-believe. So you earn a living through the friendships and acquaintanceships you have, and can get — directly — and I earn mine in exactly the same way — indirectly. We're loaning our personalities to the community — at a satisfactory profit. Does that answer your question?"

"I still think the parallel isn't there," said Crosby. "And, besides, I shouldn't imagine it would be the stage itself that would ticket you — I should imagine it would be the constant association with so many others *off* the stage. I should think you'd naturally get into the habit of bluffing, and playing Bernhardt, or Billie Burke, or whoever your own tin-goddess on wheels might be at the time."

"That *might* be true," she acknowledged, absently taking a napkin from a maid who came up to them. "But I don't associate constantly with players."

Crosby looked up at the second maid, who proffered bouillon, and shook his head.

"How can you help it?"

"I *do* help it! I have an apartment, with a sweet old dear I hire for a vocational aunt, or chaperon, or companion, or what-not — and I get away from the theatre just as fast as I possibly can. I can't afford to have too many professional friends."

"Now that's mighty interesting! You've certainly said just what I want to hear! Why can't you?"

"Possibly because I'm selfish," she said thoughtfully. "I want plenty of bowing acquaintances — casual chatting acquaintances — but as for so-called friends — no! One never has more than half a dozen *true* friends anyway — and the majority of people we *call* friends aren't at all! They're a disturbing influence. You probably think this is horribly commercial ——"

"I don't, really! Please go on!" He waved away a servant with croquettes, and another with sandwiches.

"Well, I dare say you *do!* But *I* reason that I can't in fairness to myself have any so-called friends who don't do their share. I don't mean in evening up luncheons, or anything like that — don't misunderstand! I simply mean that some people require more time; require more exertion, either in deferring to them, or in being desperately diplomatic, or in some other way; require more sacrifice, in taking me away from the surroundings I want, or in making me go to places, or buy things, or do things — than I feel I can give. The real friends I want are people who can exchange mind with me — not drag me out to Rector's! I suppose you're horribly disillusioned ——"

"Not a bit," he denied, shooing off the butler, who approached with salad.

"Because it *is* rather cold-blooded ——"

"No — not that."

"But, you see, I've always thought that the only test of friendship is the independence one person feels in the presence of the other."

"Exactly," said Crosby. "You don't want an ice, do you? Or coffee? Neither do I. . . . The point is that you don't want to mortgage your individuality? Well, that sounds reasonable to me. And it also explains just what I wanted to know." He smiled quizzically. "You hardly talk like a home-breaker."

"I'm not!" said Miss Wendell, dimpling. "I'm a home-*maker!* But you'd have hard work to persuade Mrs. Gordon that we've been dissecting the quality of friendship instead of talking the twaddle I'm generally supposed to talk."

"Good Lord!" He leaped to his feet in horror, and stared wildly downstairs. [*Continued on page 76*]

On the Use and Abuse of Complexions

by **Richard Le Gallienne**

An acquaintance of mine was recently telling me of the breaking off of his engagement. We live in reactionary times — but think of this for his reason!

"I called on her to take her out for a walk," he said, "and when she came downstairs dressed to go out, I thought I noticed powder on her face. 'Is that powder?' I said. 'Of course it is,' she answered. 'Then,' said I, 'you go right upstairs again, and wash it off, or you don't come walking with me.'"

"And did she?" I asked.

"She did not," he answered; and so the dream had come to an abrupt end.

I looked at him in astonishment, not unmingled with awe.

"What a narrow escape!" I said.

"For me?" said he.

"No!" said I, "for the girl." And then I asked him what archeological museum he came from; and our engagement, too, came to an end.

I suppose that there are other human anachronisms like my friend still existing here and there, survivals from the days of the thumb-screw and the ducking-stool, but they must be very lonely, and I hardly know where they would look for wives. For, of all the ages of the world, this would seem to be the age of the powder-puff and the vanity-box. "Be beautiful, sweet maid, and let who will be homely," seems to be the motto of the modern young person; and though the accent thrown on vanity nowadays is, perhaps, a little too acute, yet on the whole, I think there is little harm in it, little to disquiet the moralist. It is, I think, for the most part an innocent vanity. The innocence of the powder-puff has been discovered. One remembers from old novels, and indeed from novels not so very old, what a stir used to be made by the advent in a prim village community of some pretty lady, who must be very naughty and "French," because it was evident that she powdered; or — horrors! — even "painted."

And, indeed, one does occasionally encounter a pretty woman who retains a curious "moral objection" to the powder-puff, and who, even in summer heat, prefers her face to shine with its natural emollient. It is the old Puritan fear of ribbons and laces still in the blood. Happily, for the eyes of the beholder, these feminine throw-backs are rare, and the fair majority are more considerate in avoiding the "jar" to those "in front" which comes of a skin whose imperfections a touch of powder would decently cover. For it is not necessarily vanity that brings out the powder-puff, but a courteous regard for the esthetic sensibilities of others. If a pretty girl—or a homely old gentleman, for that matter—has lost a front tooth, we don't consider it immoral of them to replace it with a comely artificial one; nor is a little fake hair regarded as a sign of moral obliquity. There is very seldom a complexion that a touch of powder does not improve. Natural beauty, indeed, may be regarded as so much raw material which the artist has the right to adapt and enhance. Of course, there will always be silly women who think of nothing else but their looks, and there will always be bad artists who over-do the thing. One has too much reason to plead with women for more, rather than less, art in their decorative effects. Perhaps if they were to sign their complexions — as other artists sign their pictures — they would take more care of and pride in them. Certainly some complexions are such masterpieces, that one often longs to know the name of the artist.

The Straight Road

There Comes to Callie Baird a Sharp Turning Point and a Big Crisis

Chapter XIV — A Breach

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

I WAS so worn out, and burnt out, with the rage I'd been in and the terror, that I just pulled off a few of my clothes and crawled in beside Boy and slept like a stoker. I'd lost my job; I had a horrid sinking feeling that I wasn't a very good person to get and hold a job. But tomorrow was another day — it would have to take care of itself. At the moment my mere physical exhaustion brought me peace.

But the first light waked me, showed me my dusty shoes in the middle of the floor, and brought back the whole thing. It was Sunday morning. Mrs. Eccles was spending the day with her daughter. Boy and I were due out at Delia's for that two-o'clock Sunday dinner. It would be the first I'd seen her since she walked away beside young Pendleton, and now I had to tell her of my leaving the *Clarion* — and why. I lay there quite a while; the more I thought about it the more I determined to tell her and Harvey as little as I possibly could. Let them think what they pleased. The only thing that could hurt me was self-distrust.

I went back over the months since I'd left my husband. It was nearly a year now. In a few weeks my decree of divorce would be made final. A little more than three months of the time had gone to my schooling at the business college. I had done well there. My work since with Mr. Dale had kept up my practice. I wondered if I dared try San Francisco. Maybe it would be a good thing for me to get away from San Vicente. The idea may have been only cowardice — a disposition to turn my back on the problem that was too hard for me — but it certainly seemed very attractive. Then Boy woke up and there was no more thinking possible.

The worst I had expected was that Delia would look terribly knowing when we met, and that as soon as she got me alone, I would be in for another lecture. But you know how it is that sometimes you go to a friend's house and the atmosphere is different — all queer. You feel as though something had happened that had made a change, and you don't know what it is, and keep trying to find out without asking. It was that way at Delia's from the minute she met me in the hall, and hardly waited to kiss me before she called into the living-room:

"Hod — they've come!"

Harvey came right out, and Boy ran to him to show his new socks with blue plaid at their tops. It was strange to see Harvey and Delia stand there side by side like people in a picture, or the president and his lady holding a reception. It struck me that I had never seen them stand just that way, for this time it wasn't Delia who reached out and took hold of her husband; Harvey put his hand on her shoulder to call her attention as he asked:

"Are those the ones you got for Buster, Deedie?"

It turned out that they were. Delia pretty nearly dressed Boy those days; she bent down now to straighten up the socks of her choosing and purchasing, and fluff out the tie that matched them, demanding:

"Don't they go perfectly together? I had the greatest time getting just that shade of Holland blue, but I would have it because it washes so well."

We higgle-haggled through the dinner; the conversation bumped along like a wagon on a corduroy road. There seemed to be nothing but contention in the air. Everything that came up was disagreed about. It didn't seem to me that I was the one who started it; I had made up my mind that since the deluge was to arrive tomorrow anyhow I would try to be cheerful today and not think about it; but whether we spoke of the weather or the possibility of Judge Hoard running for Congress, I found myself on one side, with Harvey and Delia solid on the other. I was used to Harvey's almost abject laudation of the Judge — he had cases coming up before him. And what was it to me that Delia kept speaking of Miss Chandler as "Gene," remarking that they hadn't seen each other much of late, but it was an *old* friendship. Yet I did find it hard to hold my tongue when, failing to irritate me, she gave me a disparaging side glance and observed, "Of course Gene stands where she can afford to be — well — select."

Boy was across the table from me; he kept feeding

What One Reader Says:

I TAKE pleasure in complimenting you on "The Straight Road." It is indeed refreshing and inspiring, and should serve as a bracer to a great many young people, especially so after they find that a young woman can make an honest place for herself "in the sun." Keep up this standard. We need good influence.

W. C. GARWICK.

See page 75 for what happened in foregoing chapters

Fairy, and Delia wouldn't let me stop him, though the dog's noise almost ruined our conversation.

After dinner, Harvey proposed a spin in the motor with Boy. "We'll only be gone about half an hour," he said to Delia, "just to the heights and back; you girls can have your talk, and then come for a ride with us afterward if you want to."

"You'd better make it an hour," Delia said. "Fornia and I will want that much time, anyhow."

I stared in surprise while Harvey got his dust-coat and cap and he and Boy clattered away to the garage for the machine. He and Delia seemed to have it all arranged between them; how did they know that there was anything special I wanted to say to her?

"Shall we sit in the library? Or would you rather go up to my room? We'd be more alone up there," Delia added.

"I guess we'd better sit here, hadn't we?" I led the way into the room they called the library. "It won't take me long to tell you the news."

"News?" Delia looked startled.

"Yes. I've left the *Clarion*. Now, don't ask me why. It wouldn't do a bit of good to tell you, because I'm never going back there."

"What are you going to do?"

I had got into a Morris chair, and sat staring straight at the hearth where Wo Far's laid fire waited for the match anybody might care to touch to it on a foggy day or for a chilly evening, July though it was.

"I haven't made up my mind." I didn't glance at Delia. The air between us was full of accusation and reproof.

"What do you want to do?" she asked, and I was relieved that she did not instantly try to find out the reason for my leaving the *Clarion* so suddenly.

"I don't quite know," I hesitated. "I think I'd like to go to San Francisco — if I could get work there."

"You oughtn't to take Jack — to the city," Delia spoke very positively.

"Perhaps not. It's the thing that troubles me right now."

"We'd keep him. We want to — Foncie; that's what I was going to talk to you about today."

I looked at her in surprise; her tone was so queer. There she sat — on the edge of her chair, staring at me with very round eyes and a kind of fascinated curiosity, as if I had been some strange animal she had never seen before. It came over me all at once that what she and Harvey were fixing for had nothing to do with my personal plans, but concerned something they were arranging themselves.

"You wanted to talk to me?" I echoed.

"Yes. When you told me that awful thing about Al Pendleton — I went straight to Hod with it."

"You did?" (But of course I might have known she would.) "Please remember that I didn't *tell* you anything about that matter, Delia. You jumped to your own conclusions. You may be entirely wrong. I'm not saying anything."

"You don't have to. I know all about it, and —" she gulped — "and the other, too."

"What other?"

"Hod."

"What!" I half started up from my chair.

Delia reached over to pull me back.

"Yes, Hod. He was so mad about Pendleton that I knew there was something wrong, and I taxed him with it."

"You —!" I broke in, but she ran right over me, excited, fluent.

"He didn't try to deceive me — but there wouldn't have been any use if he had. As soon as I got to thinking about it, I saw the whole thing. I've forgiven him — and I forgive you, Foncie. I'm willing to take the little boy, just the same."

"You forgive — you're willing —! Delia, there's been nothing to forgive. You talk as though ——"

"We needn't go into it." Delia shut her lips hard together and shook her head. "I guess Hoddy gave me the facts before he was done with it. He was on his knees at the last and pretty near crying. I'm not mad at you. I'm not the *least bit* jealous. I'm sorry for you — but of course after this we can't ——"

I jumped out of Delia's Morris chair as though it had been hot.

"I'll get my things and wait on the sidewalk till Harvey brings Boy back."

Delia hung on to me.

"What about our proposition to take the child?"

I stared at her silently.

"Hod wants to adopt him — keep him and educate him. I'm willing."

"Delia, what do you take me for? Did you think I'd let you — or anybody — have my child?"

"You're foolish if you don't. You could go up to San Francisco and get a place in peace, then. It would be better for you, and better for him. It seems to me a mother should put her child's interests first."

I had laid my things off on Delia's bed. As I ran up the stairs, she following, talking, panting, holding out her hands in my direction but not quite touching me, as though she thought I might burn or blow up if she laid a finger on me, we heard a motor horn sound in front of the house. It was Harvey with Boy. I grabbed up my hat, stuck it on and began jabbing the pins through.

"You've got it on crooked," Delia cried as I dived at my scarf and Boy's rolled-up pajamas. "Come back here and see it in the glass. It's right over your ear. You look awful," she came on, remonstrating all the way down the stairs.

"I don't care how I look. Let me alone!" pulling away from her.

"Oh, you're so reckless," Delia whimpered — and neither of us had sense of humor enough left to laugh. "A reckless, headstrong girl like you — crazy about the men — has no business dragging a poor little child around in all the awful things that she'll get mixed up with."

"Hush!" I turned on her in the front door. She faltered back from me a little.

"Harvey says ——"

"Don't you tell me what Harvey said," I interrupted fiercely. "If he's got anything to say — he'd better say it to me."

THE machine was at the curb and waiting for us. Far down the beautiful, broad, Sunday-quiet street, people were passing. The nurse was wheeling the Pendleton baby in at the place next door. I suppose Harvey thought we were coming out for that ride, for he got down and opened the door of the tonneau. I almost ran down the walk.

"Come, Boyce," I called, as soon as I got within hailing distance. "You're going with me."

Harvey seemed to notice then, for the first time, that Delia hadn't a hat on. I went up close to the car and reached for Boyce.

"No," he said. "I'm a-gonna ride on front seat. You girls can get in back."

"Yes, yes," Harvey seconded him hurriedly. "Get in — get in, won't you? We've got plenty of time for a nice ride."

"Boy — come to mother — this minute." I paid no attention to Harvey or Delia. But Boy traveled swiftly, sitting as he was, to the further end of the seat, beyond the stretch of my fingers. He defied me from the shelter of the steering-wheel.

"Now, Calla, you don't want to —" Harvey's voice suddenly collapsed in

[*Continued on page 50*]

I ran and got hold of Dr. Rush's arm and he said to me over and over: "All right. I won't hit him again"

What good to you are

Apothecary's Weight, Alligation, Aliquot Parts, Annual Interest, Cube Root, Cases in Percentage, Compound and Complex Fractions of more than two digits, Compound Proportion, Dram, Foreign Money, Folding Paper, the Long Method of the Greatest Common Divisor, Longitude and Time, Least Common Multiple, Metric System, Progression, Quarter in Avoirdupois Table, Reduction of More than Two Steps, Troy Weight, True Discount, Unreal Fractions

?

What do you know about

The Appositive, the Nominative of Exclamation, the Nominative of Address, the Objective Complement, the Objective used as a Substantive, the Adverbial Objective, the Classification of Adverbs, the Noun Clause, Conjunctive Adverbs, the Retained Objective, the Infinitive (except the split infinitive), Mood (except possibly the subjunctive "to be"), the Objective Subject, the Participle (except the definition, and present and past form), and the Nominative Absolute, and the Gerund

?

Wasted Childhood

A Plain, Unvarnished Story of Your Child and the Public School

by

George Kibbe Turner

THE great endowed agency for the improvement of American education, the General Education Board, recently took up the consideration of what should be done for the common schools in the United States. As a result, it invited two of its best known members, Charles W. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, and Abraham Flexner, to investigate and write upon the subject. They reported back that, at the earliest feasible moment, the public-school system in the United States should be reorganized from its beginning.

This report is not the mere opinion of two well-known men. For the past ten years a large number of prominent investigators have been examining our public school system, and reached similar conclusions. It is time that everyone should know the main facts.

When the average child is born in this country, he has about forty-five years to live. By our custom, and in many of our states by law, he must spend almost a third of that time in being trained for living — in the home and in the elementary school. If he goes on through high school, he will be nearly nineteen; through college, nearly twenty-three; and through medical school, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old before he starts on his own life! For years it had been seen that this was too great a slice of life to be given to mere preparation — but all the time it had been getting greater.

Then twelve years ago, the schools of the world held their exhibition at the St. Louis Fair, and a new realization struck this country. It was shown us generally that our education took longer than any other highly civilized country's on earth; that the schools of Europe prepared their students for life two or three years earlier than ours. And there was more than a suspicion that this preparation in a shorter time was more valuable than our own. So, in the next two years following the Fair, a variety of educational bodies in the United States — including the Great National Education Association — started to find out what was wrong with our American schools.

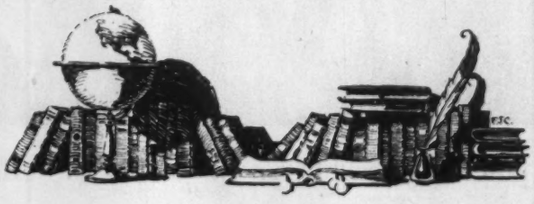
It became the view of many investigators, Mr. Flexner among them, that there was a loss of at least two years, somewhere in the whole system, for the average American child. In other words that the student, who now comes out of college well on in his twenty-second year, should come out with a much better preparation for life when in his twentieth. And it is the expectation of Mr. Flexner that this could be easily demonstrated by the trial of his so-called Modern School which he proposed to the General Education Board as a kind of laboratory to determine the subject matter and methods of the new education.

The Time for Leaving High School

BUT in the meanwhile, other investigators had already been at work on similar experiments, using for their laboratory the existing schools, and they had shown, among many other things, the normal boundaries of the life of children in our public schools — the time the average, the normal child, should enter and leave them. The age for leaving high school and entering college was set at not over seventeen years.

Four years ago, Prof. Henry W. Holmes of Harvard, working on this subject, made an examination of the actual college records of Harvard students, classified by their age of entrance to college. The work and general conduct of six thousand individuals — included in the classes from 1902 to 1912 — were studied and tabulated; and the result was very clear. In every way the record of the boys entering at seventeen was better than of those who entered later. The conclusion was inevitable that the ideal age for normal boys to enter college was not over seventeen. It might be lower. This there were not sufficient statistics to prove — although the investigator was inclined personally to believe not. But it certainly should not, to advantage, be any higher than seventeen.

So these investigations at Harvard, the calculations of Mr. Flexner and others, and the actual practice in England and Germany and other European states, all tend to confirm each other in the same conclusion. Your boy is certainly ripe for graduation from the high school to college — if he is going there — at the age of seventeen, a year and a half earlier than the American school system now sends its average pupil there.



A year and a half is a long time to be lost in a child's preparation for his life. And naturally the next question is: If it has gone, where has he lost it? In answering this question the first thing to be determined is at what time your child should start his school; whether, in other words, his loss of time takes place in the school itself, or by your delay in sending him there. And to this inquiry also, an equally definite answer is made by the investigators of our schools.

By the common custom of this country, children have been left for the first five years with the women of their household. In these five years, they are house-broken and table-broken, and taught simple speech; and learn to use their feet, hands and senses. In rare cases the women are assisted in accomplishing this by the kindergarten. Then at the age of six our children are turned over to the school-teacher, for what, in the overwhelming mass of cases, is their first school training.

Several years ago, Dr. Leonard P. Ayres, working under the Russell Sage Foundation, made a study to find out the age when the average child is ripe to enter elementary school. In making it, he examined the actual records of thousands of pupils through the eight grades of the American elementary schools to find out the entering age of the children doing the best work. He concluded finally that our present common custom was correct. The average child, starting at six years, has in every way the best record in our public schools. Those who enter earlier do not, as a class, do as well; those who enter later, though naturally moving somewhat faster, do not, as a rule, regain the time they have lost.

The time, then, to start the average American child in our schools as they now exist, is at the age of six years. It might be said, theoretically, that with different schools and a different national custom, a different entering age might prove better. But investigation into the schools of England shows the contrary. It is the custom of the English to start their children into school a year or two earlier than we do ours. And naturally their time of entrance might be expected to be adapted to their school system. But investigation in England shows exactly what is shown by the investigation

here. The child who enters school at six does the most successful work.

So it can be safely assumed — during this generation — at least — that the ideal boundaries of the average school life have been set up. The average normal child is ripe to start elementary school at six; he is ripe for leaving high school certainly by seventeen.

Three Successful Years

NOW this loss of time is probably not due to your delay in starting your child in school, yet it comes, or it is liable to take place before his school is over. About all you can know is that somewhere in the public schools — that mysterious machine, so near, and so little known to us — into which you deposited him, he will apparently have lost when he comes out a year and a half of his life. Just how and where does he do it? The best method to find out is to start from the beginning and look. And fortunately, at their beginning, the processes of our schools are very definite, and deal with matters that everybody understands. For the first business of elementary public-school education is to give the child the common tools of knowledge — the familiar three "R's" of our ancestors, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, by means of which the other knowledge of the race must afterwards be given to him.

If you will compare your own education with that of your child, you will find no place where the change has been so great as here at the beginning. And if you go back over a greater period of years, you will find a difference — and improvement — that is astonishing. Reading and Writing and Spelling and Arithmetic are all taught today by new and better methods — psychological cross cuts, that are tremendous time-savers.

It was in teaching just these subjects, naturally, that the first common schools of America started — in the Writing and Reckoning schools of Colonial New England, and for two centuries we went along, teaching the elements of education by sheer main strength and awkwardness in memorizing. Spelling, for example, took nearly three-quarters of all the time of primary schools in the earlier days, and as late as forty years ago, nearly half — by the actual records of the schools of Cleveland. Now it takes from six to eight per cent. of the school time, with results, demonstrated by actual tests, to be better than those of the old days — the oft-repeated claims of the aged to the contrary notwithstanding. The same situation is true of the other studies in these grades.

So your child, recent investigations show clearly, is not losing any great proportion of his wasted time in these early primary grades. By actual record now, the average American child at the end of his third school year has already a good grasp on the first tools of knowledge; he can read quite well, write legibly, and knows the processes of Arithmetic in whole numbers — addition, subtraction, and usually multiplication. Within a very few years, at least, with the great improvements which are now taking place in these lower grades, you can count confidently that the time of your boy is very little wasted in his first three years in the public schools. By the age of nine, if you started him at six, he should have an excellent grasp on these first tools of knowledge.

But now, as you will see yourself, comes a very different time and process in the child's schooling. You will notice, in this improvement over former days, that it is the methods that have changed since your time — not the subject matter. But now your child has got these tools, the very different question comes: How shall he use them; and what additional tools of thought are to be given to him? Somebody has to decide this. Who is it?

Our education is actually chosen for us — as Dr. Eliot and Mr. Flexner say — very largely by traditions, carried over from the past. And it is a matter of first consequence to see just which have come down to us, and how they are carried. For it is the rule of tradition in our schools — in the view of both these men — which is their greatest danger.

The Lost School of Out-of-Doors

IT was necessarily the custom in former days — as Dr. Eliot shows — that the education of a child came only partly from memorizing and books. The very word "School" itself comes from a Greek root, meaning "Leisure;" and in the past, it has always been an institution used to supplement, by study in spare time, the education of real life.

In our own immediate past, we Americans, even more than the other nations in the civilized world, have been a people of farms and villages. It was our earlier practice for the growing boy to be out-of-doors, learning the savage arts of fishing and hunting; and by the age of eight or nine, to be taken over by the men for what use they could make of him in the work about the farm. His senses and muscles were trained in a perfectly normal way in the life of the race which had preceded him, and into which in turn he was about to follow. Then all at once we moved into towns and cities — and turned the boy over almost exclusively to the schoolmaster. And it is necessarily the schoolmaster who, after the first primary school, not only chooses the boy's studies in school, but shapes his entire life.

Now your child has lost the old opportunity which your fathers had of the training of his senses and muscles towards the direction of his after-life and occupation. He has passed in school the period when necessity chose his studies for him, and now he comes to the time when the schoolmaster makes the choice of practically all his studies. And immediately, in the old-time "Grammar School," the period of wasted time begins. Here, in the five years supposed to intervene between the first three primary grades and high school, you can be quite confident that your child wastes a year of life.

For many years, as a matter of fact, this period has been criticized as the most wasteful in our public school. And until lately the criticism has proceeded almost entirely from one source — from the hard-headed, so-called practical citizen. His charge has been that here, in this particular time especially, we have been wasting children's time and befuddling their minds by a smattering of so-called "fads and fancies."

To a certain limited extent this criticism has been true. This period in the schools has unquestionably furnished the enthusiasts of all kinds of new systems their favorite garden of experiment. Temperance physiology vies with going birding, and in the child mind the rich hues of the drunkard's stomach tend to blend indiscriminately with the colors of the wild columbine. Yet, after all, we all know these are not the great wasters of our children's time. This is shown conclusively by recent investigations — from the very simple fact that altogether these studies take but a small fraction of it. As a matter of fact, the great wasters of school children's time are the so-called practical studies of the practical hard-headed critic, and it is perfectly natural that it should be.

The faddist — even if the most vociferous — is certainly not the normal type of school-teacher. The schoolmaster, you must remember — like the clergyman — is by profession a paid carrier of tradition from one generation to the next. Historically, in fact, he is a kind of lesser clergyman. Back of him in the history of education always stands the priest; and back of the priest the medicine man — the tribal officer, whose main duty is to preserve the traditions of the tribe.

Now the traditions in the American elementary school are very plain. It started teaching the simple elements of primary education in the Colonial Writing and Reckoning schools. And it retains these same traditions to the present day — as the recent studies of a National Education Association's Committee on Economy of Time has shown.

This body's examination of the actual time devoted to various studies in the schools of fifty leading cities of the United States in 1914 showed that 70 per cent. of the child's time in the elementary school is still taken by these old "practical" elements of education — Reading, Language, Spelling, Penmanship and Arithmetic; and that these, with History and Geography, take 82 per cent. So the hand that picks the child's studies in the higher elementary schools is not that of the faddist, but of the old traditional school-teacher.

Now the new educational expert, starting naturally at the beginning of the grades below is today just moving into this territory of the old Grammar School. But now that he is there, his advance is fast and businesslike. If five-sixths of all the school child's time in this period is given over to the study of our fathers, then naturally the place to look for wasted time is here. To find it is a simple matter of taking up and examining the work done in the various studies.

Alligation, Folding Paper, and Aliquot Parts

TO take Arithmetic, for example, as these experts are now doing. While the common school of America expanded from its small and primitive beginning, this very practical study was one great field of expansion; and there was a period, existing within half a century or less, that a quarter of the pupil's time was taken by it. Investigation from time to time disclosed the many curious elaborations which the old New England schoolmaster had brought into his favorite study — and parts of it were cut off. But still his handiwork lingers in the text-books and courses of American schools — how far is shown by the use of subjects which the National Education Association's Committee on Economy of Time last year recommended to be dropped. The list is worth your reading if for nothing but old memory's sake. How much of these subjects do you now recall? What practical value did you obtain from their study?

Apothecary's Weight, Alligation, Aliquot Parts, Annual Interest, Cube Root, Cases in Percentage, Compound and Complex Fractions of more than two digits, Compound Proportion, Dram, Foreign Money, Folding Paper, the Long Method of the Greatest Common Divisor, Longitude and Time, Least Common Multiple, Metric System, Progression, Quarter in Avoirdupois Table, Reduction of More than Two Steps, Troy Weight, True Discount, Unreal Fractions.

You knew all this once — probably; acquired it by great weariness of soul. Take stock, if you like, and see how much of it remains. And if any of it does remain you can still ask yourself what use has been to you in all these years all this very "practical" knowledge, which the hard old practical school tradition of New England pressed on you, and still is loading on your children of from nine to twelve. Isn't the acquisition of such knowledge rather absurd?

What Your Child Needs to Spell

OR take Spelling, for example, the other ancient practical study of the elementary school. Here was the great bulwark of the dead disciplinarian; his school led rightly to the great final combat of the spelling match. And still today the words in the full spelling courses range from 8,000 and 10,000 in the milder, to 12,000 and 13,000 in the more ordinary spelling text-books.

You don't spell your words out loud in life — as in the old-time spelling match — you write them. So the expert started out to find out what words you write. He found they were extraordinarily few. Dr. Ayers in studying the spelling vocabularies in personal and business letters showed that only 542 different words were used in the greater part of the correspondence from twelve different sources varying as widely as love and business letters. [*Continued on page 58*]

All Over the Country

readers are writing us what they think of McClure's. For instance, this, from California: "The June number lies before me. I was thrilled through and through by 'For God and King.' It has a biting quality that goes deep. 'The Eldest' really calls up the ghost of O. Henry — and when I say that I mean it as a real tribute."

CAROLINE MAZZANOVICH.

"Dictated, but not Read"

by

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

THERE may be better writers of business stories than Edward Mott Woolley, Cameron Mackenzie, James H. Collins, Waldemar Kaempffert, Lincoln Steffens and Frank Goewey Jones; but, truly, we do not know where to find them. McClure's aims to publish each month one business classic written by men who know.

WHILE waiting in the outer office of a factory purchasing-agent one day, I heard an explosion inside. It consisted of quite a large number of words, uttered in staccato. As a sort of grand finale, there came the crash of a ruler on a desk, accompanied by the jangle of dancing inkwells.

Immediately afterward I was told that the purchasing-agent would see me. He was alone — a very decent young fellow, but wearing on his brow a most decided load of care.

"Pardon the racket," he said, picking up the ruler which had fallen to the floor. "Sometimes instead of swearing I hammer my desk. It hurts the desk, but it helps me. Look here!"

From the floor also he picked up a typewritten letter. It bore in the lower left-hand corner, in red ink, the impression of a rubber stamp:

"Dictated, but not read."

"That letter is from a man who sells us raw material," he went on. "It pertains to some *rush* matters, and I have been holding up a lot of work in this factory while waiting for it. Now it comes to me with the vital part of it rendered meaningless through a stenographer's blunder!"

He sat down in his chair and waved the ruler.

"'Dictated, but not read!'" he repeated, with rising wrath again. "Isn't that a fine way to send out letters? This is the third time he has done this to me, but it's the last. I'm going to cut his acquaintance. If he hasn't time to read the letters he dictates, I haven't time to read them either!"

If only a motion picture could have been taken of the scene that followed, the perpetrator of that unread letter might spend a spirited five minutes, sitting well down in front. The purchasing-agent, after hammering the desk some more, called in his stenographer and dictated a telegram, canceling the order.

This episode, if it stood by itself, would be a mere passing incident in the business show, but it typifies things of great importance. It illustrates that singular lack of personal touch which undoubtedly does much to keep many a business small. Personal touch, when used with discerning diplomacy, is real money.

On Hudson Street, in New York, there is a small wholesale house which, after forty years of existence, is rated around $50,000. Its sales last year were less than they were twenty years ago.

Now this house has a rule, and not an uncommon one, that all letters sent out must be signed by the firm name only — Ice & Ice, let us say. Under no circumstances must an executive appear in his own identity. He must keep down out of sight under Ice & Ice.

Likewise, when you write to this house you must not try to hunt out any personality within it, but must address Ice & Ice. Never by any possibility may you suggest that somebody's personality in the house appeals to you.

The machine tone of the correspondence chills and oppresses you. One recipient of the firm's letters put it this way:

"In the ten years during which I have dealt with Ice & Ice, I never got any clew as to who wrote the letters. It has always been a peculiarly aggravating little mystery. I have always been 'Dear Sir,' and they have always been 'Yours truly, Ice & Ice.' Sometimes, when I had complaints to make, those confounded impersonal letters have riled me. What little trading I have done with the house has been altogether by mail, for I never felt the impulse to meet those icicles."

About a mile away from this Hudson Street house there stands a huge twelve-story building that is occupied by another merchandising concern. This house began twenty years ago with a hundred dollars of capital and some original ideas on letter-writing. The man who started it was a salesman who tried the experiment of putting himself into his correspondence. When the business grew beyond his ability to handle the mail by himself, he bestowed on executives the authority to use the first person.

All the great selling campaigns of this house have been based chiefly on personal correspondence. Machine duplicated matter has gone out in great quantities, of course; but the tremendous personal correspondence has been the backbone of it. Finally the business got so big that fictitious personalities were invented, so that they might go along indefinitely, despite the dropping out now and then of executives.

Thus, an imaginary John Brown could go on signing the letters of one department, and a supposititious James Smith could sign the letters of another department. Well, those two myths have been as popular characters as ever figured in the business mail of the United States. They are myths in name; but in substance they are very real, and they demonstrate the immense value of personal touch.

There is another kind of personal touch you run up against with amazing frequency.

On Church Street, in New York, there holds forth a youth who is known among his associates as Mouthy Jim. He is office-boy for a mediocre concern. I have this story from a man who wandered into the place one day with the intent of spending some money.

"I should like to see Mr. So-and-So," said the caller.

"Whatcha wanta see 'im 'bout?" demanded the youth.

Sometimes when a man is lucky enough to have a pocketful of cash he has notions of his own; so this man answered:

"None of your business!"

"Oh, ain't it?" sneered Mouthy Jim. "Maybe you think I don't know the rules o' this house!"

Whereupon the caller departed, and, going farther along on Church Street, found an office-boy with a more graceful personal touch. Here he achieved his purpose of casting off the burden of a few hundred dollars.

This episode, like the others, would be a mere incident if Mouthy Jim were not a representative of a type. There are tens of thousands of office-boys more or less like him, and the money they drive away from their employers would be incalculable. It is in the small or water-logged business establishments that you find these youths. In the large and successful houses you usually find the art of personal touch. The nearer you approach to big business, at least in competitive lines, the more of a real art does personal touch become.

The modern office-boy, indeed, is not an office-boy at all, but a man, and an expert executive. He is the reception manager. Just as the correspondence department is one gateway of money into the plant, so the office of the reception manager is another gateway. This official is an encyclopedia of the business, a diplomat, an artist.

In St. Louis I sat for an hour one day and watched a reception manager at work. Probably a hundred persons called.

"The standard on which I work is this," he said to me: "No person shall be allowed to leave this office with a feeling of resentment against the house."

In and out of that office, with quiet and deferential bearing, moved the real office-boys, as directed by the reception manager. They are selected boys, and at certain hours during the day they attend classes within the plant; and they study, among other things, the money-making art of personal contact.

In the heart of the wholesale district of Chicago there is a business house that [*Continued on page 62*]

A Bully Good Bill

That Everybody, In Every Business, Ought to Know About

By Fred C. Kelly

SUPPOSE that you are a manufacturer. You are placing on the market a certain article or line of goods which bears your name and trademark. You take pride in the excellence of your product and spare no effort to make your trademark stand for quality. You believe so firmly in the merit of your goods that you are willing to make certain promises or guarantees to the man who uses them — that is, the Ultimate Consumer.

You and Mr. Ultimate Consumer are the two most vitally interested in having the article exactly as represented. The wholesaler and retailer merely *sell* the article. They are interested, of course, but not as you are, because the article bears your name. An attack on it is almost like an attack on your character. And the man who buys the article for his own use is particularly interested because if your product is not what you led him to believe it was, he is money out of pocket. He bought it, of course, because he thought it was worth more to him than the money he was obliged to give up.

Now then: You and your friend, the Ultimate Consumer, must work together on a definite basis. You must put quality into your product and guarantee that quality to be there. The consumer looks to you to deliver a certain thing for a certain specified sum of money. But here is the rub: Suppose one consumer buys your article at the regular price of, say, $10, and another gets the same thing from a cut-rate retailer for $8.25. Either the one has paid too much or the other too little. You did not guarantee ten dollars' worth of quality for $8.25. Part of your business success lies in treating your friends, the Ultimate Consumers, equally and impartially, and you have been prevented from doing this by the cut-rate retailer. After all, the article you are making is *your* article. It has your name on it and you have just as keen an interest in the retail price as you have in the quality. You cannot have one without the other. Both must be uniform to one and all.

This brings us to the so-called Stephens-Ashurst bill pending, at the time this is written, before Congress. It is a bill introduced by Representative Stephens of Nebraska, and Senator Ashurst of Arizona, giving the man who makes a standard, trade-marked article the right to fix the uniform price at which it shall sell. The effect of this, say the friends of the measure, would be not only to insure absolute fairness to the two most concerned — the maker and the final user — but to protect the public from certain fraudulent practices of stores who offer cut prices on advertised articles of far-famed and unquestioned quality, in order to deceive the customer into buying unknown goods at supposedly low prices.

Here is what happens: A customer goes into a store and sees offered for $11.98, a standard make of article which sells everywhere else in town for $15. He immediately decides that everything in that store must be decidedly cheap. But the dealer simply offers the well-known article at cost as a bait to sell unknown goods at prices far above their value. The manufacturer who has spent millions of dollars to make his product a household word, and his label a sign of high quality, thus not only has his own goods cheapened, but is an unwitting agent in helping to deceive the public.

By preventing price-cutting on standard makes of high-grade goods as advertising decoy, it is believed that much of this kind of deception will be stopped.

The Stephens-Ashurst bill is so drawn that it will in no way tend to give trade-marked goods a monopoly. In fact, the bill explicitly states that its provisions shall not apply to any article produced or controlled by a monopoly. It does not make it easier for a manufacturer to put his prices too high. The manufacturer who asks too much for an article is bound to see his trade go to some rival in the same field.

Bridges Burned

[*Continued from page 25*]

upon their heads, and went off slowly in the direction of the sound. Heavily laden donkeys and men and women with great burdens on their backs passed up and down the flagged side of the street. Women and children chatted in the doorways and on the balconies.

After the ceremony, they dined with the consul in a palm-shaded hotel patio, and the evening was old before they started back to the ship. The moon had risen above the black line of houses and the bay was quicksilver in its light.

As their launch shot out across the harbor to the black hull of the vessel, the first dim realization of what she had done came to Mollie as she sat silently by her husband's side. She glanced at him timidly. He was leaning back against the launch seat motionless, looking at her as if he would never get his fill, and she began to be uncomfortably conscious that all barriers were down between herself and this man, who for a short fifteen days had been a friend and lover, but who, in this new relation, was a stranger into whose hands she had given her life. What spirit of folly had prompted her? But surely, after all, it was not real.

The vessel reached, she went up the accommodation ladder ahead of him while he stopped to fee the boatman. At the top, she checked her sudden impulse to run and hide from him and waited till he came to her side. Together they walked the length of the deserted deck in silence. A sudden great dread began to lay its hands upon her, and her face in the moonlight showed pale and drawn.

"Mollie," said her husband, using her name for the first time, "do not be afraid." He put his arm around her and drew her to his side.

"There is someone coming," she said, and stepped back into the shadow quickly.

The deck steward advanced. He held an envelope in his hand.

"This cable came on the mail boat after you left for the shore," said the steward, stepping toward the woman.

Good food to study on

Why?

Because it is nourishing. Because it is appetizing. Because it is easy to digest. Three reasons why your active-minded young people find so much wholesome sustenance in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is rich with the elements that stimulate the appetite in a healthful natural way, rich in properties which strengthen digestion and so make all food more palatable and more invigorating.

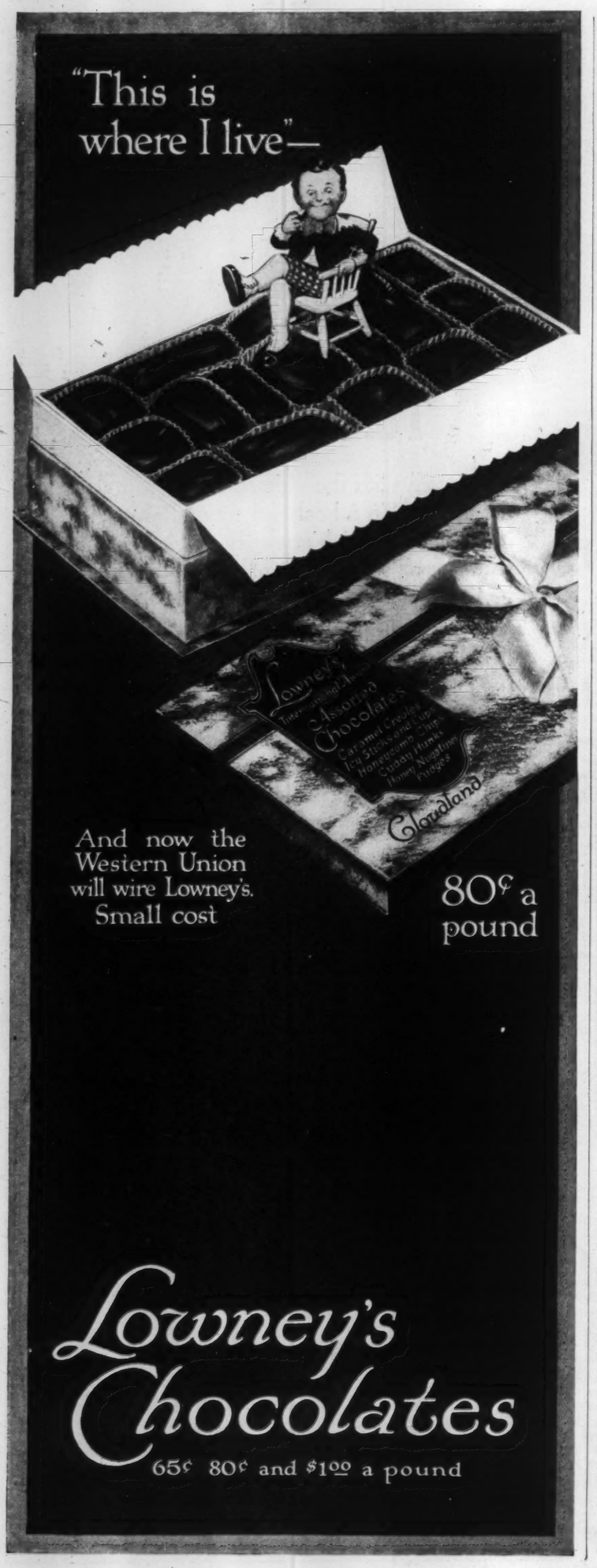
Studying lessons is serious business for your boys and girls. Coming back to school they have to meet a fresh demand on all their energies. They need the most sustaining nourishment.

Give them this delicious Campbell "kind" whenever they want it, and all they want. It is easy to prepare in a number of different ways—light or hearty, as you choose. They always enjoy it. And it always does them good. Why not treat them to it today?

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



"Thank you." She took the offered envelope and started t[illegible]n it, but something prompted her to send [illegible]n away.

"Will you wait for me upon the awning deck?" she asked. "I'll join you presently."

"Do not be long," he replied as he walked away.

She stepped into the full authority of the moonlight, glanced at her name upon the envelope and tore it open carelessly. She read the message through hurriedly, read it with no definite impression until the signature was reached. Then, as if a released spring had jerked her into sharp attention, she read the few words with breathless eagerness, read and reread them, and then stood staring at the paper in her hand.

By what strange trick of fate had such a message been delivered to her? But when she considered, it was not difficult to see how it had come — cabled from New York to London, telegraphed to Spain while the slow vessel on which she had passage cruised in the West Indies and made a leisurely and zigzag track across the Atlantic to Spain.

The message could come; yes, it could come . . . but had she read it aright? She stepped into the light that streamed from an open port and read the cable through again several times. No doubt of the words written there. Why should she have doubted? Why should she ever have doubted anything? She should have been confident that things would come right in the end. Here they were coming right in a way that made her gasp for happiness. No more misunderstanding now, no more unhappiness. . . . She threw back her head joyously — and remembered her marriage in the harbor of Spain.

SHE remembered that unreal marriage, that ill-considered, hasty marriage, an outcome of the irresponsibility of days at sea and unhappiness seeking redress. Surely it was not binding? Surely a few solemn words spoken by a representative of their government could not affect her life in the face of this message that she held in her hand. They *should* not. She turned and walked rapidly in the direction of the awning deck where her husband of a few hours awaited her. She held the cablegram before her as the first part of the disclosure she expected to make.

But she stopped as suddenly as she started, crushed the cable in her hand, and walked to the side of the ship as if to throw the disturbing message down into the sea. Her arm was uplifted, but she hesitated, and it dropped to her side with the paper grasped tightly in her hand. What should she do? What was this she intended doing? Go to that man who waited for her coming, who said he loved her and married her a short two hours before because she happened to be the woman he wanted for his own — go to him and tell him . . . what?

Tell him that she did not love him, but that the man she loved had abused her love, that he had made her wretched, not once but many times, and would do it again whenever he had the chance? Tell him that she had run away from this lover because she knew peace lay only in putting this man she loved out of her life forever?

Should she tell her husband that she had welcomed his attentions as a help in forgetting, that she had agreed to the hasty marriage even after having a whole day in which to reconsider in order to put a palpable barrier between herself and this lover who had abused her love?

Say that in spite of all the past, in spite of her bitter experience, she would overstep laws, conventions, everything, and . . . What could she tell him?

What could she do? She would have to decide . . . plan . . . arrange . . . and she could not even think. It was awful. Something must be done at once. She had to tell him something even if she decided to stay by that wedding on the shore. She had to prepare him for Southampton. She stood stock still with dread when she imagined the scene at landing. Would she ever be able to go through with it? Did she have the strength . . . no matter what she decided now?

What a mess she had made of everything. How would she ever untangle the snarl into which she had twisted her life? Better cut the knot. . . . She glanced longingly at the black water in the shadow of the hull. It would be so easy to slip down the unguarded accommodation ladder and drop out of sight into the sea. No one would ever know what became of her, for the vessel sailed shortly after midnight. . . .

A hand laid softly upon her shoulder caused her to start as if she actually had been detected in the contemplated act. She crouched against the rail and covered her face with one trembling hand.

"You had better hide your face," said her husband happily, "to keep me waiting so long . . . and on such a night as this. Tell me to wait for you and then never appear! Aren't you ashamed?" And he slipped his arm around her and tried to look down into her averted face. "But I've thought up a plan while I waited. There are at least five more days of the voyage to reach Southampton, and we will either have to keep our marriage secret or tell the people on the boat and stand the excitement. Now, I don't want to keep it secret. I want to tell everybody with a loud voice. But I realized that you might be embarrassed — that someone might mar your pleasure. They might torment you with questions, or — or . . . So I just decided we would have a honeymoon off by ourselves. Instead of going by this vessel to Southampton, let us land tomorrow when we touch at the second port in Spain. . . ."

"Not go to Southampton." She clutched his arms. Her eagerness was out of all proportion to his suggestion. "Could we go ashore at La Coruna . . . tomorrow?"

"I was *not* mistaken," he commented, observing her agitation. "You *were* worried — disturbed. You dreaded the rest of the voyage. You were wondering. . . . But think of our honeymoon in Spain! I know Spain, and we will travel . . ." He paused, took her face in his two hands, and raised it so he could look into her eyes convincingly. "We are not strangers, Mollie. There is an understanding which is not dependent upon length of time. But I realize that though you have married me I have not . . . won you . . . yet. The legal formality of the wedding was not the end of my wooing, but the chance of a beginning. I do not merely want a wife, but a wife who loves me, and until I win her love — her glad surrender — I consider that I have no claim."

"You are splendid . . . considerate. . . ." interposed Mollie impulsively. She stepped back from his reach and threw wide her hands in a gesture expressive of his generous attitude toward her. In her open palm lay the momentarily forgotten cablegram, a crumpled wad of paper. She glanced at it, closed her hand quickly, and straightening herself as with a sudden resolution exclaimed: "But we must start fair. I want to . . . tell you . . . something." Her voice quavered on the last word.

He looked closely into her working face and caught her restless hands that twisted nervously. "Tell me . . . nothing," he replied slowly. "This is a face-value contract, Mollie. I ask nothing. There is nothing that I wish to know."

"Nevertheless, I will tell you sometime," she insisted. "I'll tell you . . . everything, but not until I have shown you that I . . . love . . . you . . . more . . . than . . . any human being . . . on earth."

"Then I will listen," he said softly, and carried her hands to his lips in a long caress. He smiled into her serious eyes, and with one accord, they turned to the rail and stood looking down into the tranquil water. Presently, Mollie opened one hand and let fall a crumpled piece of paper.

"What is it?" he asked, idly watching the paper sink slowly down.

"My cablegram."

"Oh, by the way, you wish to answer it? Don't you want to tell . . .?"

"No," she gasped in consternation, "not this cable. . . ." And then, catching herself quickly, she continued: "We can cable home after we land in Spain."

The paper touched the water, rode lightly up and down against the side of the vessel, and becoming heavy with moisture, unfolded slowly before it went down. She watched it curiously, and to her strained senses it seemed that in sinking the words of the message spread themselves in huge letters across the sea:

"Sailing from New York. Join you in Southampton, England. Forgive me, Mollie, and I will never make you unhappy again."

The name signed to th message was the name of the man she had loved.

"There are chairs on deck in the moonlight, Mollie," said her husband's voice beside her. "Shall we . . .?"

"Yes," she answered, and placed her hand in his.

COMING: In the series of stories by new McClure authors, "Being Wicked" by Leila Burton Wells.

Photograph by Davis and Sanford

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Photograph by White Studio

"And at night the warm home"

Folks work and play and live in many ways, but the center of their thought is always the home. Whether cottage or mansion, no house can be a *home* unless it is cozily, genially warm from cellar to attic! There's always a warm home-coming *guaranteed* where there's an outfit of

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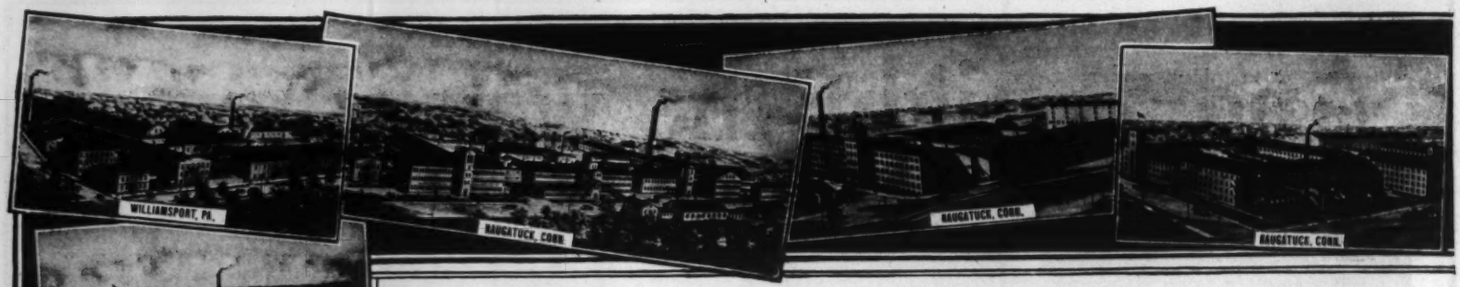
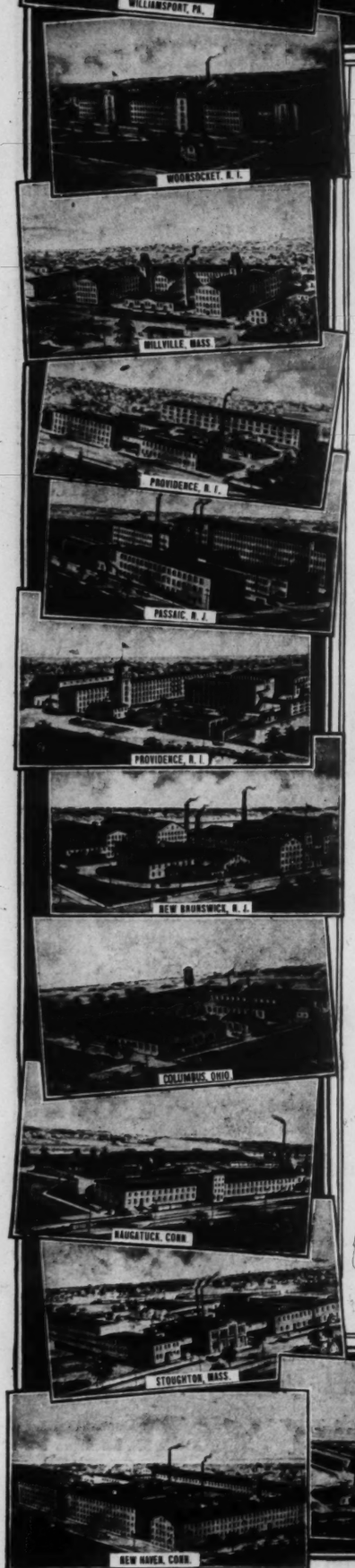




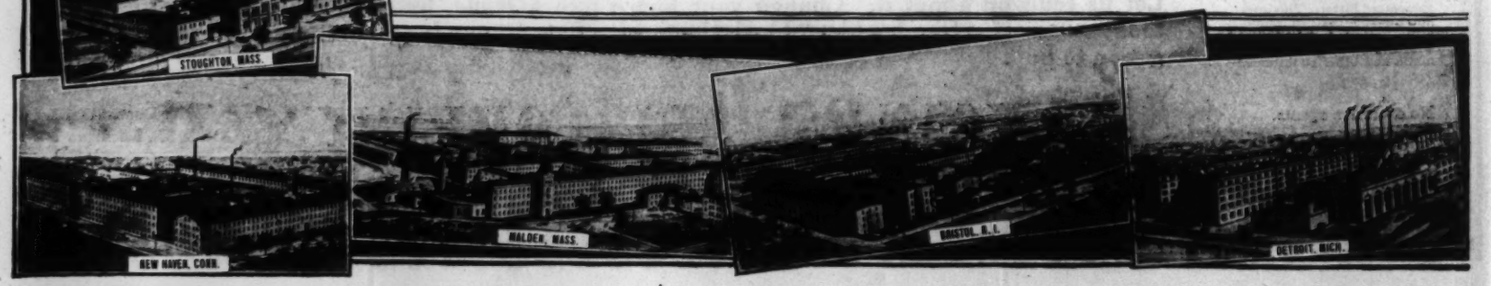
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

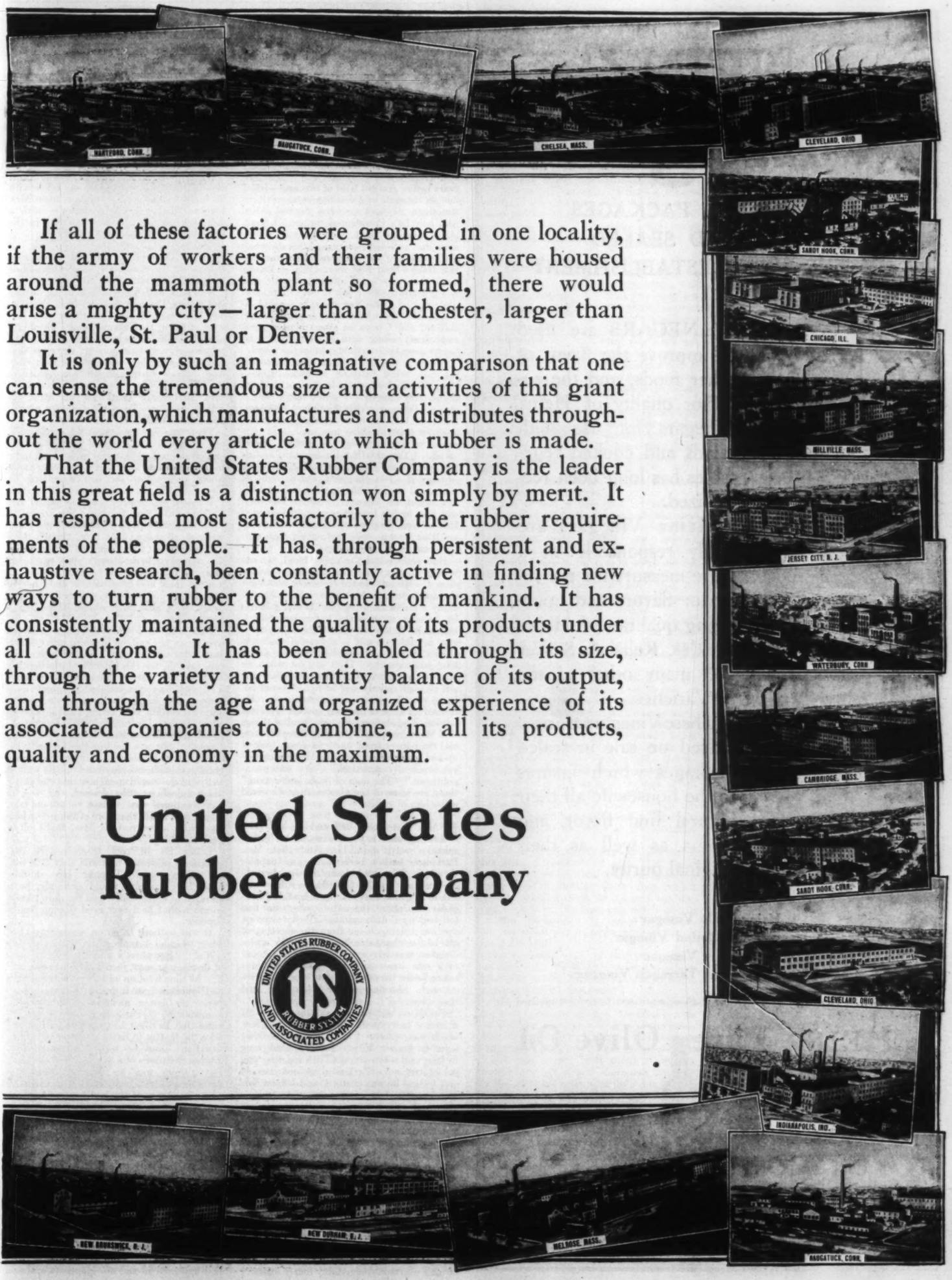
The Fruits of the Rubber Tree

RUBBER TREES first gave shade and a harborage to the birds of the forest. That was all they gave for many ages. Then a beetle bored into the bark and a liquid oozed out which barbaric man discovered could be dried into crude balls to play with. Then civilized man found how these balls could be transformed into things to serve all mankind.

The birth of the rubber tree is lost in the shadowy past. The birth of the rubber industry is comparatively recent. Seventy-four years ago the first factory was licensed to make rubber goods. This pioneer plant—the great-great-grandfather of the entire rubber industry of the world—is now an important unit of the United States Rubber Company.

Pictured here are thirty-four of the forty-seven great factories owned by the United States Rubber Company, the world's largest producer of rubber goods, including **Footwear, Clothing, Automobile and Bicycle Tires, Druggists' Sundries, Insulated Wire, Soles and Heels, Belting, Hose, Packing, Mechanical and Moulded Rubber Goods of all kinds.**





If all of these factories were grouped in one locality, if the army of workers and their families were housed around the mammoth plant so formed, there would arise a mighty city—larger than Rochester, larger than Louisville, St. Paul or Denver.

It is only by such an imaginative comparison that one can sense the tremendous size and activities of this giant organization, which manufactures and distributes throughout the world every article into which rubber is made.

That the United States Rubber Company is the leader in this great field is a distinction won simply by merit. It has responded most satisfactorily to the rubber requirements of the people. It has, through persistent and exhaustive research, been constantly active in finding new ways to turn rubber to the benefit of mankind. It has consistently maintained the quality of its products under all conditions. It has been enabled through its size, through the variety and quantity balance of its output, and through the age and organized experience of its associated companies to combine, in all its products, quality and economy in the maximum.

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
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HEINZ Vinegars

IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES
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VINEGARS are used to improve the flavor of other foods, and the superior quality of Heinz Vinegars for use with salads and cooked vegetables has long been recognized.

Heinz Vinegars are really responsible in a large measure for the superior flavors and appetizing qualities of Heinz Pickles, Relishes, Sauces and many other of the 57 Varieties.

These Vinegars are now placed on sale in sealed packages which insures to the housewife all their natural fine flavor and aroma as well as their original purity.

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Heinz White Salad Vinegar
Heinz Cider Vinegar
Also Spiced Salad and Tarragon Vinegars

All Heinz Vinegars may now be had in glass; pints, quarts and half-gallons

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For delicious French dressing, use any Heinz vinegar with Heinz Pure Olive Oil and the seasoning you like best.

Such Olive Oil as this can be obtained only from fresh, ripe olives, made under Heinz conditions.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

That Parkinson Affair

[*Continued from page 17*]

a horse's record. It's just as true about men."

"But his record's all right," I insisted. "Look at our new primary law — look at his speeches in the Senate."

"And before that he was writing books and addressing women's clubs and college boys," said Haggerty, "for years and years and years before you got hold of him and wished him on the state as a real honest-to-goodness statesman. I can't see what you did it for. And now he's Presidential timber. I don't blame him for that, God knows. Every man that's elected governor of this state has got a whack at the Presidential nomination. It's always been that way. Well — I warn you — he's chock full of cold conceit and he's got no friends to jolt it out of him, and some one of these fine days he's going to doublecross the whole outfit — party, nurse and all, and I hope he stings himself good and plenty along with it. He thinks he knows more than anybody else in the world."

Haggerty drooled along in that strain till my ears ached listening to him. But — I made it my business to keep close to Parkinson, very quietly. I don't mean that I ever got into any personal intimacy with him, but I let him see that the state was mine, and the state machine was mine, and that unless he went my way, he couldn't travel at all. I thought that I'd forestall, in this way, any of the shortcomings that Haggerty prophesied. But Haggerty was as right as rain about the man having no men friends — and about his conceit. I often wondered just how he felt toward me — and I decided that he considered me as a means to his ends, and that he was only waiting his chance to try conclusions with me.

But while I had the upper hand, he was willing to play fair — as a matter of expediency. He was elected Governor and I got the appointments I wanted — they weren't many. He made a big play to the galleries by vetoing some party legislation with a statement to the voters of the state as to why he did it — and a statement that was almost as much a model of English as his land-grab speech. Then we got what we wanted in a rider to another bill, which was put through quietly and he signed it and nobody was the wiser, not even himself. He framed up some of his own special brand of advanced legislation, the same kind of things that Wisconsin people pay high taxes for now, and the papers from coast to coast took it up and made a fuss about it. "Advanced — yet eminently practical," "A statesman-politician," "The man of brain and action," those are some of the phrases they showered upon him.

I SAID that Lucia Bell and he had been meeting once a year or so, in an inconspicuous way, didn't I? And that Mrs. Parkinson hadn't been made any happier thereby? Poor soul — she did her best to do her duty as the Governor's wife — and I dare say, too, that making other folks' lives easier was about the only comfort she had for her own unhappiness. Well, anyway, she was coming home from the meeting of one of her charitable boards one day and a drunken taxi-driver ran his cab full tilt out of a side street into her motor. She was taken home unconscious, and she never recovered. She lingered for a few days, and then died.

Parkinson did the proper thing, and did it well — how much was real grief and how much was remorse I don't know and don't want to know. Either one is a hard thing to face, and when you get both together you get a bitter cup. Parkinson seemed crushed and I guess he was crushed, and I know lots of people liked him better for it, for there's always plenty of sincere sympathy for a man who gets a blow like that. It's a sorrow that touches a universal spring of understanding and pity, for we've all had to give up somebody dear to us, and go on living with that aching feeling of loss. Parkinson looked tired and red-eyed and lonely as he went about his work, and when he'd appear in public with his black-veiled daughter and that tall boy of his with the crepe band on his hat, it was mighty touching.

Quite a lot of serviceable widows and mature debutantes hove into sight soon after his wife's death, I noticed. He was the type of man who would inevitably marry again — after a decent interval — and I hoped that this time he'd get somebody who would know him and manage him — a woman who could make him comfortable and intrigue his imagination at the same time, thereby keeping him out of the claws of Lucia Bell and her kind.

He had been a widower about eight months when Sam came into my office with his big-news look on. "Did you know Mrs. Jennison Bell is honoring our city with a visit?" he asked. "I just saw her in the Empire Room of the State Hotel."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Yes," said Sam, "but not necessarily, if some of the remarks I heard being made by the gilded youth of the city are true."

So Lucia Bell was tired of living abroad and getting the cold shoulder from the various American colonies over there. She had a lot of spirit, that woman, and a lot of ambition. What she wanted was to get back into her own class in society, the class that had ostracized her after the divorce case. And she saw that Parkinson was headed to the White House — and she had heard of Mrs. Parkinson's death. It all fitted together, like the pieces of a picture puzzle, and a whole lot easier.

There was one thing that set me wondering, though — would she, if she'd been sure of Parkinson, have camped on his trail quite so openly and daringly? On the other hand, would she, unless she had something on him, definitely, have risked so bold a move?

I posted my scouts — and I waited and I didn't have long to wait. She stayed in town only three days. She didn't see Parkinson at all during that time, though there was doubtless some spirited telephoning. She moved on to Ironburg — just two hours away by motor and one by rail; she rented a house there and proceeded to make herself exceedingly comfortable. She lived very quietly — it must have almost killed her — but she did.

Now and then the Parkinsons motored over to see her and, by his third call, tongues were wagging like mad. All the more, Hatton, because by this time there was another lady in the case — Miss Sarah Temple, a handsome, even-tempered, middle-aged woman, who knew exactly what she wanted and had certain very definite advantages to offer, namely, an unblemished reputation, social prominence, and a good fat bank account. She was the big, full-figured type, not a bit old-maidish; a little overblown, perhaps, but she held her head up and walked well, and she dieted enough so that she didn't bulge anywhere. She dressed well, too, in a conventional way — black velvet, old lace, lavish furs — all that sort of thing — which was quite a contrast to Mrs. Bell's ultra-Parisian things.

Every bit of cool commonsense that Parkinson possessed told him that he'd better marry Sarah Temple. His children liked her and she would certainly be a strength to him socially, and she didn't know so much that he'd ever need to stop feeling superior.

It was madness to go on seeing Mrs. Bell when Sarah Temple, like Barkis, "was willin'." But there's a streak of that kind of insanity in most men, and Parkinson had it. As time went on and the society journals had published an insinuating paragraph or two — no names mentioned, but identity unmistakable — Parkinson made up his mind that he'd got to stop being a fool and take the matter in hand. It was an intense situation — and he wasn't accustomed to intense situations of a personal sort, at least. But — there was his growing boom for President, and there was Miss Temple who was just as if she had been ordered for him by a special providence — and there was Lucia Bell, Circe-on-the-job.

He backed and he filled and he hemmed and he hawed, and he kept everybody guessing pretty lively — but, in the end, he announced his engagement to Miss Sarah Temple. Their pictures were in every Sunday supplement — he smiling and she complacent — and everybody in the state, pretty near, sent congratulations and speculated on when the wedding would be — those who didn't speculate on what Lucia Bell would do.

Two weeks after those smiling pictures had appeared in the newspapers, Parkinson

came hustling into my office, early one morning, before anyone was there but Sam and me and the office boy. He wasn't smiling now. He was scared and sick.

"Mr. Stone," he began, without any preamble, "I am threatened with a breach-of-promise case and I have come to you as the one man with whom I can discuss the matter freely."

"Lucia Bell, I suppose," I said.

His eyes stood out. "How did you know?" he asked. "Yes, it is Mrs. Bell. I need not tell you, I suppose, that she has absolutely no grounds on which to base such a suit, but the mere filing of it and the consequent scandal will undoubtedly end my usefulness to my state."

"It undoubtedly will," I said. "It will put you back in private life with a bad name and a much-diminished bank roll, for even if she doesn't get any damages, you'll have a pretty lawyer's bill to pay."

The sweat broke out on his forehead. "Besides," I went on, "Miss Temple might not care to go on — with her engagement."

"It's an abominable mess!" he groaned. "What am I going to do? It's true, every word you say. I haven't a chance — I haven't a chance."

I let him sweat, Hatton, and bit by bit I got everything out of him. Lucia had some letters — somewhat affectionate — yes, but only as one friend to another, he groaned out. She was a woman of great charm — he had been very sorry for her — acquaintance with her had been very pleasant — er — stimulating. Mrs. Parkinson had never liked her — had disliked her, intensely, in fact — and her constant harping on the subject had doubtless made him more persistent in going on with the very harmless friendship — he admitted it, with sorrow. Oh, yes, it was real sorrow.

I put him through the third degree and then some more, for I intended that ever after he should be conscious that I had had this view of him right into his insides. He gnawed his fingers — he paced up and down — he cried. What got me was that he was worried about the loss he would be to his country, and he couldn't for the life of him see how the world at large would get on without his guiding hand. He didn't put it as crassly as that — but it was evident that those were his sentiments.

And he was a coward, too — not that I blame him much there. Every time he'd look ahead and see himself on the witness-stand and vision the headlines in the yellow newspapers, he'd cringe as if he'd been touched on his raw flesh with red-hot iron. He talked of his children and how they'd feel, and of how it would affect his son's future.

I let him go on until I'd got the whole business and when he had nothing left to tell but his own feelings, I quieted him down and sent him away. I thought it was just as well not to promise him that I would do anything, or even to let him know that I *could*, but as soon as he was gone, Sam and I went to work. We covered the newspapers and the courts — all in the course of the morning — and, incidentally, we found out who Mrs. Bell's counsel was. I talked to the head of that firm myself by long distance.

When that job was done, I got into my car and went to Ironburg and called on Mrs. Bell.

I've been in many handsome houses — palaces, some of them — but I've never been in any house that was so intensely personal as that woman's. There wasn't a thing in it, nor a color used, that wasn't a part of her and adapted to be a background for her.

It was all shades of yellow, toned and mellowed and softened together. It wasn't elaborate, nor overdone — there were a lot of flowers about — and everywhere you sat, you got a picture, somehow — there were Venetian mirrors cunningly placed — well, I can't describe it.

And here was Lucia Bell, in her yellow frame, with her blue-black hair — wanting poor old Parkinson's head on a charger.

"Now why have you come?" she asked me, the first thing.

"I came to say to you," I told her, "that if you persist in filing a breach-of-promise suit against Governor Parkinson that not a paper in this state, and none of the big papers outside, will print a line of it except the usual condensed reports of the regular court proceedings."

"And is that all?" she asked.

"I doubt," I went on, "that you will be able to get a reputable lawyer to take your case, or a judge to admit the evidence you would like to present."

She sat there looking at me, and finally she said: "Of course, what you say about the newspapers is only part of the truth — for the papers that are not party organs will print everything and play it up, as they say. About the courts — what you tell me may be true. But it is very doubtful."

My bluff didn't work altogether, you see.

"Moreover," she said, "I have a witness sitting in the next room who will hear every word you say to me and will be prepared to make a full report to the papers of *that*."

"Now, Mrs. Bell," I said, "you know very well that you may get the papers to print things about Governor Parkinson, but you can't get them to print anything about me. If you have a witness, so much the better for us both." I went over and flung back the curtains into the next room. No one was there.

"I like you," she said.

She laughed a little.

And after that we got on fine. I talked to her like a Dutch uncle.

"You've had a raw deal," I told her, "but you've got to be a sport and take your medicine. Your motives in marrying Parkinson were pretty selfish ones, weren't they? You wanted to be in a position where you could laugh in the face of every old cat who's scratched you since your break-up with your husband — honestly, wasn't that it? You wanted your place in the world again, and he seemed easy. Isn't that so?"

She looked up at me. "It's quite true," she said. "But if you knew — what a horrible sort of time I've had. Why aren't women ever permitted to forget their sins and mistakes, Mr. Stone?"

"I don't know," I said, "but that's the way it goes. Parkinson's an awful fool, of course, but — this would finish him, and though I could endure that without any tears, — he's got a mighty nice daughter and a son who's a fine young chap. It would finish them, too. You know what the injustice of the world is — do you want to take the responsibility of forcing these people, whom you've never even seen, to go through as bad a time as you've gone through?"

She looked up at me drolly. "You are the most absurd man," she said. "The idea of appealing to the heart of the notorious Mrs. Bell!"

"If you were going to get anything out of this mess, I wouldn't," I said, "but you'll just be farther away than ever from what you want. You're shutting every door behind you and locking them, so far as I can see. And for what? Because you didn't get to be Mrs. Parkinson! It makes me laugh. Do you think you could have stood him if you'd got him?"

She laughed, too. "I have wondered," she admitted. "But now — you must admit something to me. Don't you think he ought to pay a little bit, somehow?"

"He is paying," I said. "He's as scared as a man treed by a grizzly. He thinks of his son and his daughter; he thinks of the headlines in the papers; and now and then he thinks of what an awful blow this is going to be to the country and wonders whether there'll ever again be a statesman who can do the great national work he's doing. He thinks sometimes, too, I believe, that it will kill the sale of his books and he'll get no more lecture engagements."

"I knew it!" she said. "If you hadn't said that I'd have let him go. Indeed I would. But if that's the way he feels, he's got to pay somehow. And you shall name the way."

"How about money?" I said. "That will hurt him almost as much as publicity, for between ourselves, he's got tightness in his blood. It won't affect anybody else — much — and, as you know, extra money is always useful."

"But money is just the one thing I don't want!" Mrs. Bell answered.

Can You See Aunt Caroline?

IRVIN S. COBB *met a very attenuated young artist friend the other day.*

"How much do you weigh, Sam?" asked the happy, plump humorist.

"Only a hundred and two," said Sam.

"Gracious!" Cobb laughed. "I've got an Aunt Caroline in Kentucky who has a goiter that weighs more than that!"

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How Jones Got His Eyes Open

Jones* is an operator. He became nervous, couldn't sleep well—work began to worry him. He couldn't locate the trouble, and went away for a rest.

One morning, while breakfasting with a friend, Jones noticed his friend ordered **Postum.** Right then Jones got his eyes open!

He had been a coffee drinker. "I had no idea coffee was so harmful," Jones writes us. "I decided to drink **Postum.** The beneficial results since the change I can hardly believe or describe."

POSTUM

made of prime wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, is brimful of the nourishing goodness of the grain. It is a delicious beverage, free from the troubles which often result from caffeine, the drug in coffee.

"Yours in better health," signs Jones. Thousands of others say so, too, who have changed from coffee to **Postum.**

"There's a Reason"

* Name and address given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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A $50,000 Man
For the position of general manager. Must be the very best. Salary $50,000 to begin with; $100,000 a year after making good. Address

Wanted—A $50,000 Man

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There are many big positions waiting, right now, for men who are prepared to fill them. Yet qualified men are seldom found. There is a dearth of good material, a famine in the market. In almost every big business there are $10,000 and even $15,000 positions open—waiting for the right men to step in.

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It is just these broad business principles, and the application of them to individual cases, that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is teaching to more than 40,000 men in America today.

Based Upon the Actual Experience of Thousands of Successful Business Men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you through the Modern Business Course and Service the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thorough and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could be otherwise obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

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The following are some of the subscribers to the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute: Alfred I. DuPont, of the DuPont Powder Companies, capitalized at $120,000,000; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co., a $1,500,000 corporation; Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills, a $5,000,000 corporation; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Car Co.—and scores of other equally prominent men.

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Daily there filter into the headquarters in New York many intensely human stories, showing what the Modern Business Course and Service has done for its subscribers.

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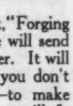

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" FREE

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Business Address .....

Business Position .....

"Give it to charity," I suggested, "or chuck it in the river. Or give it to me."

She laughed again at that. "You're so frightfully poor," she said, "I might do that. Or, I might give it to Miss Temple — as a wedding present."

We talked and we talked and finally we agreed on thirty thousand. I knew that would take just about everything Parkinson had saved, but I thought it was coming to him — in fact, he was getting off cheap. For she had letters — she showed them to me — and though they could have been construed as the affectionate-friend sort of thing he'd said they were, they sounded pretty much like the letters of an elderly man who is determined to see how big a fool he can make of himself. Funny how these quiet old family boys get the idea that they can play the man-of-the-world game and put it over; it's like these old hardshell country fellows who think they can buck the stock market. When they come to, there's a mortgage on the farm and the ready cash that was put away under the third stone in the hearth has entirely vanished.

When I left Mrs. Bell that day I certainly did like and respect that woman.

"You ought to've been a man," I told her.

"I wish I had," she answered back.

And I wished so, too, Hatton, for she had a good brain and a lot of sense, and a real sense of humor, too, and she was, in spite of that unsavory divorce case, about ten million times more moral than the average man.

THAT was the last time I ever saw Lucia Bell. She went back to the other side and lived in Paris and had a great vogue, I understand. Russian grand dukes, South American multi-millionaires, and all that sort of thing. But make no mistake — she didn't go until she'd got her thirty thousand.

When I went back home and told Parkinson that she'd let him off if he'd pay up — at first he was the most grateful man you ever saw in your life. He broke through all his crust of reserve and he came pretty near bawling on my shoulder. Then, when the first fine careless rapture was over, Hatton, and he began to think about having to pay that thirty thousand, he began to squirm. The thought that he'd saved his career and his reputation and his children's happiness faded away into the background and he couldn't see anything but that he was having his pocket picked. He ended, if you'll believe me, by being peevish with me for not having managed it better, so that he would have got out of it without losing anything, anywhere. And then I got mad.

"You dirty little sneak," I said. "You'll give up that thirty thousand and give it up quick, or I'll give the story to the papers myself; yes, and I'll help Mrs. Bell to file her suit. I'll put you into private life in a way that no decent man or woman will ever speak to you again. I'll make your name a stench in the nostrils of every party man in this state. I'll break you into atoms that'll never come together again until Gabriel blows the trumpet on Judgment Day."

It's not very often that I get mad and loose my tongue, but it was all I could do to keep my hands off him, I wanted so to thrash him. I did shake him once or twice, for emphasis, but he was trembling so hard when I touched him that I hardly knew which was me shaking him and which was he shaking. I couldn't hurt him — nobody wants to hurt a poor quivering jelly-bag, especially a big husky man like I was then. But I held him there till I'd said my say, and then I let him go and he double-quicked down to the bank.

He brought the money back, in bills, after a while, though I heard later the bank had quite a time getting that much ready cash together. Then I put him in my motor and I got in and we went back over to Ironburg together, and neither of us spoke a word during the whole drive. I went with him to Lucia Bell's door — he had the currency in his hand — and I waited outside till he came out.

We got back in the car and, to make it doubly insulting, I ran my hands over him to make sure that he'd not held out any of the money. Hatton, if hate was as active an agent as cyanide, I'd have been a dead man once every second during that process. I even looked inside his hat. Finally I let go of him.

"Now," I said, "what do you want? Do you still want the support of the party, and the state machine in your Presidential ambitions? Or would you prefer to play a lone hand? I'm ready to do whatever you say."

It was quite a while before he could answer me. Finally, he managed to get out, between his teeth: "I expect to go on with my work, as before. Naturally, I expect the support of the party for which I have done so much."

Those were his exact words and I'll never forget them. It got me over my mad right then and there, because I realized that the man wasn't responsible. He was just as much handicapped from getting a clear view of himself by his colossal conceit and his lack of a sense of proportion as a man with both arms off is handicapped for playing the piano. There's no use in being provoked with a maimed man, now, is there?

So right there, inside of myself, I forgave Parkinson and I went on with him. He never forgave me — but he went on with me because he couldn't go on without me.

I believe he would have been President if it hadn't been for the strike at Nichton.

It happened soon after he and Sarah Temple were married — yes, she married him and I sent them a wedding present — a gold *epergne* that set me back an enormous amount. Whilst they were on their wedding trip the strike broke out, and as there's nothing but steel mills at Nichton and a lot of allied industries, it was a big, gloomy affair. Industrial war it was, not just a strike, and it was brought on by a bunch of paid agitators who played on the emotions of the workmen until they were maniacs.

I had gone and got typhoid, and the doctor wouldn't let me know anything about it, or I'd have made Parkinson call out the militia. He ought to have done it after the first week, but he temporized and dilly-dallied, talked about the wrong of using force and the rights of the individual and how reason and justice must rule. He sent messages to the mill-owners and to the strike-leaders — yes, he did — wrote public exhortations to 'em and asked 'em to be good and play fair and remember that we are all brothers — nice, high-sounding stuff it was. My God, — think of it! Finally, he called a conference of strikers and owners at the state capital — and right while they were in session, hell broke loose.

It was the usual thing — a striker got into a row with a guard and the guard shot him — he was trying to pound the guard's lights out with a big monkey-wrench. Then there was more shooting, and the agitators took it up and talked to the mobs of strikers and pretty soon fires were started. They meant to burn the mills, but instead the fire turned and went through all the end of the city where the clerks and book-keepers lived and then on to the homes of the strikers themselves—little frame houses and tenements. It was an awful fire — it went so fast people didn't have time to escape. There were scores of women and children burned.

Maybe it wouldn't have happened if the militia had been there, and then again, maybe it would,— but the people all over the state thought it wouldn't. When they began to take charred bodies of mothers holding onto their babies out of the ruins — well, Parkinson's life wasn't worth a snap. He didn't dare show his face for fear of assassination, and he killed himself, politically, as dead as a doornail.

His name didn't even go before the primaries in his own state. He was done for. When his term as Governor was out, he left the state and lived in Boston. Think of that for a fate, will you? I'll bet Lucia Bell laughed at her narrow escape, though I have a suspicion that if he'd married Lucia, the militia would have been called out. Parkinson worked the thing out nicely according to theory, but theories aren't what we live by. Old Tom Haggerty was right — men, as well as horses, are bound to run true to their records.

It makes a great slice of life, doesn't it? — the three women and that cold, intellectual egotist, mixed together in a tangle of affections and ambitions and limitations? After all, there are only three things of any significance in this world — men, women, and politics.

COMING: *More political stories by Sophie Kerr; and other fiction by Wallace Irwin, Willa Sibert Cather, Porter Emerson Browne, George Kibbe Turner, C. P. Connolly, Dana Gatlin, Susan Glaspell, Louise Closser Hale, Frank Goewey Jones, Cameron Mackenzie and Edward Mott Woolley.*

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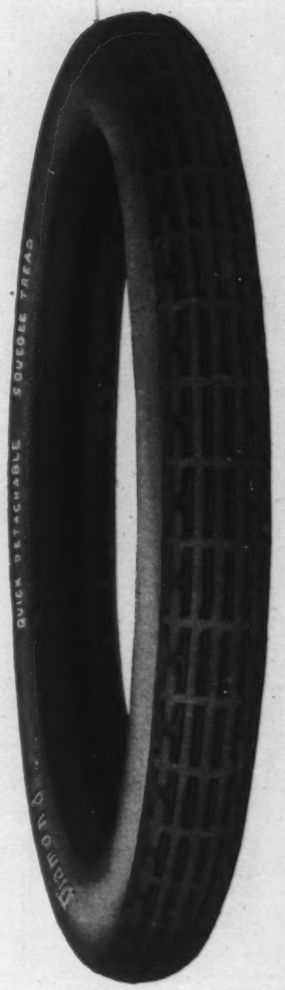

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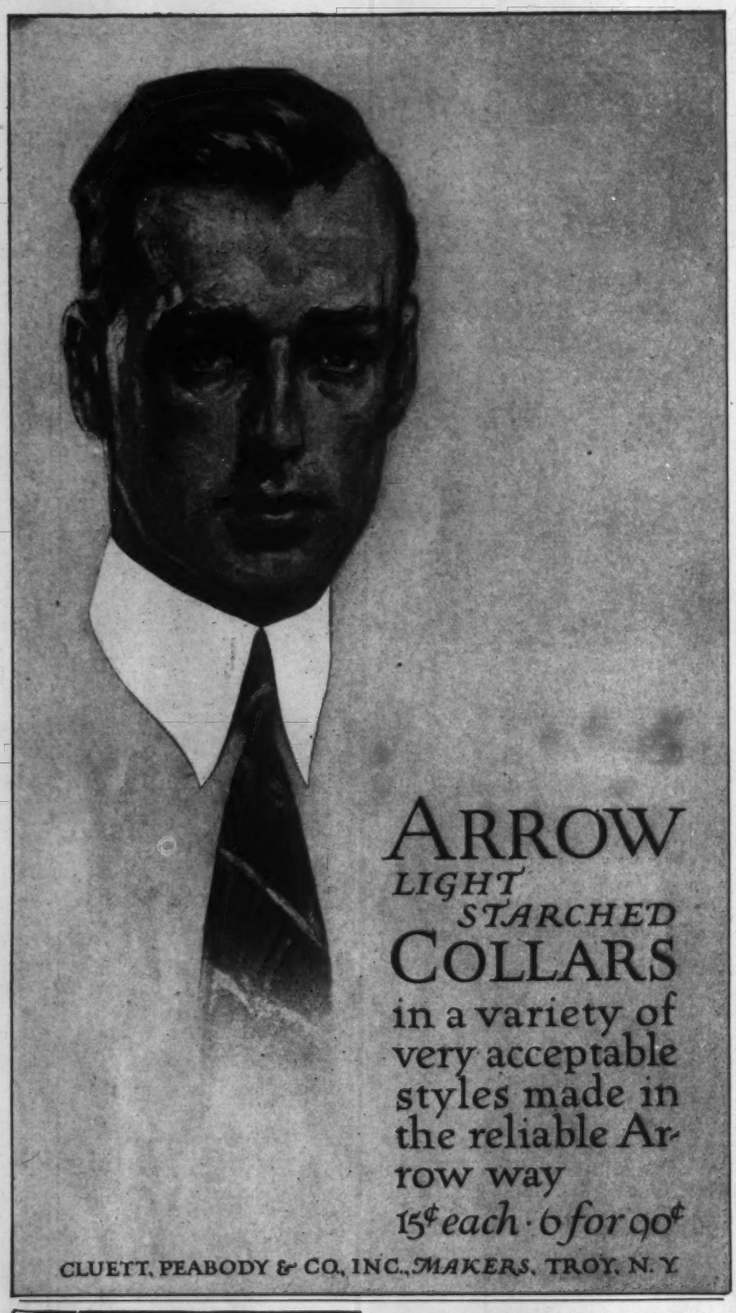
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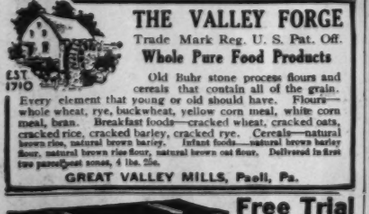
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The Straight Road

[*Continued from page 32*]

a husky little break as I turned on him, demanding:

"Will you get out of my way and let me around so I can lift Boyce out?"

As he stood hampering me I saw his glance go past to Delia, and she answered as though he had spoken.

"I don't see what I said, but Foncie's furious. That's the way; people *do* the most awful things; and then if a word's said they fly into a rage."

"Never mind, Delia," I spoke over my shoulder, "this is the last time you'll be troubled with saying — or not saying — words to me. Harvey — lift Boyce out."

"You'll have to do it yourself if it's going to be done," Harvey muttered, looking off down street. "You're acting against the child's best interests. I won't raise a finger. If you think well to quarrel with an old friend — a friend of your parents — and ——"

I stared at him, hostile, thoroughly scared, in his eyes the terror of what I might have said or would say against him.

"Do you have the face to hint that it isn't to my child's best interests to be with me?" I rounded on him. "That certainly would be funny — from you!"

"Foncie — don't make a scene out here on the street," Delia broke in.

"I'm not!" I cried. "It's you people. Harvey, what have you been saying to Delia about me?"

"Now, Foncie," Delia rushed in again, "Hod didn't blame you in telling me about it. He took all the blame himself. He said that he, being a man and older, ought to have warned you. He wouldn't admit that you were one of those women that go around trying to break up families. He stuck to it that it was just because you ——"

"Delia — be still," I said. "I asked Harvey a question — and he hasn't answered it."

"Calla," Harvey's voice was husky, but he seemed to see he must speak up before Delia. "I — you —" he cleared his throat, and launched out desperately. "What's the use of denying it? You know well enough that you were at my office all the time, and came out here continually — a man with his wife away. You know what that means?"

The lawyer impudence of him paralyzed me for the moment — kept me speechless.

"Um-humph," said Delia. The sound seemed to cheer Harvey on. He finished with considerable dignity.

"I never intended to tell Dele anything about it; I wouldn't have, on your account, if she hadn't come to me with these stories of yours — on — a lot of men."

He had been looking at the ground, scuffling with his foot. He raised his eyes now, full of ugly anger. "When it gets down to Al Pendleton — yes — I'm ready to say that the child would be a lot better off with us — with any respectable married couple."

"A respectable married couple!" I choked; then the words began to come out fast, furious. "A dirty fellow — like you, Harvey Watkins — and a fool like Delia, that hasn't sense enough to know when an honest woman is being lied about. I don't care if he *is* your husband, Dele — I don't care if he *is* your husband. You ought to have known better than to believe that silly mess of lies — about me!"

Delia gaped at me with eyes like saucers. Then her bewildered gaze fastened itself on the pasty pallor of Harvey's face.

"Uh — uh ——" she began stumblingly, "we've tried to be good to you and the child ——"

I laughed out like a crazy thing.

"Well, for pity's sake, don't try any more, then," I said. "This ends it. This wipes out every kindness, every favor. Let you have Boyce?" My face burned; my eyes felt hot in my head. I looked from one of them to the other. "He'd better starve than be with such people."

I shoved Harvey aside — since I couldn't knock him down — climbed into the motor and seized Boy. So far he had sat looking doubtfully from one face to the other; I had been afraid he would try to take a hand — or cry. But no, my fury seemed to cow him, for he came silently, and only spoke when I had set him on his two feet on the sidewalk.

"Gramma's gone away," was what he said, and his voice wabbled. Mrs. Eccles wouldn't be back till five o'clock.

"Never mind," I said, and led him away, Delia and Harvey beside the machine staring after us. "We'll go down to the movies."

Boyce was delighted. He forgot the strange scene as children do, or stowed it away in that queer little mind of his to bring out and ask questions about at some leisure moment when there wasn't any motion-picture show on hand.

We walked down to the foot of the hill where, beside the Burmeister grocery, there was a little photo theatre. I paid my dime and sat in the darkened place while things were flashed on the screen, and a mechanical piano made a noise that was intended for music; but I neither saw nor heard anything that was about me. When Boy bounced and chortled in his seat over something that pleased him, I squeezed his hand or answered his whispered question; but the picture that raced before my mind, shutting out everything else, was Harvey on his knees, his head in Dele's lap, confessing tearfully that I had tried to lead him astray!

When the show was over it was time to take Boy up to Mrs. Eccles's. He ran right to her. I suppose I hadn't been a very responsive companion. He wanted somebody that he could tell about the pictures. While he was on her lap, eagerly describing them, pulling her face around to get her attention, I told her quietly, and in the fewest possible words, that he was not to go to the Watkins's any more — *under any circumstances*. I left it at that. Mrs. Eccles was glad enough to accept the order, without asking any questions.

I KISSED Boy good-by and walked back to the head of the hill. While I was waiting for the car in to San Vicente, who should get off the outbound but Delia's warm personal friend, "Gene Chandler," looking indeed select, and extremely elegant in an outfit I had never before seen.

"Why, Callie, what's the matter?" was her first word.

It touched me. Mrs. Eccles hadn't seen anything wrong, but as I shook my head and said, "Nothing," Miss Chandler caught my elbow, turned me around and started off, with:

"Don't tell me that — something's happened. You look wretched. Let's go over to the tea-room. A good hot cup of tea will help you, maybe. If there's anything I can do — just tell me."

The Country Club has a big, shingle-and-boulder building out at Las Reudas overlooking the golf links and the valley with the town in it. I had never been inside before, but Miss Chandler seemed to be well known there. She was treated with marked deference. As it was Sunday afternoon the place was full; but a word from her to one of the waiters got for us a private nook — a little table out on a balcony, all to ourselves.

"Now," said Miss Chandler, when we sat at last with the steaming pot of tea, the rack of toast and the tiny saucers of jam before us, "tell me all about it and you'll feel better."

I couldn't hold away from her true kindness. I did tell her all about it. She listened and nodded, and the names she called Harvey were a great comfort to me. The way she helped me most, however, was by saying finally:

"Do you mind if I laugh? Callie — if it didn't make you so mad you'd see that it's one of the funniest things that ever happened. Here you are, going against reason and common sense to keep the very last limit of the letter of the law — and an old dub like that who did his best to bring you to his little way of thinking, can get scared for fear you'd tell on him and run to his old dub wife and sick her on you — and bring in Al Pendleton that you snubbed unmercifully — it certainly is one great big joke."

"Maybe I'll see the fun in it sometime," I said. "Just now you're right; I'm too mad. It comes on top of my losing my place."

"On the *Clarion?*"

"Yes."

"Anything else in sight? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet." I hated to say that to her, but it was the truth. "I'd like to go to San Francisco if I could, and try for a position there."

My cup of tea and the pleasant surroundings, with an attentive waiter and the feeling that I was somebody, had done me good. I felt grateful to Miss Chandler. She leaned

back in her chair and studied me for some time with an odd expression before she spoke again.

"I'm glad I happened to be out here today," she said softly. "I've got a duty call to make on an old friend of mother's that's in Las Reudas from the East. Such a bore — but now I'm glad it happened."

"So am I," I echoed heartily.

She still kept sending that odd, sidelong glance toward me as she called the waiter, paid our check, and added a liberal tip; but it was not till we were out on the street and about to part that she spoke.

"What are you going to do now, Callie?"

"Get home as quick as I can," I said, wilfully misunderstanding her. "I've got work for Mr. Dale tonight."

"Dale!" she echoed with light scorn. "Don't you know there's nothing there for you?"

When I didn't answer, "Callie," she began again with a funny little defiant air, "I don't suppose you'll pay any attention to it — even down and out as you are, with no job, and all your good Pharisee friends lending you a kick instead of a hand up — but I'm going to say it once more. There will be a motor trip to the Pendleton Camp in a few days. They would be tickled to death to have you. I always wished you'd go — once. Seems to me you might — now. Oh, well," she threw her head back and laughed at sight of my face, "I didn't say a word, did I? Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered, and watched her down the block — she was very graceful, and this new dress set off her figure to perfection. Then I turned, rested, refreshed, toward that straight road which was mine to travel.

Chapter XV — Chlorodyne

THE first thing I did Monday morning was to ring up the *Clarion* office and find whether Mr. Stokes had gone to San Francisco. If he was out of the way I wanted to get my things. He was. When I went up, there were two reporters in the main room clacking away at typewriters, and Rosalie, inside at Mr. Stokes's desk. She motioned for me to come in and shut the door, muttering:

"Lord, but it's a relief to see you here all right. Sit down, honey. I believe if you hadn't come in for five minutes more I'd have had a fit."

She surveyed me from hat to shoes, then back again; bent and pulled open the bottom drawer of the desk, and took out — my little black sailor. For a moment we two women looked at each other across it; then she whispered:

"Cal — you don't know how I felt when I found that thing in the street."

"Were you out there?" I cried.

"'Course I was. I got onto what that fool was up to and followed him. When I found your hat — and him lying to me every jump — I was so blind mad — and scared — that I couldn't do anything but blubber — like I'm doing now." And she wiped her eyes. "All day Sunday I wanted to ring up. I'd have done it first thing this morning, but I give you my word I was afraid to. I never knew Bill to tear off any rough stuff before. He usually just takes what comes easy. But after I found that hat — Cal — are you going to complain to the management?"

I shook my head.

"You're wise. It wouldn't do any good. They know what he is — about women. They keep him here because they can get him cheap on account of his reputation and his habits — and he does the work all right. A scandal wouldn't hurt anyone but you — and my sister. I don't see how she lives with him. Of course she's got his children. It's her bread and butter, and theirs; but I'd divorce him or kill him if I was tied up to him. I knew the devil was to pay when I found he'd stayed over on the sly. You see you'd held out against him. That's what made you so attractive. Not out what you're pretty enough and sweet enough — but Bill generally sits tight and lets 'em fall into his lap. This is a new kind of wrinkle for him. I'm glad you're not going to the management about it."

"Well, I told him I was leaving. I'll get out now and hunt another job."

"Oh, say, Cal, I hate that! I'll miss you awfully. I'm mortal sorry it happened!" Rosalie had the air of a person who keeps a cross dog and is apologizing for its having tried to bite anyone. "Believe me, I told Bill a few things when I found this hat. He swore up and down that nothing really happened, only you got mad when he sort of made a little love to you, and ran off like a crazy thing before he could explain or apologize. The monumental jackass! And me ageing a hundred years a minute all day yesterday for, fear you'd go to the police — as you've got a perfect right to do." She still looked at me apprehensively.

"I'm not going to anybody about it," I repeated. "I've enough to do hunting up another job. You don't know of anything for me, do you, Rosie?"

"I wish I did, Cal," good old Rosalie answered. "It's the dull season. I'm afraid you'll have a hard time getting anything."

She was digging down into her pocket with her good hand, the little helpless member swinging. I knew what she was up to.

"Now, Rosie, you can't lend me money," I said, "and you needn't try. Really — I don't need it."

"Honestly? Cross your heart? You *would* come to me if you had to have it? I could spare you fifteen bones — as easy as not."

Bless her gallant heart! The shoes she had on were shabby; and Rosalie had cause to be vain of her pretty, small feet.

"Yes, yes," I assured her hastily. "But I don't need it — and I'm not going to."

She still eyed me wistfully, as I did up the hat along with the things I had come for, and to the last kept saying that I was to come to her if I got in a pinch. I left my note of resignation at the *Clarion* office and went up to the Phipps Business College. They also reminded me that it was midsummer, but they listed my name and promised to throw anything my way that they could. I didn't chance to see anything of Harvey while I was in the building, but I was ready for him; I was still mad, and if I had met him that morning he would have got a piece of my mind.

I went on to the employment agencies one after the other and found them, as I had a year before, overrun with the signing up of hop-pickers. I began to be attracted by the idea of just packing up some rough clothes and taking Boy and going up into the Hopfields district to pick. It was only a few hours' run; Corinth, where Boy used to go with Mrs. Eccles, was right in the middle of it. Mrs. Eccles's son-in-law had been a buyer and shipper; she said he worked in pretty nearly every capacity you could imagine on a hop ranch. She thought I could do it. Las Palmas, the biggest one there — indeed, the biggest in the world — was the ranch I selected in my own mind, because on a place of that size and wealth the arrangements and accommodations would be sure to be exceptionally good. I definitely decided on Las Palmas as a last resort. It would make a break; get us out of San Vicente for a while, anyhow.

There was work for Mr. Dale that evening, and though I hated to bring the question up because I thought it might look like asking him to pay me, I decided to get from him a letter of recommendation; that ought to be valuable to me in San Vicente anyhow.

He was now lecturing in the summer school, but the work tonight was a magazine article. He met me differently; he was too much of a gentleman to allude to Saturday night's adventure, but surely that was what made the change. On my own part, so much had come and gone since then that I had quit thinking about it till I saw him and something odd in his eyes when he looked at me — a kind of waked-up expression, as though he had just discovered that I was a human being — brought it all back.

The work went well; we kept at it till after midnight. Then, as he came close to

A Good Ear

THE teacher in a Virginia district school asked one of her little colored pupils to go to the blackboard and write a sentence containing the word "delight."

George Washington Jackson walked pompously to the front of the room and wrote, in a bold, scrawling hand:

"De wind blowed so hard dat it put out de light."

"A RACE ain't *all* in gettin' started first," as the tarrypin said when he passed the rabbit on the road. The two years VELVET spends in gettin' started helps to make it a winner.
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THAT *two years* aging is *important!*
It means the difference between "just tobacco" and VELVET — the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.
Nature does a lot in those two years. All harshness disappears, the flavor is improved, mellowness is brought out to the full — and VELVET is the result.
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Velvet THE SMOOTHEST SMOKING TOBACCO

A beautiful bathtub appeals even to the boy

You can make your bath room so attractive that the swimming hole will lose its charm for the boy. A bath room with beautiful furnishings is a delight to every member of the family.

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The "Viceroy" *one-piece* built-in bath, shown in this illustration, is a remarkable achievement in the manufacture of enameled plumbing fixtures.

This widely popular tub, which is suitable for houses and apartments of all classes, is enameled outside as well as inside. The patterns provide for right and left corner, recess and wall installation.

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All KOHLER WARE is of one quality—the highest. The erm nent trademark, which will be found in faint blue in the enamel of every KOHLER Bathtub, Lavatory and Sink, is our guarantee of excellence.

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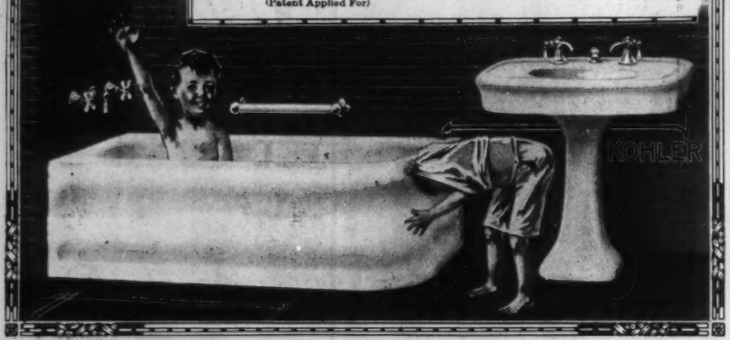
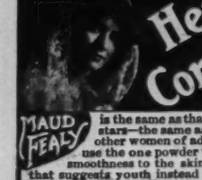
Plate V-14-A "Viceroy" Bath (Patent Applied For) *Plate K-145-FA "Belmore" Lavatory*



Her Complexion Secret



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50c Everywhere
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Take Home A New Pair!

Hurried on in the morning—tossed off at night—your garters are perhaps not so carefully scrutinized as are other articles of apparel. They shouldn't be the last things you think of. Follow your natural impulse and keep them fresh and lively. The added comfort repays you.

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GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

the machine on one of his turns back and forth through the room, he suddenly stooped, picked up the cover and set it over the keys.

"There," he said with unusual geniality, "I could finish tonight — but I won't quite kill you this time."

"I'm perfectly willing to go on — if you want me to," I offered.

"No, no," he was more smiling than I had ever seen him; I realized how much better he appeared, physically; his color was good now and his eye bright; he looked like a sound, well man. "It's too late for any more work tonight," he told me, as I continued to sit at the machine rather helplessly.

"Is it too late for me to stay a little while?" I began. "I wanted to —" I hesitated for a word and he broke in on me.

"Of course not. It isn't as late as Saturday night."

He was laughing as he spoke, but I saw he rather expected me to say something about my curious call on him. I didn't intend to explain how it happened — Rosalie was right; the less I talked about that the better. A little knot of manzanita roots smouldered in the open fireplace, the two chairs that he and Dr. Rush usually occupied sat in their accustomed places before the hearth. As I remained silent, trying to get my request into shape, Mr. Dale came across, took me by the shoulders and put me into the doctor's chair. It was a kindly, cordial action, and I remember thinking in a bewildered way that he had never treated me the least bit like that before.

"There!" he said. "Are you comfortable? May I take this one — and smoke?"

He got a cigar and established himself opposite me. I sat and stared at him so long that he finally burst out laughing.

"Well?" he prompted; and when I still didn't say anything it came once more. "Well — what do you think of this man — now that you've met him for the first time?"

"I think —" To my own immense surprise I choked so that I couldn't go on. I felt the tears in my eyes, and was desperately anxious that he shouldn't notice. I had had a hard day, and this almost affectionate tone from a person who had always treated me more like a useful piece of furniture than a living creature, upset me. I wanted to pour out a heartful of thanks to him — to tell him what he'd been to me. He just sat there with an unlit cigar between his fingers and laughed at me. Suddenly — and I couldn't have been more surprised if the chair he sat in had taken life and done something of the sort — he leaned forward and picked up my hand.

"Do they get tired?" he asked, spreading my fingers out on his palm. "I look at them sometimes and remember that they've been doing the same thing all day — and I wonder how you can keep it up."

"That's what I wanted to stay and — speak to you — about," I faltered in some embarrassment.

"Oh — it was something you had to speak to me about?" He repeated my words. He remained leaning forward, and he looked even more alert; but he dropped my hand and waited for what I had to say.

"I'm leaving the *Clarion* —" I began.

"Why?" He got up suddenly, reached to the mantel for matches and lit his cigar. "I think you're making a mistake." He threw his burnt-out match in the ashes. He didn't wait for my explanation, but went right on. "Nearly all beginners get the idea they can write because they can appreciate what is written; they do some stuff, their injudicious friends praise it, so they fly off in a great flame of enthusiasm and try to get paid for work before they've learned the a b c of their trade. You're making a mistake to leave the *Clarion*."

"I had no choice in the matter," I said, chilled.

"That's too bad." His tone softened. I saw he thought I had lost my place; well — let it go — what difference did it make?

"So," I got around to it at last, "I wanted to ask you for a written recommendation — if you feel like giving me one."

"I certainly do," he was emphatic, but somehow he had lost all the warmth of manner with which he had put me in the doctor's chair. He seemed to question me with his glance. I wondered what he wanted or expected of me that was different. He turned to the little fireside desk, pulled forward a sheet of paper and began to write, remarking:

"It had better be all in my own script. I believe that's the etiquette for notes of the sort."

When he finished and blotted it I was on my feet. As I held out my hand for it he twisted round and stared.

"Is that all?" he asked, and his tone sounded angry.

"Why, yes," I faltered. "I had thought of going out to the college with this. You wouldn't mind, would you? I — if — it's the dull season for business, and I thought I might get some work out there."

With a slow motion he took up the cigar which he had been keeping alight by an occasional puff as he wrote. He sat and smoked with his back to me. It was uncivil. Finally he said:

"If you go around San Vicente College hunting a job, you'd better leave my name out of it."

It came like a slap in the face. Bewildered, I reached forward to put the note down on the desk beside him. At my movement he whirled, but when he saw what I was doing got to his feet and stood drawn up, looking me over.

"My recommendation won't do you any good out there," he had the grace to explain when he saw how he had hurt me. "I'm leaving them. They call it breach of contract — it was only a verbal agreement — and they choose to be very angry."

"Are you going East?" I asked mechanically — not that I had any interest in knowing. Something in the last three minutes had told me that Frank Hollis Dale would never be any further from me than he was at that minute. Half the girth of the globe didn't matter. An inexplicable something had come up that separated him from anything in my world as completely as though I had never known him — and I had no idea what it was. I left the note on the table and was starting to the door when he answered my question.

"Going East? Of course I am. Why would I stay here — when I've got my health back? Ugh — it will be a relief to get back to where there are people with some sense in their heads!" I wondered at the bitter energy of his speech.

"Well," I said feebly, "good-by."

He had faced around toward the mantel, and was setting a framed photograph in place there.

"Good-by," he said, without turning his head. I went out and shut the door.

NEXT morning I could see from my window that there were open boxes and excelsior down by the bungalow porch. While I was dressing I heard hammering from that direction. He had begun the first packing. Somehow it made little difference to me. Even his disagreeable behavior of last night seemed trivial at the side of the question as to whether I could or could not get a place. I was a little sorry I had gone away and left his letter of recommendation. I wondered whether, when he got over his ugly spell — I couldn't yet decide what he had been mad about — he'd be good enough to post it to me. I didn't see why the college authorities shouldn't value his recommendation, even if they were angry at him.

That day was more discouraging than the first. Still I did find one or two places where they thought they could do something for me in the course of a month or six weeks — when business picked up in the fall. I got on the track of a stenographer's place at the Kalama mines, and thought enough of it to run up there and investigate. I found the place already filled. The trip kept me away over night.

When I got into San Vicente, about nine in the morning, I stopped at the Phipps School before going out to the house.

I met Harvey in the hallway. His look in my direction would have been funny if it hadn't been aggravating. He started forward as if he were going to shake hands and try to talk to me; then drew back, scared looking, and finally stood while I went past him. Rather to my surprise I found that Pop Phipps had a day's work for me, so I stayed there.

When I got home that evening I found that Mrs. Eccles had been telephoning me since noon the day before, and had said she would ring up again at five o'clock. It made me uneasy, so that I stayed down in the hall with my hat on, waiting. At five sharp the telephone rang. The first sound of Mrs. Eccles's voice would have told me that something was the matter. She wanted me to come right out to Las Reudas; Boy was sick; and for a while I couldn't understand where he was. Finally I made out that he'd been taken over to the Watkins's.

"Are you telephoning from there?" I asked, and the answer came back quickly.

"No, *ma'am*. I am not at Mrs. Watkins's. I am using Mrs. Pendleton's telephone. My goodness, Mrs. Baird — where have you

been? You want to get out here just as quick as ever you can."

I didn't stop to find how Boy came to be at Delia's, but got straight to Las Reudas. Mrs. Eccles was waiting for me on the street; she had evidently been uncertain as to which route I might take, and stood where she could see me coming from either direction.

"Is he very sick? How is it that he is at the Watkins's?" I asked as we almost ran along the sidewalk.

With a great deal of "I says to her," and "she says to me," Mrs. Eccles began to explain how Delia had been angry about the new orders that Boy wasn't to go there any more, declaring such behavior showed that I wasn't fit to have the child. Boy would run away and go over there, and Mrs. Eccles had fusses with Delia when she went to bring him back. Yesterday he had eaten something there that didn't agree with him. When Mrs. Eccles missed him, and ran over, Delia had already got him into bed, and was sending for her own doctor and for Harvey.

"Her own doctor!" I echoed. "You ought to have called Dr. Rush when you couldn't get me." I ran across the porch to ring the bell.

"There, that's right — blame me!" said Mrs. Eccles, beginning to cry. "I did my best to stop Mrs. Watkins from sending for Dr. Ballard. I told her Jawn didn't need strong medicine. Ballard always gives dreadful strong medicine to children. And I've been telephoning and trying to get you ever since. I've been nearly crazy."

"Well, I'm here now," I said, punching at the bell.

"Well, you're needed. Mrs. Watkins wouldn't listen to a word from me. She'd hardly let me go in the room to see him. Her and Ballard had it all their own way. I know they've given him a lot of stuff; he just lays there like a dead child, and Mrs. Watkins keeps pouring the medicine into him — I know she does."

"I wish I could get a word to Dr. Rush," I said, and jabbed the bell again.

"Why, my goodness! He's right there at Mrs. Pendleton's this minute, if he ain't left. She's got one of her nervous spells, and they can't find Pendleton, and she thinks the sun rises and sets in Dr. Rush."

Delia opened the door to us at the moment. She had on an old bathrobe of Harvey's, her hair pugged up any way, and she looked as if she had been losing sleep or crying.

"Why — Foncie," she said, but she stood still in the door and didn't ask me in.

"I came to get Boyce," I told her without any preliminaries.

"He's asleep now. You wouldn't want to disturb him when he's asleep," she said, still keeping the knob in her hand. It was almost as though she would have shut the door in my face.

"I guess he *is* asleep!" Mrs. Eccles cried, and her voice began to be hysterical. "With all that stuff you're giving him!"

"Run quick and get Dr. Rush," I said as I pushed past Delia.

"Do you want to insult Dr. Ballard?" Delia called after me as I was running up the stairs.

"Yes," I answered, not knowing at all what I said.

DELIA'S own big bed had been pulled out into the middle of the room, away from all draughts. The shades were drawn so low that at first I could hardly see what lay on it — Boy, his eyes rolled up, his face sunken and greenish, grayish white, his whole body rigid and motionless except for the two little thumbs that were moving rhythmically, regularly.

Boy must be dying. I faced that thought during the few moments before I heard Dr. Rush in the hall below. He called to me to come down, and when I stopped half-way on the stairs, he said, looking up at me but speaking rather to Delia who was beside him:

"I can't interfere with a patient of Dr. Ballard's."

"He's not Dr. Ballard's patient," I cried. "I never called Dr. Ballard. I've called you. Oh, come quick — I'm afraid he's dying." That brought Dr. Rush right up the stairs. Delia and Mrs. Eccles came along with him. We all stood around like frightened children. The first thing he said was:

"Phew! Open these windows, and take that dog away." Then, as Mrs. Eccles was gathering Fairy off the bed he added testily, "What in the world did you bring a dog in here for?"

"Ask Mrs. Watkins," she said resentfully. "I didn't have anything to do with it."

"I had the doggie in to see if Jack would know her," Delia defended. "And he did; he knew her perfectly this morning — perfectly."

The shades were run up now; Mrs. Eccles shut Fairy out; and the doctor went across and examined his patient. He asked for the medicine that was being given, glanced at the bottle Delia handed him, sniffed at it and said, "Where's the other one?"

"It's only — there's hardly a full dose of the other left," Delia babbled. "It was only to be given if he was restless. He isn't restless any more."

"No," said the doctor dryly, "he wouldn't be after you'd administered the better part of a bottle of soothing syrup."

"It was not soothing syrup." Delia tried to be dignified. "It's a regular prescription." And she got the bottle from the bathroom shelf.

"Huh," grunted the doctor, smelling its cork, "chlorodyne. How close did you give these doses? When did you begin?"

"Why, last night." Delia's air of authority was giving way. "It worked splendidly; he went right to sleep after the first dose. But he didn't sleep long, and I was sure he needed his rest, and so I — so I ——"

"So you kept on giving it to him. How many times did you repeat it?"

"I don't know. I — just till he slept sound. Dr. Ballard told me not to wake him up to give him medicine, so I — just till he slept real sound."

Dr. Rush measured the distance down in the bottle with a finger and sighed. He evidently made some calculation.

"What makes the thumbs move that way?" Mrs. Eccles burst out uncontrollably.

"Narcotic poisoning — morphine, Indian hemp, and prussic acid, with chloral," said the doctor laconically. "This stuff has all those in it."

At the words "poison" and "prussic acid," Delia screamed and ran out of the room.

"Is he — is he going to die?" I faltered.

"No. We'll pull him through all right. You'll see that he doesn't get any more chlorodyne."

He got out his pocket case and prepared a hypodermic, explaining to me:

"I want to get this caffein into him as promptly as possible — it's an antidote for the opium. He'll sleep — but a good deal more naturally — for some time. Give him all the water he'll take, keep the air in the room fresh. Use a hot-water bag if he's in pain — and telephone to me any minute you need me."

I realized while he was speaking that I couldn't stay there in the Watkins's house and nurse Boy.

"Could he be moved?" I asked.

Dr. Rush threw up his head and stared at me.

"Oh — you're willing to move him?" He nodded. "That's good — just the thing. A rush of fresh air in his face is the very antidote for him. Get something warm to wrap him up in, and I'll take the two of you in my machine right away now."

At that, I said blankly:

"Where shall I go? They won't let me keep him at the Poinsettia."

"You can come to my house," said Mrs. Eccles. "I'll sleep on a cot and give you my bed. I —" But Dr. Rush had already gone down to the telephone. He came back in a few minutes saying:

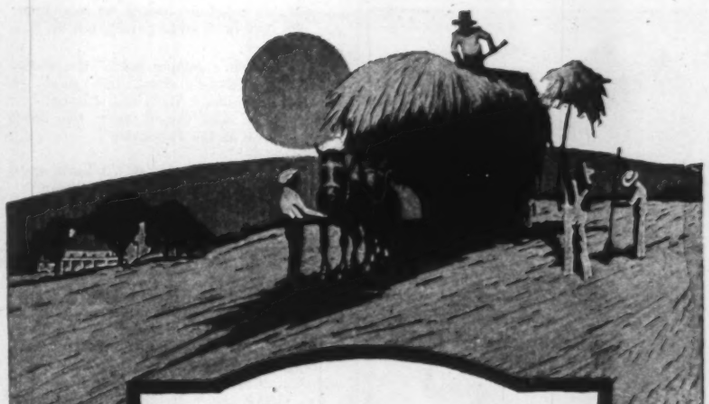
"It's all right. We're going to the Poinsettia."

"Foncie," Delia overhauled us below as we were carrying Boy out wrapped in one of her down puffs. "I feel just awful about the way you're taking this. Hod and I meant so well by the child, and you seem to think ——"

"Oh, Delia —" I couldn't bear to listen longer, "what difference does it make how I take it or what I think? If Boyce dies ——"

"I don't see that it will be my fault." Delia was finally in tears. "We sent for the best physician in town as soon as he seemed to be the least bit ailing. I was up with him again and again last night — and Hod, too. Then here you come and drag him away from the house as if we were murderers, and take him out and jounce him around this way! You'll be the one to blame if — if anything happens."

Dr. Rush put me into the seat of his runabout and arranged Boy on my lap exactly as if we had been alone. Mrs. Eccles had cut across lots to get a bundle of clothes ready for us to pick up as we passed. I never looked to see if Delia was there, though the curt lifting of Dr. Rush's hat told me she was. I hadn't eyes or attention for anything at the moment, for as we drove away the cool air and swift motion roused Boy, and to my



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But that sort of life is impossible for most of us. We hurry, worry, over-eat and under-exercise.

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the machine on one of his turns back and forth through the room, he suddenly stooped, picked up the cover and set it over the keys.

"There," he said with unusual geniality, "I could finish tonight — but I won't quite kill you this time."

"I'm perfectly willing to go on — if you want me to," I offered.

"No, no," he was more smiling than I had ever seen him; I realized how much better he appeared, physically; his color was good now and his eye bright; he looked like a sound, well man. "It's too late for any more work tonight," he told me, as I continued to sit at the machine rather helplessly.

"Is it too late for me to stay a little while?" I began. "I wanted to —" I hesitated for a word and he broke in on me.

"Of course not. It isn't as late as Saturday night."

He was laughing as he spoke, but I saw he rather expected me to say something about my curious call on him. I didn't intend to explain how it happened — Rosalie was right; the less I talked about that the better. A little knot of manzanita roots smouldered in the open fireplace, the two chairs that he and Dr. Rush usually occupied sat in their accustomed places before the hearth. As I remained silent, trying to get my request into shape, Mr. Dale came across, took me by the shoulders and put me into the doctor's chair. It was a kindly, cordial action, and I remember thinking in a bewildered way that he had never treated me the least bit like that before.

"There!" he said. "Are you comfortable? May I take this one — and smoke?"

He got a cigar and established himself opposite me. I sat and stared at him so long that he finally burst out laughing.

"Well?" he prompted; and when I still didn't say anything it came once more. "Well — what do you think of this man — now that you've met him for the first time?"

"I think —" To my own immense surprise I choked so that I couldn't go on. I felt the tears in my eyes, and was desperately anxious that he shouldn't notice. I had had a hard day, and this almost affectionate tone from a person who had always treated me more like a useful piece of furniture than a living creature, upset me. I wanted to pour out a heartful of thanks to him — to tell him what he'd been to me. He just sat there with an unlit cigar between his fingers and laughed at me. Suddenly — and I couldn't have been more surprised if the chair he sat in had taken life and done something of the sort — he leaned forward and picked up my hand.

"Do they get tired?" he asked, spreading my fingers out on his palm. "I look at them sometimes and remember that they've been doing the same thing all day — and I wonder how you can keep it up."

"That's what I wanted to stay and — speak to you — about," I faltered in some embarrassment.

"Oh — it was something you had to speak to me about?" He repeated my words. He remained leaning forward, and he looked even more alert; but he dropped my hand and waited for what I had to say.

"I'm leaving the *Clarion* —" I began.

"Why?" He got up suddenly, reached to the mantel for matches and lit his cigar. "I think you're making a mistake." He threw his burnt-out match in the ashes. He didn't wait for my explanation, but went right on. "Nearly all beginners get the idea they can write because they can appreciate what is written; they do some stuff, their injudicious friends praise it, so they fly off in a great flame of enthusiasm and try to get paid for work before they've learned the a b c of their trade. You're making a mistake to leave the *Clarion*."

"I had no choice in the matter," I said, chilled.

"That's too bad." His tone softened. I saw he thought I had lost my place; well — let it go — what difference did it make?

"So," I got around to it at last, "I wanted to ask you for a written recommendation — if you feel like giving me one."

"I certainly do," he was emphatic, but somehow he had lost all the warmth of manner with which he had put me in the doctor's chair. He seemed to question me with his glance. I wondered what he wanted or expected of me that was different. He turned to the little fireside desk, pulled forward a sheet of paper and began to write, remarking:

"It had better be all in my own script. I believe that's the etiquette for notes of the sort."

When he finished and blotted it I was on my feet. As I held out my hand for it he twisted round and stared.

"Is that all?" he asked, and his tone sounded angry.

"Why, yes," I faltered. "I had thought of going out to the college with this. You wouldn't mind, would you? I — if — it's the dull season for business, and I thought I might get some work out there."

With a slow motion he took up the cigar which he had been keeping alight by an occasional puff as he wrote. He sat and smoked with his back to me. It was uncivil. Finally he said:

"If you go around San Vicente College hunting a job, you'd better leave my name out of it."

It came like a slap in the face. Bewildered, I reached forward to put the note down on the desk beside him. At my movement he whirled, but when he saw what I was doing got to his feet and stood drawn up, looking me over.

"My recommendation won't do you any good out there," he had the grace to explain when he saw how he had hurt me. "I'm leaving them. They call it breach of contract — it was only a verbal agreement — and they choose to be very angry."

"Are you going East?" I asked mechanically — not that I had any interest in knowing. Something in the last three minutes had told me that Frank Hollis Dale would never be any further from me than he was at that minute. Half the girth of the globe didn't matter. An inexplicable something had come up that separated him from anything in my world as completely as though I had never known him — and I had no idea what it was. I left the note on the table and was starting to the door when he answered my question.

"Going East? Of course I am. Why would I stay here — when I've got my health back? Ugh — it will be a relief to get back to where there are people with some sense in their heads!" I wondered at the bitter energy of his speech.

"Well," I said feebly, "good-by."

He had faced around toward the mantel, and was setting a framed photograph in place there.

"Good-by," he said, without turning his head. I went out and shut the door.

NEXT morning I could see from my window that there were open boxes and excelsior down by the bungalow porch. While I was dressing I heard hammering from that direction. He had begun the first packing. Somehow it made little difference to me. Even his disagreeable behavior of last night seemed trivial at the side of the question as to whether I could or could not get a place. I was a little sorry I had gone away and left his letter of recommendation. I wondered whether, when he got over his ugly spell — I couldn't yet decide what he had been mad about — he'd be good enough to post it to me. I didn't see why the college authorities shouldn't value his recommendation, even if they were angry at him.

That day was more discouraging than the first. Still I did find one or two places where they thought they could do something for me in the course of a month or six weeks — when business picked up in the fall. I got on the track of a stenographer's place at the Kalama mines, and thought enough of it to run up there and investigate. I found the place already filled. The trip kept me away over night.

When I got into San Vicente, about nine in the morning, I stopped at the Phipps School before going out to the house.

I met Harvey in the hallway. His look in my direction would have been funny if it hadn't been aggravating. He started forward as if he were going to shake hands and try to talk to me; then drew back, scared looking, and finally stood while I went past him. Rather to my surprise I found that Pop Phipps had a day's work for me, so I stayed there.

When I got home that evening I found that Mrs. Eccles had been telephoning me since noon the day before, and had said she would ring up again at five o'clock. It made me uneasy, so that I stayed down in the hall with my hat on, waiting. At five sharp the telephone rang. The first sound of Mrs. Eccles's voice would have told me that something was the matter. She wanted me to come right out to Las Reudas; Boy was sick; and for a while I couldn't understand where he was. Finally I made out that he'd been taken over to the Watkins's.

"Are you telephoning from there?" I asked, and the answer came back quickly.

"No, *ma'am*. I am not at Mrs. Watkins's. I am using Mrs. Pendleton's telephone. My goodness, Mrs. Baird — where have you

been? You want to get out here just as quick as ever you can."

I didn't stop to find how Boy came to be at Delia's, but got straight to Las Reudas. Mrs. Eccles was waiting for me on the street; she had evidently been uncertain as to which route I might take, and stood where she could see me coming from either direction.

"Is he very sick? How is it that he is at the Watkins's?" I asked as we almost ran along the sidewalk.

With a great deal of "I says to her," and "she says to me," Mrs. Eccles began to explain how Delia had been angry about the new orders that Boy wasn't to go there any more, declaring such behavior showed that I wasn't fit to have the child. Boy would run away and go over there, and Mrs. Eccles had fusses with Delia when she went to bring him back. Yesterday he had eaten something there that didn't agree with him. When Mrs. Eccles missed him, and ran over, Delia had already got him into bed, and was sending for her own doctor and for Harvey.

"Her own doctor!" I echoed. "You ought to have called Dr. Rush when you couldn't get me." I ran across the porch to ring the bell.

"There, that's right — blame me!" said Mrs. Eccles, beginning to cry. "I did my best to stop Mrs. Watkins from sending for Dr. Ballard. I told her Jawn didn't need strong medicine. Ballard always gives dreadful strong medicine to children. And I've been telephoning and trying to get you ever since. I've been nearly crazy."

"Well, I'm here now," I said, punching at the bell.

"Well, you're needed. Mrs. Watkins wouldn't listen to a word from me. She'd hardly let me go in the room to see him. Her and Ballard had it all their own way. I know they've given him a lot of stuff; he just lays there like a dead child, and Mrs. Watkins keeps pouring the medicine into him — I know she does."

"I wish I could get a word to Dr. Rush," I said, and jabbed the bell again.

"Why, my goodness! He's right there at Mrs. Pendleton's this minute, if he ain't left. She's got one of her nervous spells, and they can't find Pendleton, and she thinks the sun rises and sets in Dr. Rush."

Delia opened the door to us at the moment. She had on an old bathrobe of Harvey's, her hair pugged up any way, and she looked as if she had been losing sleep or crying.

"Why — Foncie," she said, but she stood still in the door and didn't ask me in.

"I came to get Boyce," I told her without any preliminaries.

"He's asleep now. You wouldn't want to disturb him when he's asleep," she said, still keeping the knob in her hand. It was almost as though she would have shut the door in my face.

"I guess he *is* asleep!" Mrs. Eccles cried, and her voice began to be hysterical. "With all that stuff you're giving him!"

"Run quick and get Dr. Rush," I said as I pushed past Delia.

"Do you want to insult Dr. Ballard?" Delia called after me as I was running up the stairs.

"Yes," I answered, not knowing at all what I said.

DELIA'S own big bed had been pulled out into the middle of the room, away from all draughts. The shades were drawn so low that at first I could hardly see what lay on it — Boy, his eyes rolled up, his face sunken and greenish, grayish white, his whole body rigid and motionless except for the two little thumbs that were moving rhythmically, regularly.

Boy must be dying. I faced that thought during the few moments before I heard Dr. Rush in the hall below. He called to me to come down, and when I stopped half-way on the stairs, he said, looking up at me but speaking rather to Delia who was beside him:

"I can't interfere with a patient of Dr. Ballard's."

"He's not Dr. Ballard's patient," I cried. "I never called Dr. Ballard. I've called you. Oh, come quick — I'm afraid he's dying." That brought Dr. Rush right up the stairs. Delia and Mrs. Eccles came along with him. We all stood around like frightened children. The first thing he said was:

"Phew! Open these windows, and take that dog away." Then, as Mrs. Eccles was gathering Fairy off the bed he added testily, "What in the world did you bring a dog in here for?"

"Ask Mrs. Watkins," she said resentfully. "I didn't have anything to do with it."

"I had the doggie in to see if Jack would know her," Delia defended. "And he did; he knew her perfectly this morning — perfectly."

The shades were run up now; Mrs. Eccles shut Fairy out; and the doctor went across and examined his patient. He asked for the medicine that was being given, glanced at the bottle Delia handed him, sniffed at it and said, "Where's the other one?"

"It's only — there's hardly a full dose of the other left," Delia babbled. "It was only to be given if he was restless. He isn't restless any more."

"No," said the doctor dryly, "he wouldn't be after you'd administered the better part of a bottle of soothing syrup."

"It was not soothing syrup." Delia tried to be dignified. "It's a regular prescription." And she got the bottle from the bathroom shelf.

"Huh," grunted the doctor, smelling its cork, "chlorodyne. How close did you give these doses? When did you begin?"

"Why, last night." Delia's air of authority was giving way. "It worked splendidly; he went right to sleep after the first dose. But he didn't sleep long, and I was sure he needed his rest, and so I — so I ——"

"So you kept on giving it to him. How many times did you repeat it?"

"I don't know. I — just till he slept sound. Dr. Ballard told me not to wake him up to give him medicine, so I — just till he slept real sound."

Dr. Rush measured the distance down in the bottle with a finger and sighed. He evidently made some calculation.

"What makes the thumbs move that way?" Mrs. Eccles burst out uncontrollably.

"Narcotic poisoning — morphine, Indian hemp, and prussic acid, with chloral," said the doctor laconically. "This stuff has all those in it."

At the words "poison" and "prussic acid," Delia screamed and ran out of the room.

"Is he — is he going to die?" I faltered.

"No. We'll pull him through all right. You'll see that he doesn't get any more chlorodyne."

He got out his pocket case and prepared a hypodermic, explaining to me:

"I want to get this caffein into him as promptly as possible — it's an antidote for the opium. He'll sleep — but a good deal more naturally — for some time. Give him all the water he'll take, keep the air in the room fresh. Use a hot-water bag if he's in pain — and telephone to me any minute you need me."

I realized while he was speaking that I couldn't stay there in the Watkins's house and nurse Boy.

"Could he be moved?" I asked.

Dr. Rush threw up his head and stared at me.

"Oh — you're willing to move him?" He nodded. "That's good — just the thing. A rush of fresh air in his face is the very antidote for him. Get something warm to wrap him up in, and I'll take the two of you in my machine right away now."

At that, I said blankly:

"Where shall I go? They won't let me keep him at the Poinsettia."

"You can come to my house," said Mrs. Eccles. "I'll sleep on a cot and give you my bed. I —" But Dr. Rush had already gone down to the telephone. He came back in a few minutes saying:

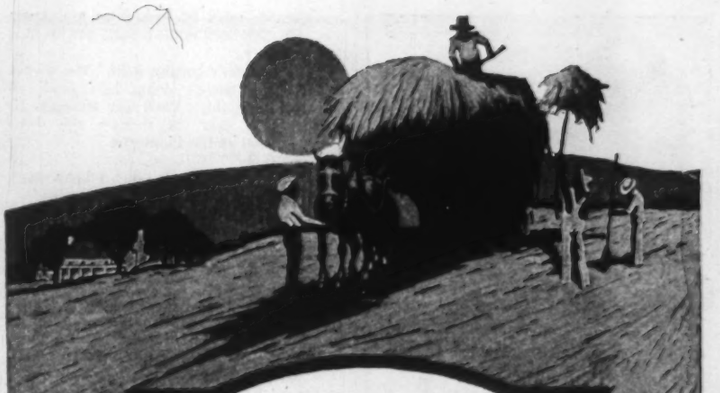
"It's all right. We're going to the Poinsettia."

"Foncie," Delia overhauled us below as we were carrying Boy out wrapped in one of her down puffs. "I feel just awful about the way you're taking this. Hod and I meant so well by the child, and you seem to think ——"

"Oh, Delia —" I couldn't bear to listen longer, "what difference does it make how I take it or what I think? If Boyce dies ——"

"I don't see that it will be my fault." Delia was finally in tears. "We sent for the best physician in town as soon as he seemed to be the least bit ailing. I was up with him again and again last night — and Hod, too. Then here you come and drag him away from the house as if we were murderers, and take him out and jounce him around this way! You'll be the one to blame if — if anything happens."

Dr. Rush put me into the seat of his runabout and arranged Boy on my lap exactly as if we had been alone. Mrs. Eccles had cut across lots to get a bundle of clothes ready for us to pick up as we passed. I never looked to see if Delia was there, though the curt lifting of Dr. Rush's hat told me she was. I hadn't eyes or attention for anything at the moment, for as we drove away the cool air and swift motion roused Boy, and to my



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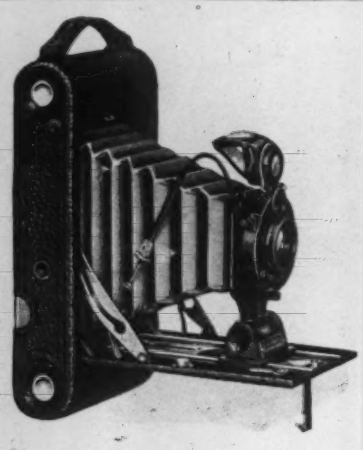

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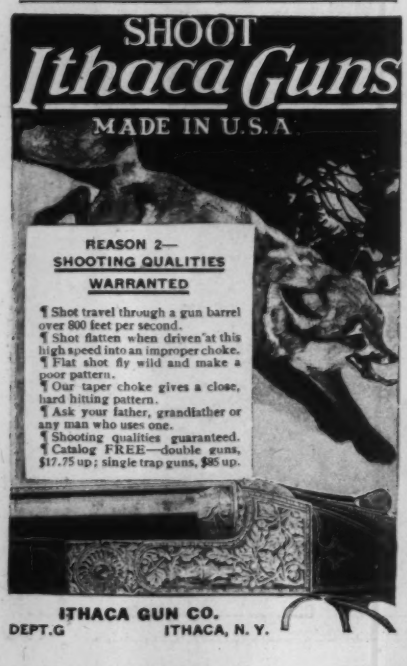

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unspeakable relief he looked up and knew me. He sank back immediately, but his face looked better.

"That caffein's getting hold," the doctor said. "The drive's doing him good. I thought it would. We'll get through all right. Dale said they'd have the room ready for you at the Poinsettia."

"Mr. Dale?"

"Yes, I got Frank to ask. I knew Mrs. Thrasher wouldn't refuse him anything."

He went ahead in silence for quite a while after that. I was studying Boy's little pinched face that seemed to gather some color from the warmth of a wonderful afterglow that streamed on us out of the west. I don't know why I should have said anything to the doctor, but all sorts of things come boiling to the surface at such a time; I found myself telling him first of Mr. Dale's seeming to get mad at me the other night, and then of how good he'd been to me when I was locked out. He listened, asking an occasional question curiously; and I ran on and on about it; I hardly noticed what I was saying. Then Boy opened his eyes again. This time he said, "Muvver," and I forgot everything else in that.

The room was ready for us when we got to the Poinsettia. Everybody was good to me. Miss Creevey brought a hot-water bag, because she said she was afraid I wouldn't have any, and the doctor would call for one. Mrs. Thrasher herself came up to look at Boy and offer help, while the Martins were as upset as if he'd been a relative. It was really like coming home.

Mrs. Tipton sat with me nearly all that first night; Boy didn't need us, but I couldn't have slept, anyway, and we got to talking so that it was after three o'clock when she went downstairs. I got my first insight into the real woman there was in this Virginia lady. Nothing was said between us directly as to Joe Ed, but she told me a good deal about his father, and his grandfather, and how some money had been tied up for him when he was a baby. He would get it now in a few months when he came of age. She hoped it might start him in life.

Money — oh — I could see, that was what Addie and her lawyer were after. Mrs. Tipton knew it, and wanted me to understand, but she made no plea or defense; she was too proud and brave for that. I wondered if she had heard from Joe Ed lately. I hadn't. As we two mothers sat there in the small hours, I looked at my own son, and wished I might be able to do something for her and hers. Addie was gone from the Poinsettia this long time. She was working at the cafeteria in the Cronin Building. I used to see her handsome, sullen face there sometimes.

I could never forget the way Dr. Rush pulled Boy through that terrible dosing — there had been no real illness to recover from. I know it was the doctor's faithful work that put the child on his feet so quickly. It was only three days that he lay there sick in my room. I didn't give much thought to anything else. Dr. Rush came in several times each day, always saying that he just ran in because he was at Dale's anyhow. Mr. Dale himself I didn't see to speak to, though I got glimpses of him from the window. And when the third day came, and Boy seemed about as well as ever, I decided to put my pride in my pocket and get that letter of recommendation before Mr. Dale left. I would try it out at San Vicente College, and if I failed there go on with the child to Hopfields. I left Boy in the front hall with a lot of magazines and a box of colored crayons. As I went out the door I saw Dr. Rush's machine and knew he would be at the bungalow. I was glad. It would relieve any possible awkwardness.

Before I got to the bungalow I could hear the two men's voices, speaking loud — quarreling, it would have sounded like, if I hadn't known their arguments of old. I stopped on the porch — why, surely they were quarreling! As I stood there, question and answer followed each other like an exchange of shots. First Mr. Dale's voice soared out, cold, bitter.

"Well, was it she that thought I'd ask favors for her?"

"Don't make any difference. It's certainly up to you to do her favors. Aren't you under plenty of obligation to that poor thing?"

"Obligations — obligations?" It was a stutter of fury. "Not as many as she'd have put me under — willingly — gladly."

"Don't tell me she ran after you — it's not so," Dr. Rush roared. "I don't meddle with any man's business — but that much I know. Wasn't I here with you evening after evening? Didn't I see the two of you together?"

Could they be speaking of me? I stepped into the room. Mr. Dale was facing the door. His eye went through me as though I had been thin air. He was positively shining with fury. I had never seen him look so handsome.

"I don't know what you call it," he said coolly. "Saturday night she was hanging around my sleeping-porch in the small hours. If that's not so she's here to deny it."

Dr. Rush never looked at me. What a mercy that I had happened to tell him all about that miserable Saturday night! He walked up close to Mr. Dale and said:

"Frank — I'll give you one more chance to do the decent thing. What did she come to you for?"

"At two o'clock in the morning? What would you suppose?"

"Be careful — I know all about it."

"Oh!" Mr. Dale stepped back a little and drew himself up, glaring at the other. "Oh — *you're the man she was out with* — eh?"

"You're a liar!"

Word and blow came together. I had stood flattened back against the wall by the door, helpless, staring; but when I saw Dr. Rush's fist shoot out and Mr. Dale go toppling down in the middle of the floor, I shut my eyes.

When I opened them again he was still lying there, full length, but moving to get up. He hadn't been hard enough hit to hurt him very badly, though I guessed he'd have a black eye from it later, but he'd been caught in such a way that the blow overbalanced him.

Dr. Rush's face was a study. I think he was sorry, but most of all he looked astonished. I ran and got hold of his arm, and he said to me over and over:

"All right. I won't hit him again." Then, as he saw Mr. Dale wasn't killed, "Come — let's get out of here. My Lord — what a fool temper — a doctor, mauling his patients around! Come, come!"

We went as far as the tunnel, and then I had to run back and get his hat. Mr. Dale was gone from the room; I could hear him in his bedroom beyond, bathing his face. I never saw him again.

When I got back to the doctor I found him still so disturbed that we walked up and down the tunnel a few turns. Under the circumstances I asked a question or two.

"Don't you see?" the doctor said. "Dale's the most arrogant devil where women are concerned that I ever knew. They run after him and make fools of themselves about him."

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've seen that, but did you think that I ——"

He didn't let me finish.

"No. You behaved all right, and like a sensible little woman always."

"Then what ——?"

"Oh, it just happened that that monumental egotist in there got to feeling pretty good and would have liked somebody to make love to him. You got him to help you in through the window that night — it suggested the idea that you'd be the one." The red spark of fighting fire had died out of Dr. Rush's brown eyes. He turned his hat in his hands thoughtfully. "The evening you asked him for the recommendation, he gave you the chance — and you didn't come across. I realized the whole situation when you first told me about it. That infernal pride of his would make him say anything to save his face." He looked down at his hands, shook his big shoulders and sighed. "There goes a lifelong friendship — so far as I'm concerned."

To think that I, by miserable chance, should have been the wedge that split such a friendship! I hadn't a word to tell him how sorry I was. If I'd had a camping outfit, I'd have been starting up to the Hopfields district the next morning. As it was, I made up my mind not to be a bit longer than necessary about getting off.

[*To be continued*]

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The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 23*]

"I'm surprised to hear *you* speak like that. I should have supposed that snobbishness would be one of the things you'd be hard on."

"If one is out after big game one can't let oneself be worried by a fly. Snobbishness is not a crime; it's a weakness — like a cast in the eye or a stutter. I don't know anything that will get the better of it more quickly than toleration, and giving it what it wants."

So they talked on through the first few courses of dinner, while the defiance of her manner melted and he himself wondered more and more if Maggie Palliser might not be right. He could easily imagine himself in love with Mary Galloway. He could imagine their marriage. He could foresee the whole housekeeping process as one of ease and delight, while her aid in the social side of the working of a parish would be that of a second in command no less charming than efficient. She knew that aspect of St. Mary Magdalen's better than he did himself, and after all the kindness Dr. and Mrs. Galloway had shown him nothing would be more fitting than that he should become their son-in-law — if he only could.

If he only could! More than once he repeated the words to himself as they talked of literature, society, and ethics, and he noticed how responsive she was to his points. It was the kind of responsiveness a man likes in a wife, with enough opposition to act as a whetstone to discussion, and a flattering common-sense in yielding to conviction. It was supplementary, too, with a promise of that sex-combination which in his opinion should take the place of the sex-competition of modern argument and conflict. If he only could! — and, he reflected, there was no reason why he shouldn't. Time would accomplish it, and propinquity. It was notorious that time and propinquity were the determining factors in nine marriages out of ten. They were the product of hazards and sympathies. Between Mary Galloway and himself there might easily be more than these — if he would have patience and wait.

HE found it pleasant to meditate thus, as the talk played back and forth over ethics, society, and literature, with occasional illustrations drawn from Miss Higgins's reception. At one such reference he had a sudden recollection, leading him to begin with, "Oh, and by the way —" going on to ask if she could tell him the name of a lady of remarkable distinction who had entered Miss Higgins's apartment just after he himself had come away from it. Miss Galloway reflected, mentioning first one and then another, each of whom he set aside in turn as already a personal acquaintance. It was not till he described the costume, the dark-brown velvet, the dark-brown plumes shading, as he remembered them, into green at the tips, with a green lining to the coat that fell slightly open as she moved — it was not till then that Miss Galloway nodded, and said in a low voice:

"Why, that was Mrs. Gildersleeve. Don't you know her? How strange! She's just come back from abroad. She's — she's sitting next to you."

Bainbridge remembered afterwards that his feeling was like that of the spectator of a play at the moment when the outer curtain begins to rise. The time of sitting and doing nothing was coming to an end. There was a sense of approaching drama in the mental air. In the action he would have a part, if only that of an impassioned looker-on.

"She's a great friend of Maggie's," Miss Galloway continued to whisper, "and I believe a kind of cousin. When I have an opportunity I'll introduce you."

He turned slightly, getting a glimpse of a thin, graceful arm resting lightly on the table, with emeralds and diamonds in the bracelet on the wrist, and emeralds and diamonds in the rings on the fingers of a slender white hand. The dress was of green and silver, in which there were shadows and shimmerings as in a woodland summer lake, while more emeralds and diamonds starred the chain that hung round the slim neck and descended below the décolletage. The dark hair was worn in a knot of the simplest fashion, but a comb with an edge of diamonds rose with a rim like a tiara. What he noticed in particular was the decided manner in which she turned to Endsleigh Jarrott, as if anxious to ignore himself.

"But she'll have to speak to me soon," he reflected, when Mary Galloway had been claimed by Reginald Pole, who sat on her right. With the fixed rule of dinner-party etiquette to support him, he knew he could afford to wait.

But she took no notice of his silence and isolation. All round the brilliant oval of flowers and lights, of porcelain and glass and silver, about which twenty persons were seated, there was eagerness and animation, while he was excluded from intercourse on either side. Once or twice Mary Galloway endeavored to draw him into the conversation between Reggie Pole and herself, but with little success. As a matter of fact he preferred to sit waiting and dumb, while his eyes sought the curve of the shoulder so persistently turned away, and the line which was all he could see of the carefully averted cheek.

But his reward came at last. With a sudden lull in the talk Endsleigh Jarrott spoke to the lady on his left, so that the face of which Bainbridge had not yet obtained a glimpse moved slowly into profile. It was a pure profile, high-bred and delicate, with the hair simply parted in the middle, waving over and away from the brows. Nevertheless, she continued to ignore him by smiling across the table, and exchanging remarks with Harvey Colfax and Mary Pole, who sat opposite; but Miss Galloway was watching for her chance.

"Clorinda, I want you to know Mr. Bainbridge. He's a great friend of Maggie's and Leslie's."

Slowly, reluctantly, and under compulsion she turned and looked at him. He remembered afterwards that her expression was as full of undecipherable meanings as a page of a book printed in an unknown tongue.

"So we've met at last," he said easily.

"Yes, at last," she echoed. "I suppose it had to happen some time."

"The wonder is that it wasn't long ago."

Her reply was faint. "Yes, I suppose so."

"Leslie and Maggie speak of you so often," he laughed, "that I'd begun to think of you as a fictitious character — a sort of invisible companion such as children talk about."

The shadow in her eyes seemed to him like that which comes across a pool when a cloud passes overhead. "I've been a good deal abroad." She added, before he could respond to this: "I shouldn't have come home now if war hadn't broken out."

"Do you like it so much over there?"

"It isn't altogether a matter of liking. I've — I've other things to think of. Besides, I've lived so much in England and France that I'm at home in those countries — and in Italy."

"But more at home here?"

She evaded this question. "If I had been able to do any good I should have stayed in Paris. I wanted to. It was dreadful to be told by everyone that there was nothing I could do, when so much needed to be done — and to know they were right."

"Why were they right?"

"For the reason they gave — that there was nothing I could do. I couldn't nurse or sew or undertake anything that someone else wouldn't have done better." Her voice became both eager and wistful, as she went on: "Tell me, how do people set about doing good?"

He was so absorbed in noting that quality in her face which was either experience or sorrow that he would have made some stupid reply if the subject hadn't been one he had long ago thought out. "By living," he answered, mechanically, as he helped himself to something, while scarcely taking his eyes from hers. "I don't know that there is any other way."

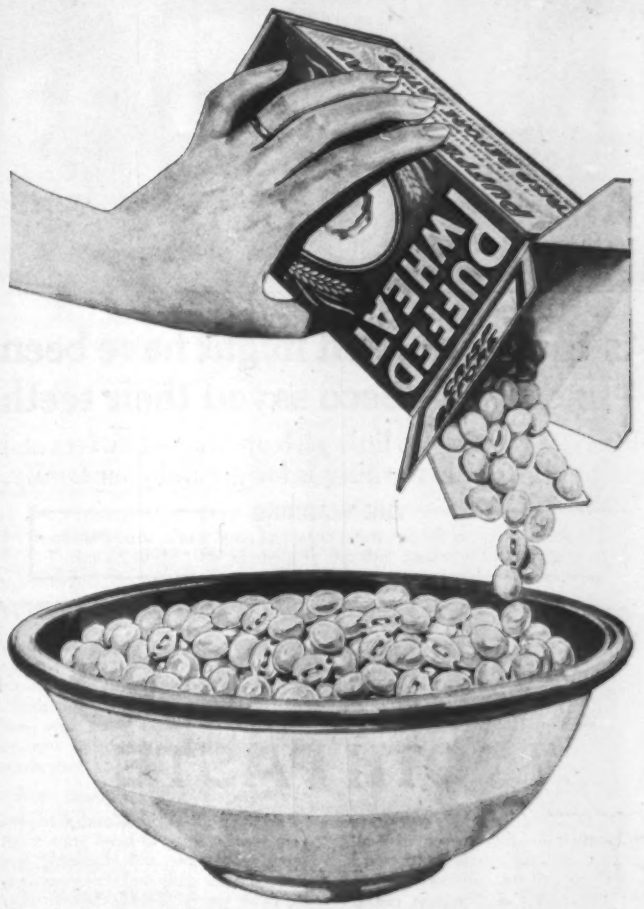
"I don't think you understand me ——"

"Oh, yes, I do. But people don't start out to do good as they might to take singing lessons or to do parlor tricks. You can't say I'll do good from ten to twelve on Tuesday and from two to four on Friday. Fundamentally it isn't a question of how we act, but of what we are."

"Yes, that's like what you said before ——"

"Before? When?" he asked, quickly.

She recovered herself without much display of confusion. "I've heard you preach — not often — but a few times. You said something like it then."



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"Did I? Very likely. I feel rather strongly that it's something we should all understand — and that very few of us do."

The inclination of her head reminded him of nothing so much as that of a lily on its stalk. "And yet it seems to me that if you pushed that theory far enough you'd put an end to all the good work that's being done in the way of social service ——"

He laughed. "Social service, as it's called, doesn't often amount to much — at least a large part of it. It's restless and mechanical and not thorough. I'm afraid it's no more than a fad of the day that will go out of fashion like other fads. I've nothing against it, further than that, in the majority of cases, it ranks with the attempt to grow plants by electric light instead of in the sunshine."

"Then what can one do for others?"

"Nothing that one hasn't done first of all for oneself — or tried to do. A man can't love another as himself until he has first of all learned to love himself; and he doesn't love himself until he has begun to make of himself the best thing possible."

"In that case very few people would love themselves ——"

"Very few people do. What we so often put down as self-love is self-hatred, in its strict analysis. Rightly to love ourselves is a beautiful thing which leads to our rightly loving others. My point is that we can't rightly love others till we know how rightly to love ourselves."

"So that you'd say that the reason why I'm so useless is that ——"

"No; wait," he laughed. "I don't say you're useless ——"

"But it's what I'm telling you."

"And I don't necessarily agree. It doesn't follow that because you couldn't do war work you can't do anything at all."

"Then *what* can I do?"

"You can hardly expect me to tell you that without knowing you better. I'm speaking to you for the first time in my life ——"

She interrupted, hastily. "If you could only *find* something for me to do — either in your church or elsewhere!"

"I've never seen that there was much good in that sort of thing. Believe me, the only enduring and useful work is what one does for oneself — in its extension outwards. When you've got yourself ready you won't have to look far to find an opportunity; but you've got to get yourself ready first. Generally speaking, I think, we turn ourselves on to other people's needs because we don't want to tackle our own; and when we're driven to see the futility of that course we give up trying to do anything."

"And yet my whole object is not to think of myself at all. If I could only forget myself ——"

"A plant might as well try to forget the ground, or a bird the air. Oneself is the most interesting of all subjects — and one of the most legitimate. We can get away from everything but that; and since we can't get away from it, isn't it wise to make the best and the most of it?"

He was sorry that just at this minute Endsleigh Jarrott's good-natured red face could be seen peeping round her shoulder, with the question as to whether Mrs. Gildersleeve had heard what had happened to his big machine when driven by a drunken chauffeur. Bainbridge listened to part of this adventure in the hope of recapturing his companion; but as the minutes went by without any such result he found himself forced back again on the society of Miss Galloway. With a pang he recorded the fact that his feeling at the change was like that of a man who returns to the humdrum of home after a strange and exciting journey.

During the rest of dinner he talked little. He went so far as to drag in Reggie Pole, so as to keep Mary Galloway engaged while he should be free to follow his own thoughts. He wanted to register his impressions of the last ten or fifteen minutes, to engrave them on his memory as ancient historians cut their inscriptions on rock.

Without making the admission in so many words he felt this meeting to be one of the three or four notable events in his experience. It was to nothing said or done that this conviction was due, but to causes over and above his power of analysis. With no one else whom he had ever met in the common ways of social life had he gone so directly to the subjects that formed his chief preoccupation. She had a need to discuss them similar to his own. She had a need to apply them, too, though she was without a knowledge of their rules and principles. While it might be his part to help her to this knowledge he was already aware dimly that his interest in her was essentially elementary and personal.

Beyond intermittent remarks on trivial things he had no further speech with her till the ladies rose. Even then it was not he who spoke to her; it was she who spoke to him, turning as he drew back her chair.

"I've been so glad to meet you. You've given me ideas that are new to me; but I don't understand them all. Perhaps some day we can have another talk." She smiled, too, a dim, far-away smile that was less on the lips than in her unquiet eyes. As if with an afterthought, she held out her hand. "I do hope we shall meet again."

Mary Galloway also smiled, but he was so absorbed in watching the other woman's swanlike movements as she joined the defile of ladies, most of them in sweeping trains, that he scarcely noticed it.

In the smoking-room he tried to attach himself to Leslie Palliser in order to talk of the new acquaintance he had been privileged to make. But Leslie, who wasn't smoking himself, dodged about with a box of cigars in one hand and one of cigarettes in the other in such a way that it was impossible to nail him down.

"Oh, Clorinda Gildersleeve," he responded absently, when Bainbridge detained him a minute to force the subject. "Yes, yes. . . . Saw that Maggie had put you next to her. . . . Mighty nice woman. . . . Yes, yes."

"She struck me as more than that," Bainbridge declared, in the hope of provoking discussion.

But Leslie's lack of interest was apparent even when he said: "Oh, certainly. . . . Quite remarkable woman. . . . Great friend of ours. . . . Wonder you'd never met her before. . . . Lives abroad a good deal. . . . See?"

IN the end Bainbridge found himself wedged in between Endsleigh Jarrott and Rodney Wrenn, listening vaguely to the latter's account of how his mare had been stricken with the staggers, while he watched Leslie's restless movements about the room and wondered what ailed him.

In many ways Leslie Palliser was his most intimate friend, certainly his most intimate friend in New York. They were nearly enough of an age to have known each other at Harvard, where Leslie had been a senior the year when Bainbridge had entered as freshman. Indeed, it had been Palliser's respect for the younger man, with whom he had maintained a touch-and-go acquaintance through the years subsequent to the university, that had induced Dr. Galloway to look toward Boston when in need of an assistant. Leslie's own interest in St. Mary Magdalen's, where he was now a member of the vestry, had begun on his marriage to masterful Maggie Endsleigh, whose family had long been ardent in the parish.

There were people who wondered why Maggie had taken him, and others who marveled that he should have married her. To Bainbridge, on the contrary, they seemed made for each other, if for no other reason than their differences. Leslie had all the outer, exquisite finish his wife had not, a dreamy elusive quality which might have been the mark of a poet rather than of a writer on political economy as he actually was.

If there was a fault to be found with him on physical grounds it was that he was too perfect. A man had no business to be so handsome. It made him look, so Bainbridge chaffed him, like a figurine. The features might have been modeled in porcelain; in the sweep and upward curve of the fair mustache one rarely saw a hair displaced; in the droop of the long eyelashes over romantic gray eyes there was languor and poetry and passion, with all the emotional suggestions that set women's hearts a-beating and stir men's scorn. Evening dress fitted him as bark fits its stem, and his cravat seemed to bloom on him with the elegance of an orchid. When he lectured before business-men's clubs as he often did, and did ably, they said it was like hearing economic statistics and forecasts of new routes of trade from the lips of a Watteau shepherd or a *jeune premier.*

"Poor Leslie! Don't you think his good looks are a burden to him? He tries so hard to be taken seriously, and my husband says that he has just as much chance as a canary to be taken for a crane. What do *you* say?"

Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott asked the question, as she asked all questions, as if it were a burning one, and Bainbridge the only authority in the world who could deal with it. They were seated now in the music-room, where

Leslie was playing a sonatina by Ravel, and had paused in the interval between two movements. Bainbridge was sorry to have to speak, for the doing so broke the spell of strange dreams into which the strange harmonies had thrown him. Since it was necessary to respond he merely said: "He seems to bear up under it."

"Yes, *he* bears up," the lady declared, quickly, "perhaps better than poor Maggie does."

As Leslie ceased speaking to Mary Galloway, who was sitting near the piano, and began on the minuet, it was impossible to say more; but Mrs. Jarrott's last words gave for an instant a new direction to Bainbridge's thoughts. In reality she was the one of his parishioners of whom he was somewhat afraid. He had sat down beside her not from choice but because on the entry of the men she had beckoned to him and made room on a settee against the wall. A Juno in white satin, with a skin which at forty-five was still as rich and as even as cream, she had a manner of appealing to any man who happened to be near her as if she hung on his opinion. Bainbridge had noticed in his own case that if she hung on his opinion it was in a way to involve it with hers, and often to impart a sense of endorsing some subtle calumny.

But with the renewal of the strange harmonies he passed again into his strange dreams, especially as he had Clorinda Gildersleeve directly in his line of vision. Seated in a low chair almost in the center of the room, fanning herself slowly, her train shimmering about her feet, she stirred his imagination to the new questions, to the new relations of men and women to each other and to the world, of which this new music was in some sense the voice. In it emotion was intermingled with interrogation, and passion was restrained by sheer consciousness of itself. It was as far from the triumphant self-assurance of the nineteenth century as from the melodic sentiment of the eighteenth, and was perhaps nearer to life than either because of being more inarticulate, more troubled, more tortured, more eager for the basic and the ultimate. As Palliser played with a dreamy abandonment that made itself felt in the way his slim silhouette leaned back from the piano while his eyes sought the cornice of the room as if looking into far spiritually-peopled spaces, the tones wove themselves in with Bainbridge's hopes and wonderings and desires and became their speech.

It was with something of a shock that in the next interval he heard Mrs. Jarrott say eagerly: "What do *you* think? Wouldn't you simply hate it if you were in Maggie's place?"

He looked blank. "Simply hate it? Why?"

"Oh, don't tell me you don't know. If I had a husband like that, with every third woman in New York throwing herself at his head, my hair would have turned gray long ago."

"But you haven't a husband like that," he managed to say, as with a pang of envy he watched Harvey Colfax saunter up to Mrs. Gildersleeve for an exchange of joking remarks.

"No, thank God! And I sometimes fancy that dear Maggie wishes she could say the same. What do *you* think?"

The subject was new to Bainbridge, and slightly disturbing. "I've never thought anything about it ——"

"Well, I would if I were you. You see so much of them both ——"

"That's just it; and I've never had the slightest reason to suspect ——"

"Oh, men never do suspect till the thing is right under their noses," she declared, passionately. "It isn't what one sees, it's what one knows."

"Do you know anything in particular?"

She drew herself up with dramatic haughtiness. "Do you think I'd betray it if I did? I'm not talking scandal — to you of all people. I only want to be reassured."

"If you want me to tell you that Leslie and Maggie are perfectly happy ——"

"I want you to tell me they're not putting up a bluff."

"They're not, as far as I can see. I've never thought of such a thing."

She sighed and smiled as if playing to a gallery, rolling her tiny brilliant eyes. "Then I'm *so* relieved. You'd know if anyone would; though I don't suppose that anyone *can* know beyond all doubt. What do *you* think? Can Maggie expect to hold a man like that ——?"

"Isn't it a sufficient answer that she does?"

She seemed to tear at her heart. "Ah, but does she? Tell me frankly now. You'd know if anyone would, and I want your real opinion. If you'd seen the way they were married! Dear Maggie, with her will and her size and her money, simply swooped down on him, like a typhoon on a schooner, and swallowed him up. Poor Leslie was wooed and married and before he knew what he was about. He hadn't a penny — as I suppose you know. Dear Maggie swept him off his feet; but whether she'll keep him off them, now that he's got more of a position in the world, is another matter. What do *you* say?"

He found himself relieved of the necessity of answering this question by the fact that Leslie again stretched out his arms to the keyboard, and with head thrown back, and that air of searching vague, spiritual places, began on the last movement. But the strange harmonies now stirred Bainbridge's imagination to a new variety of strange thoughts. Without crediting Mrs. Jarrott's insinuations, or attaching to them more importance than they deserved, he found it difficult to dismiss them. When, therefore, he sat alone with Leslie and Maggie, after the other guests had gone, he looked at both with a wonder for which the word suspicion was scarcely too harsh a term.

NEXT month the drama moves forward at a rapid pace. The reader first learns of Pansy Wilde and her tragic story. Bainbridge accidentally stumbles upon a shameful piece of gossip in a slanderous "society" sheet, and is horrified that it touches upon the lives of two of his friends.

They were still in the music-room, where Leslie had returned to the piano-seat, after escorting the last of the ladies to the door. Mrs. Palliser and Bainbridge had already dropped into two of the comfortable chairs, grouped carelessly near the instrument.

"What did you think of Clorinda?" she had asked, at once.

He had answered truthfully. "I thought her wonderful."

"Wonderful in what way?"

"Oh, in every way. She's so — so amazing."

It was then that Palliser came back from his task as host, catching the last words. "Who's amazing?" He put the question sharply and nervously, and yet with a metallic laugh. Slipping into the piano-seat he struck a loud, harsh chord or two, before adding: "Who's Arthur raving about now?"

"Clorinda. I put him next to her," his wife answered.

Palliser pounded out a few more chords, breaking into a snatch from *Tristan*.

"I'm not raving about her," Bainbridge protested, "but I found her unusual."

"That's why I wanted you to know her," Mrs. Palliser explained. "If Mary Galloway won't do ——"

Palliser snatched his hands from the keyboard, and turned fiercely. "For God's sake, Maggie, let Arthur manage his own affairs."

"That's what I want him to do — with a little directing."

"Can't he direct them himself?" he asked sharply.

Her loud, frank laugh was the more boisterous because of her irritation in being called to account.

"Can you, Arthur? Do you want me to drop out?"

Palliser's hands strayed into the fire-music. "What on earth can he say? Do you expect him to tell you to mind your own business?"

The leaping, crackling quality of the phrases he seemed to whip out of the piano rendered only the more nervous the laugh by which he tried to tone down the annoyance in his words.

Warned by the flash in his hostess' eye, Bainbridge sprang to his feet, saying as he did so:

"Maggie is minding her own business when she's minding mine. Aren't you, Maggie? It will be a pretty cold day when I don't turn to you as a constitutional monarch to his prime minister."

Going forward he leaned on the piano, where Palliser was now running into some-

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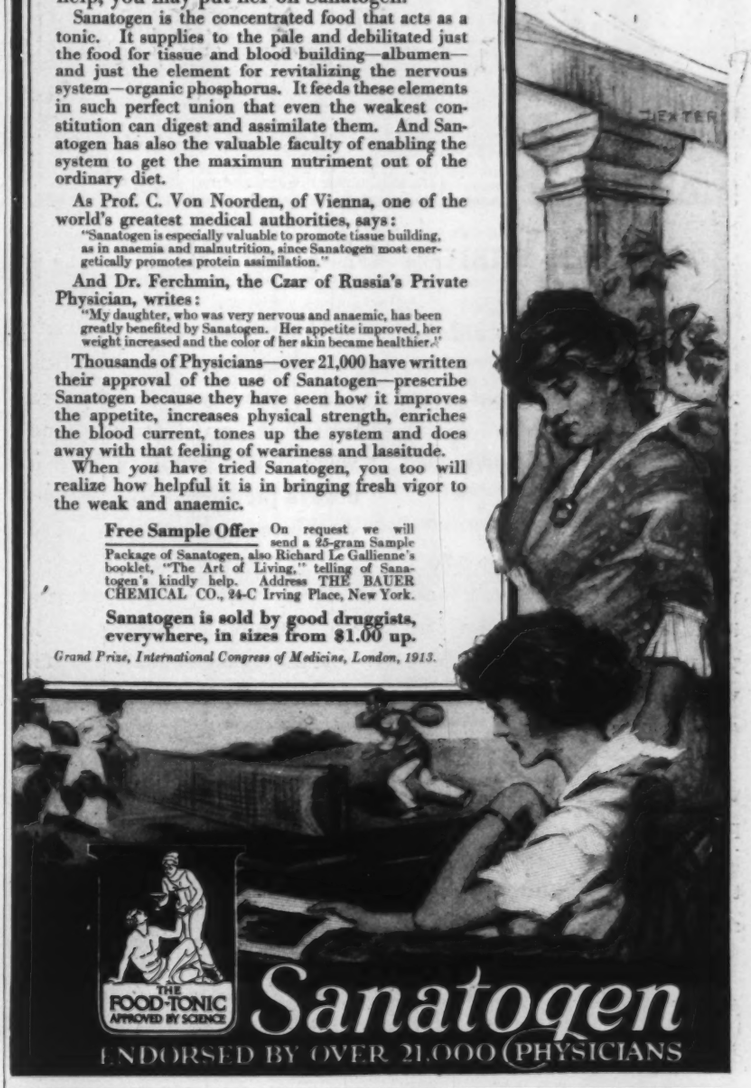

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Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly — always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water — then with cold — the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

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thing else. "What's that squizzling thing you're playing, Leslie?"

Palliser said it was Debussy's *Reflet dans l'eau*.

Bainbridge looked round at his hostess, but shook his head sidewise in the direction of his friend. "What's the matter with him? He's been like that all the evening."

Rising also Mrs. Palliser went forward. Above her evening-dress of pale blue silk her face was unusually florid, but the impulse to anger had passed. Standing behind her husband, she brushed her hand lightly over his head. "Poor dear," she said, softly; "it's Clorinda. He doesn't like her."

"Doesn't like her?" Bainbridge demanded, quickly. "Why not?"

Mrs. Palliser had got back her noisy jolly voice:

"Oh, you must ask him that. *I* don't know." She bent till her red cheek touched his hair, while she murmured tenderly: "All I see is that whenever she's round he's cross and naughty, and wants to say horrid things to his poor old mumsey-wumsey wife, who adores him."

While his right hand continued to find the keys Palliser raised his left, and drawing up the fingers that rested on his shoulder he touched them with his lips. And yet it seemed to Bainbridge that the romantic eyes continued to search the dimness about the cornice of the room, as if seeking the things that were realities.

[*To be Continued*]

BLIND MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER
From the original by Munkacsy, in New York Public Library

The Vision of the Blind

"Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Was the spirit of prophecy upon John Milton when, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, he dictated those words to his daughter?

Did the "blind poet" have a vision of the millions of telephone messages speeding instantly over hundreds and thousands of miles of wire spanning the continent?

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On the News of Her Demise

By Adelaide Hughes

[*Mrs. Rupert Hughes*]

THE WOMAN FRIEND: "No more motor rides!"
THE HAIR-DRESSER: "I wonder if she wore her fringe?"
THE SISTER-IN-LAW: "What will be done with all her wonderful clothes?"
THE NEIGHBOR: "And she wrote me such a beautiful letter when my mother died!"
THE MAN: "Dare I send flowers?"
THE DRESSMAKER: "I must put that bill in to the Estate at once. I can sell the last three dresses to Mrs. ——."
THE JEWELER: "And I'd almost persuaded her to buy that brooch!"
THE GRANDMOTHER: "*He'll* never do anything for us."
HER FRIEND: "I must send to the family for that silver vase I loaned her when she gave her tea."
A RELATIVE: "I'll send twenty-five dollars' worth of flowers; that ought to be enough."
ANOTHER SISTER-IN-LAW: "He should give me her sapphire ring; I did more for her than anyone else did."

Wasted Childhood

[*Continued from page 35*]

This was, of course, a last minimum. But a variety of other investigations were made by other men, many of them to show the words a child naturally acquired and used; and incidentally, which of these were really difficult for a child to spell — so that he could be drilled in them. The investigators have established that spelling can be taught, and taught much better than it ever has been, with the cutting off of about three-quarters of the words now commonly given in the spelling books and the schools — *and concentrating on the rest.* Recent Boston experiments show that 2500 words should be ample for teaching the children of the elementary grades.

The Old Burden of Grammar

THE third great tradition of the old school was English Grammar, and on this historical stronghold the attack of the new school expert is now growing very savage. Our schools had in the past, and still have in cases, as high as four years' training in old-fashioned grammar. It is held by Mr. Flexner and many others that this work of formal Grammar can be given up entirely — that all that is needed in the way of rules for forming English can be taught in the practice of its use. While other critics do not go so far as these, there is general agreement that a great part of this dullest of all children's studies must soon be cut out of our schools. And as a very moderate estimate of what must go can be quoted the list of subjects, of which the expert studying the Kansas City Schools recently proposed to relieve the mind of the ten or twelve-year old child there:

Exclamatory sentence, Interjection, the Appositive, the Nominative of Exclamation, the Nominative of Address, the Objective Complement, the Objective used as a Substantive, the Adverbial Objective, the Indefinite Pronoun, the Classification of Adverbs, the Noun Clause, Conjunctive Adverbs, the Retained Objective, the Infinitive (except the split infinitive) Mood (except possibly the subjunctive of "to be"), the Objective Subject, the Participle (except the definition, and present and past form), the Nominative Absolute, and the Gerund.

Did this kind of knowledge ever do you any lasting service?

The Dead Colonial Schoolmaster

A SHORT glance at this list,— all of which you probably once knew — will show you how useful it has been to yourself in letter writing; and what probable value it will have for your child. It is, as a matter of fact, the excess mental baggage piled up on modern generations by the traditions of dead ones — carried by that national tradition carrier, the school-teacher.

If you merely examine these courses yourself it is clear enough what type of mind originated them. It is no living school-teacher that dominates our "grammar schools" today in these main courses. It is the hard old shade of a seventeenth-century theorist of education — the dead Colonial schoolmaster of the American provinces. A child to him is merely a diminished man, clothed outwardly in the reduced pot hat and black clothing of the Rollo books. For in his theory all life is adult and practical. For him the normal goal of man's ambition is simply Business. And his own ideal finished product — you will see from the information with which he stocks them — is the old school bookkeeper and merchant — that grandest of indoor animals, which became extinct with the old-time counting-room, following the panic of 1857.

The Things That Are Lost Forever

IT is the child — what he can do and when, and what he could finally grow to, that is the center of the modern educational expert's interest, and not an a priori theory. And the child, according to the modern view, is not a little man, as our ancestors are continually telling him that he must be, but a very different thing. The child is not a mind; he is a small and active body of senses and muscles. So while he is studying these courses made for adult brains, your child is losing very critical years. He is a very different thing from us adults — a changing, ripening creature, very capable of certain special instruction — far more so than you are, or than he will ever be again; specially

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fitted for the instruction of the training of the senses and muscles. The proper time for this is very limited. And then, when it is gone, it is gone forever.

Take language, for example. For this, the child is a kind of animated phonograph, recording and reproducing sounds almost automatically — something that he will never do again. And so in Europe, schools take advantage of this special gift of childhood and catch it before it goes — a thing our own schools seldom do. In Holland, an extreme example, children are given a talking knowledge of five languages by the time they are sixteen years old.

Now, the fact that we Americans are always studying foreign languages and never learning them is a commonplace, almost a characteristic of the country. And the one great reason for this is very simple; it is merely because we do not start to teach them at a time when they could naturally be learned. In our schools your child has lost its time for really learning any foreign language — probably forever.

But whether a child should be taught a foreign language at all in the public schools is perhaps a question. Whether he needs four is certainly doubtful, though very ordinarily, in our high school, we try to teach him three. And so the loss of the chance of another language at this time may not be serious, though final. The same thing may be said about the opportunities of enjoyment which come for the foundations of music, normally laid at this time, if at all. All these things perhaps are too little practical for ordinary learning, but a great and very serious loss comes in another and more practical way.

The grandfather of your child, and his thousand grandfathers behind him, were taught out-of-doors the training of the eye and ear and hand, which — as Dr. Eliot shows — has always been the normal education of the young human animal, and always will be. From it he had the practical instruction which led him into his life as a farmer. And upon it were based the sound and independent habits of thought, which have distinguished all pioneer countries, our own included. Your child has lost the opportunity for this. He must have some substitute for it — if he is ever to be an independent, thinking individual, making his own judgments from his own sensations; and not a mere cold-storage warehouse of dead facts. And if he ever has such training, he must have it at this time of life — the time that his senses and his muscles are still capable of training.

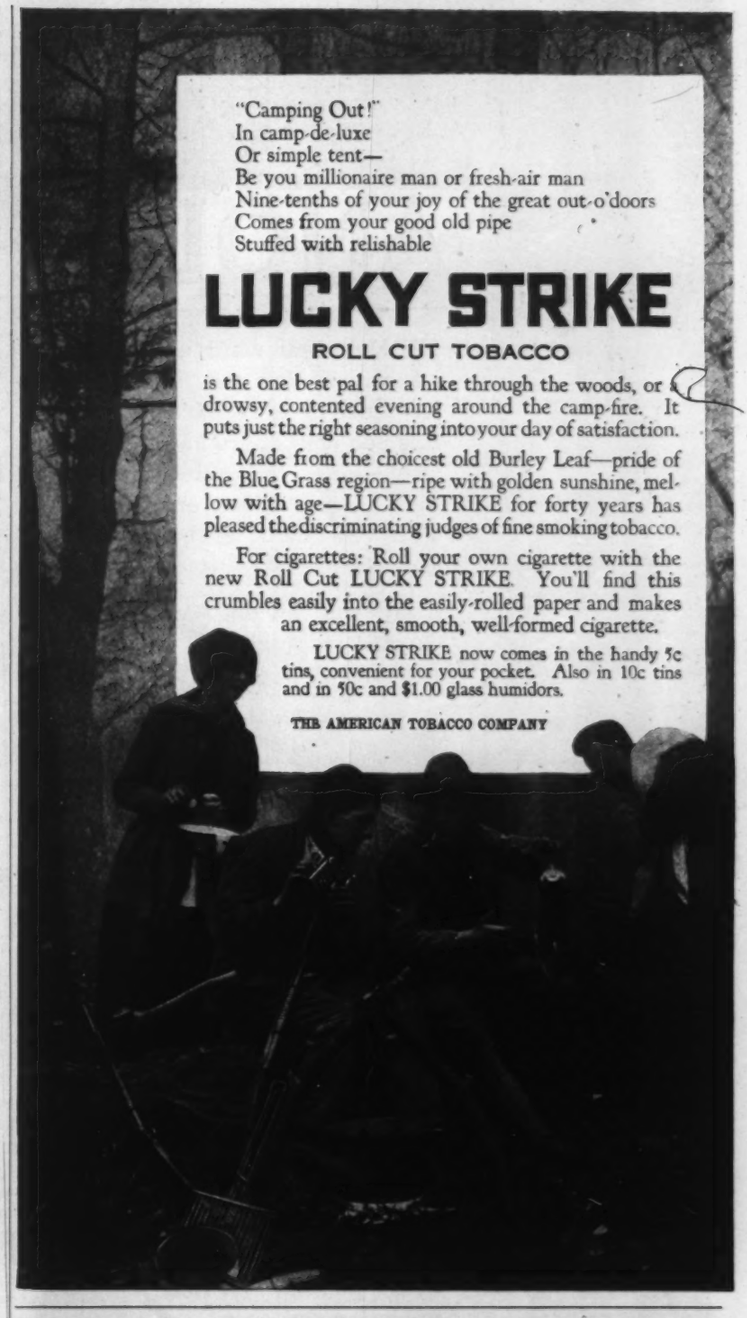
Certainly no one would say that modern life is less definite or exact in its requirements than the life of the savage or the farmer that preceded it. As a matter of fact it presents everywhere, by selection from its various industrial processes, the best possible methods for training the hands and eyes of children in the way they should be taught. Both Dr. Eliot and Mr. Flexner agree that such training should begin here early in the elementary schools.

Yet it is not merely for this training — important as that is — that this is urged. And not at all for the mere preparation for a particular trade. But because such exercises as these furnish the foundation, more than any other thing, for what does not exist at all today in this country — a definite connected modern education, starting somewhere and leading definitely into modern life — leading, in particular, to some sound actual understanding of the thing, upon which all our life is founded — modern science. Work along these lines — even if only very primary — should give every American child at least the basis for a sound understanding and outlook upon modern life.

But this outlook and training he never gets in the huge majority of cases in this country. For now, at the end of this "Grammar School," or before it, four-fifths of the children of our public school pass out into the great tragedy of modern life — "the Blind Alleys," of Modern Industry — entirely unprepared and untrained for what is coming to them.

The Ghost in the High School

WHEN you reach the boundaries of this particular time, the fortunate fifth of the children — your child among them probably — goes on to the next department — the High School. He is free at last from his Colonial schoolmaster — that purely characteristic American ghost. But now he graduates immediately into the hands of another and far older shade — the medieval monk who has controlled the education of



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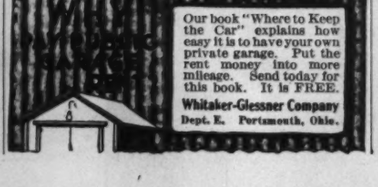

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all western civilization for the past five hundred years.

This particular ghost in our American education is a much more familiar spirit than his predecessor. And the way he came to rule is very common knowledge. He took his power, of course, from the time, a half century before the discovery of this country, when Constantinople was finally lost to European civilization; and the arts and sciences of the ancients were passed down to us through the Renaissance, in the languages of Rome and Greece which had produced them.

This fact and how the dead studies have been perpetuated by tradition to this day is generally understood. But we have not realized to what an extent this obsolete influence still controls; nor just where it is most powerful; that today, in fact, it finds its chief stronghold — not in colleges, but in the training of the general public's children in the high school.

This, of course, is not the general belief. There has been in recent years, as everybody knows, a large increase in the courses of commercial and manual-training in high schools in the greater cities. But if you take the country as a whole, the work of high schools does not show the change in this connection which appears on the surface. In 1910, the United States Commissioner of Education made an examination of over one thousand high schools of the country to find out just the percentage of all the students who appeared in different study courses. The five studies with the greatest number of pupils were, in the order of the pupils which they had: English Literature, Algebra, Rhetoric, Latin and Geometry.

Now of these five, the first four differed very little. Each had in it about half the pupils of the school. The fifth, Geometry, had a little less than one-third. All this was on the plain basis of the number of students in each study. Concerning the probable time given to the two exercises in English, compared with that required for the three dead studies, anyone who has experienced the comparative mildness of the English courses can act as his own judge.

These four studies ranked by themselves in the number of students they enrolled. The only other study near them was German, which took in less than one-quarter of the pupils of the schools. And though, at any one time, only one-half of or one-third of the pupils of the schools were taking any of these first group of studies, yet that meant, of course, that sometime in the high school, nearly all of the pupils were studying it.

Still more than this — and very different from what you think — the proportion of the pupils taking Latin, Algebra and Geometry had not decreased but in every case had increased quite largely in the twenty years from 1890 to 1910. Since 1910, when these figures were available, there has been very likely some arresting of this tendency, but, if any, it is far less than generally believed, and the fact is, at the present time, that the high schools of the country are still in control of the same old medieval monk who perpetuated ancient learning in the middle ages throughout Europe. In the American colleges, as a whole, he has been deposed quite largely by the elective system which gives the student choice of studies. So he finds his chief remaining kingdom in the high school.

It is there, naturally, that the modern expert is now attacking him, and the assault by Mr. Flexner on this antique education, based upon its own statement of efficiency, is a sharp and conclusive one. It must, he argues, be of value, either for its transfer of actual knowledge or as mental training. He then goes on to demonstrate that it is neither.

"We know that a large percentage of the better students of these subjects," says Mr. Flexner, "try the college entrance examinations, and that for these examinations many receive special drill in addition to the regular teaching. Now, in examinations held by the college entrance board (the general examining agency for the colleges of this country) in 1915, 76.6 of the candidates failed to make a mark of 60 per cent. in Cicero; 75 per cent. failed to make a mark of 60 per cent. in the first six books of Virgil, every line of which they had presumably read and reread; 69.7 of those examined in Algebra from quadratics on failed to make as much as 60 per cent.; 42.4 failed to make 60 per cent. in plane Geometry. . . . It is useless to inquire whether a knowledge of Latin and mathematics is valuable, because the pupils do not get it; and it is equally beside the mark to ask whether the effort to obtain this knowledge was a valuable discipline, since failure is so widespread that the only habits acquired through failing to learn Latin and Algebra are habits of slip-shod work, of guessing, and of mechanical application of formulae not themselves understood."

It is not necessary for Mr. Flexner to convince those of us who have had these dead studies of the waste of training by failure in them. As in the kindred matter of alligation and aliquot parts, it is only necessary for us to search our memories for these studies, now grown dim to the point of vanishing.

They can simply be added — in the most favorable view of them — to that continual accumulation of wasted time, which has been piling up for your child since early in his "Grammar School" days.

BUT it is not the mere waste of time which is of most consequence to you or to your child — nor even the necessary dulling of interest, which goes with this type of schooling. It is the education of value which should have been had outside of it. In the "Grammar School" your child has lost, never to be regained, the natural education of that period; and with this the chance for the first foundation of an actual continuous education. The main question now is, does he here in the high school get the education which must be given him in this one place, or never?

Now in some studies, you will find, the child gets more time than he formerly did — and probably better instruction — in various branches in English in particular. In two modern languages — French and German — he is doing more than he was twenty-five years ago. But he never does retrieve his earlier loss of opportunity in the "Grammar Schools," and practically never — as the European schoolboy does — acquires any practical reading or speaking use of foreign languages for his later life.

In the sciences the situation is the same. Not only can there be no retrieving of the lost opportunity of the earlier schools, but here again the normal opportunity of the period is wasted. Here, in fact, the situation is still worse.

We have generally believed that for many years the teaching of the sciences has been on the increase in our public schools. And in the greater and more advanced cities this is so. But it is not so with our high schools as a whole. By the same figures of the Commissioner of Education made in 1910 for our high schools — by which half of the pupils were engaged in taking algebra and Latin, and a third in taking geometry — less than one-sixth were taking physics and zoölogy, and only one-fourteenth were taking chemistry. Not only that, but in all these, and in the less commonly taught sciences, there had been a very marked decrease in the proportion of the high school pupils taking them during the previous ten or twenty years. The dead hand of the medieval scholar, who rules American high schools, was not getting weaker, but stronger.

So the thing is not changed at all in high schools. It is a mere repetition of the process in the Grammar School below — exaggerated. The hand of tradition still forces on our children there still more obsolete studies that they do not need, and will not take; still keeps away from them the essentials of the modern education we all know today that we should have.

Now there have been, of course, as many theories of education, almost, as human minds; and almost as many disagreements and criticisms. But the present situation in the American public school is a plain fact. And the new investigation of it has come in the form of a collection and understanding of plain facts. It is a matter also — with the present information at your command — which you can decide on perfectly for yourself, within your own experience, and the experience of your child.

After twelve or thirteen years, say, your child comes back to you again, from the pub-

NEXT MONTH. *An important article in Cleveland Moffett's new series, "How to Live Long — and Love Long;" also "Shopping for Motors," by James H. Collins.*

lic school. What can you know about him? You can be confident, in the first place, that he is a year or two older than he should be, and, in the second place, that his primary education was better, and better taught than yours was.

You can be sure, then, that, starting after this, he has wasted a great amount of time and energy — as you did before him — in the accumulation of antique knowledge, never fully acquired, and almost immediately lost.

And you can be sure that while doing this, he has lost—probably forever—very valuable knowledge and training he might have had—the practical use of any foreign language; the practical knowledge of the machinery of ordinary life; some clear understanding of the main principles of modern science, which every human being now alive should have.

Your child, or yourself, of course, may be an exception in one or another of these particulars. For some reason he may not have lost the time, or some special knowledge which our public schools take from their average pupil. But, whatever he may have done, he cannot escape the final and worst danger of our public-school system — the summing up of all the rest. For you may be sure that, since his leaving their first grades, he has had, in the strict sense, no education at all.

For an education is not a mere acquirement of facts; but a definite shaping process, that starts somewhere and moves somewhere, developing the mind of the pupil as it grows. And the American school system now starts at a very definite point on very useful and valuable ground and then, wandering confusedly, ends nowhere in particular — outside the boundaries of the modern world.

Here is the great main indictment of the American public schools — in the estimate of their final net results. Any general condemnation of the details of their work would be unjust. In their buildings, and their teaching forces; in their methods, and the quality of their teaching of what they are called upon to teach, they are not only excellent, but continually improved. Yet the results, after all, are the matter of consequence. And as it stands, it might be fantastic, but it would be in a great measure true, if there should be cut above the entrance of their doorways: "Lost here: American Childhood, eaten up by ghosts."

For the trouble with our schools, as Dr. Eliot and Mr. Flexner both point out, is very clear. It is simply the dead hand of tradition which now rules their courses. And it is not simply one tradition, or two, with us. All nations have their own national ghosts in their education; but we — in this new country — have accumulated all the ghosts there are. We have grown our own traditions on our own soil, and we have adopted those of Europe; we have taken over the classical tradition of the dead language and mathematics; in our higher education, we have taken the English University tradition, and piled the German University upon it.

It is perfectly clear what must be done. Dr. Eliot and Mr. Flexner have both shown it. The entire public-school system must be reorganized from the beginning up. We must discard, not one, but all traditions; and build up from the first a real education — starting somewhere and going somewhere; taking the modern child, by steps natural to its development, into modern life. We must establish finally the "Modern School" recommended by Mr. Flexner to the General Education Board.

The difficulty is: who will do this? If it was one change or several that was necessary, it would be easier. But what must come in this is the entire reorganization of our whole school system — along an entirely different line. It will be resisted, naturally, by every interest and person connected with the existing tradition which now has control. And where will there be any central body to work out such an absolutely new institution as a "Modern School?"

The General Education Board may do so — taking up the suggestion of Mr. Flexner, —in a kind of a laboratory school. The work of the various bodies under the National Education Association is now moving in this direction. There are many hopeful movements in the schools themselves for efficiency and common-sense — especially the new efficiency standards and experts working in different large cities. And it may be that in the next ten years we shall see this modern school. But until that time, the greatest and most disastrous loss to the resources of this country will be — as it has been for many years—the silent and unnoticed waste of American childhood, which is taking place today in our public schools.

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"Dictated, but not Read"

[*Continued from page 36*]

has undergone within the last two years a series of figurative dynamite explosions. The whole organization has been drilled full of blasting holes, and every week or two there has come the thud of something doing.

The chief blaster is the new head of the house — a man trained in another establishment who was brought over, at a salary of $75,000 a year, to get the brakes on a business that was traveling backward; and then to start it up the grade again.

One of the former members of this organization was a telephone girl sometimes addressed by facetious clerks as Redtop.

"We had been paying her fifteen dollars a week," said the new president, "but I have no doubt she cost the house hundreds of dollars a week."

Here is one little echo of the vanished Redtop:

CUSTOMER (*on the wire*): I want to talk to So-and-so.

REDTOP: What's your name?

Customer gives name, which Redtop doesn't understand.

REDTOP (*impatiently*): Spell it!

Customer spells. The name is that of a long-standing customer, who naturally thinks that even the telephone operator ought to know him. But Redtop has never taken any interest in the customers' lists, and, somehow, it has never occurred to any of the sales executives to insist on a broadening of Redtop's knowledge of the business.

REDTOP (*with increasing hauteur*): Don't get you!

Customer spells laboriously.

REDTOP (*breaking in*): What is it you want, anyway?

Customer hangs up receiver with a bang, and gives his order to another house.

The girl who is now doing Redtop's work gets twenty-five dollars a week. She was selected after quite a group of girls had been tried out and found to be temperamentally unsuited to the task. She is a good deal of a business woman, and an important part of her work is to study, in a systematic way, the activities of the company; and, especially, to know the names of the people who do business with the house. Like the paying teller in a bank, her knowledge is expected to be instantaneous. Above all, this new executive — for executive she really is — must bestow over the wire that subtle personal touch that strikes the friendship chord.

"We have made a careful analysis of the inflection of the voice, and of the construction of sentences to be used over the wire," said the president. "This new girl never says, 'What's your name?' or 'Who are you?' or 'Talk louder.' She is trained to used the diplomatic form always. She must strike the balance nicely and not over-do it; but the person calling must be made to feel that the obligation is on the side of the house, or that questions asked are not intrusions. In a little while we are going to pay this young woman a still higher salary. She counts big for us."

IN other words, this girl presides as telephone reception manager. Did you ever stop to think that the telephone gateway to a business is one of the most important?

But Redtop was not the only one in that business who lacked the personal touch. Inside the various gates were scores of people who conducted their varied duties with the atmosphere of "dictated, but not read." Clerks would often go into the manager's private office and listen to funny stories, while customers waited outside. And the stenographer to the former president was one of the chief offenders. It often happened that callers came to see the president and found him out. Under the old régime, a pert office-boy simply said, "He ain't in," and the stenographer, sitting there at her desk in the outer office, went on hammering the keys as if the affair were not hers.

The new stenographer to the new president is trained to the theory that a caller at the office is a guest, and that she herself is a sort of social secretary. She comes forward with a graceful word of regret that the president is out. Will the caller wait, or is there some message he desires to leave?

"People tell me the girl is a wonder," said the new chief executive; "but she isn't any more of a wonder than the well-bred woman you meet in a private home. It is only when you see her among the crudities of the average business that you marvel at her. But she is adept enough to make us many important friends."

In the modern hotel of the higher class you get this personal touch as you seldom do in the average run of other business. Why this quality should be so emphasized in hotel work, and not in other lines, is not quite clear. It has come to be such an inseparable part of the game of hotel management, however, that a hotel would lose caste immediately if it dropped back to the provincialism of so many stores and offices.

There is a certain ticket-office in New York that is operated on the plan of "dictated, but not read." You get no personal service or diplomatic welcome when you go there to pay in your cash. The ticket sellers are not salesmen, like the hotel clerks. There is none of that magnetism of personal touch that gives one the feeling of being appreciated. Perhaps it may be a foible of mankind to want appreciation, but it is a foible that the true salesman capitalizes.

WHILE riding in a Pullman smoker on another line one day I met a New York merchant who gave me just a glimpse into this lack of personal service.

"I bought a ticket in New York," he said, "for a point more than a thousand miles away. The clerk who sold me the ticket was busy flirting with a stenographer, and, as I was in great haste, I was considerably annoyed. However, I got the ticket, and that night I departed on my journey. While sitting in the smoking-compartment that evening, talking with my fellow passengers, I discovered that I could have saved more than six dollars on my transportation if, instead of purchasing a straight ticket, I had got a certain combination of tickets and mileage. Since my route covered two lines of railroads, the possibility of this combination had not occurred to me.

"Now it looked to me as if that ticket clerk up in New York ought to have told me this, instead of taking my order by rote and going on with his flirtation. At any rate, he didn't earn my good will, which was worth *more* than six dollars, as the sequel shows.

"I arrived at my destination and registered at a hotel. Soon afterward I found in my box an agreeably worded note from the local passenger agent of a railroad that competed with the one I had patronized. Evidently my name had been taken from the hotel register and the note sent out as part of an advertising campaign. Still, it was not a circular, but a personal letter. The passenger agent invited me to travel homeward via his line, assuring me of the most thoughtful and courteous service.

"My grouch against the other line was still on when I got ready to go home, and, remembering the unusual letter, I made up my mind to go back that way, provided I could save six dollars by getting the combination transportation.

"I dropped in to get my reservation, and, being curious to know whether the 'thoughtful and courteous service' was merely a myth, I laid down on the counter the full price I had paid for the outward trip. You see, I was all primed to open up on the clerk the moment he seized my cash.

"Well, it was one on me.

"'You can save six dollars by getting combination transportation,' said he.

"And that is why I always take this road; that's why I'm traveling on it today. These people make you feel that they want you."

In other words:

Dictated, *and* read. There is somebody watching — some trained salesman higher up who has an angle on personal touch.

The trouble in so many instances lies in the fact that there *isn't* anybody watching. The men lower down are scarcely to be blamed. The atmosphere of a business emanates from its heart, and there must be instruction in personal-touch salesmanship before it will be practised.

There is a certain retail store, of considerable size but for a long time a stranger to prosperity, which within a few months has begun the building up of a new policy. The management has awakened from its lethargy and is resolved to create, through the selection, training and elimination of employees, that subtle but concrete thing called atmosphere. It has been studying the problem first-hand in stores where personal-touch salesmanship has been made a true art.

"The Chair That Whispered"

is the first of a series of delightfully told stories about "Our Square." In them Samuel Hopkins Adams introduces the interestingly "Bohemian" characters who live a real village life in the heart of New York. Read this first idyl of "Our Square" in the August 26th issue. Others will follow at regular intervals in

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

416 West 13th Street
New York

This store has been what might be called, aptly, a House of a Thousand Stings.

For instance, the store had a clerk who had the knack of jabbing little verbal pins into his customers. "My friend," he would say, with condescension, "the goods you want have been out of date for a year."

So little vision did he have on this delicate subject of personal diplomacy that he could not understand, when finally the matter was taken up with him by the management, why there was anything offensive in addressing a customer as "my friend." Nor could he perceive that it might nettle a customer to be told that his ideas were antiquated.

Even the executive dealt in stings.

The manager of the Complaint Department, for one, stung a good many people every day when he sent out his acknowledgment of kicks. This was simply a printed line on a postal-card, without pretense of personal touch back of it, and with absolutely no hint of regret. To a customer who had already suffered an injury, this incivility was little short of an insult.

Executives sometimes have less vision than their employees have on the psychology of human contact, and do things that affect the profits ten or a hundred times as much as the little stings of the men lower down.

"The credit man for Blank & Company makes at least a dozen enemies for his house every day by the destructive method he uses in rejecting applicants," said the head of a very large credit department. "He simply sits on them. Over here, we take the constructive method, which is psychologically right. We aim to give the applicant an inside glimpse into the success of this house and the success of merchants who deal with us. We want him to do business our way, so that we can have him in our band-wagon. Usually he goes away with something to think about, and he isn't merely nursing resentment against us. He can come back to us at any time without hurting his pride — and you would be surprised at the number who do come back and show themselves to be acceptable according to our standards."

The difference seems to be a matter of touch. The skilful salesman knows well enough how vital a factor is personal touch. Even the expert canvasser uses psychology. Instead of going from house to house and inquiring if "the madam" is in, he first gets the names of the people who live in the houses; then he finds out something about them. The deft touch he bestows at the beginning of an interview is often the wedge into a sale.

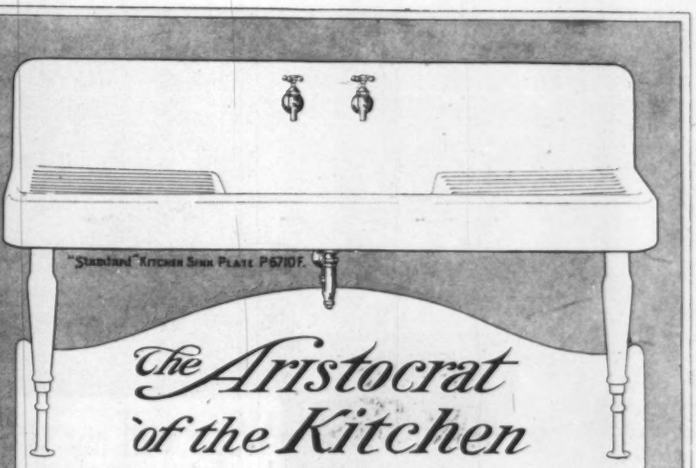
Road salesmen in general have more or less conception of this kind of psychology, and handle their customers and prospects accordingly. Sales managers, in turn, make a study of personal touch in handling salesmen. Numerous campaigns have been worked out on this basis, and extraordinary results achieved simply from handling men psychologically right.

The same thing is true with labor. The capable superintendent is, in fact, an expert salesman. He knows that a man in an agreeable frame of mind will do more and better work than the man who is disgruntled or angry. Therefore he projects himself into the mentality of the men under him and looks at the thing from their standpoint. Thus he discovers the things he must do and say. An American contractor, long experienced in manipulating large gangs of foreign workmen on railroad and heavy construction work, has made something of a study of Slavish and Polish conventions, expressions and ideals. When the work lags or conditions act unfavorably on the men, he can always quicken their endeavors and improve their spirits by going among them with humorous references to the things that appeal to them.

The experts who installed Scientific Management in the works of a steel plant found much difficulty in getting the common laborers to follow the radically changed scheme of things — such as shoveling ore and coal. By appealing shrewdly to the sense of humor in one or two obdurate leaders, the battle was won. This Scientific Management expert was merely a salesman. He sold his proposition through the force of his personal touch.

So are we all salesmen, no matter what walk of life we are in. Every man has something to sell to other men.

NEXT MONTH: "Shopping for Motors," by James H. Collins, to be followed by other articles by Mr. Collins, Mr. Woolley, and the other McClure authorities on business problems — Frank Goewey Jones, Lincoln Steffens, C. P. Connolly, Waldemar Kaempffert and Cameron Mackenzie.



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New Faces for Old

[*Continued from page 19*]

critically comparing the prize-winning blossoms entered by her husband's gardener with those entered by neighbors and professional nurserymen.

Then a certain Monday morning when only one of a famous octet of beautiful young girls reported for rehearsal. A long-suffering stage-manager growled:

"This always happens when Harry Thaw comes to town. They all go shopping. To the devil with these Pittsburgh millionaires."

And they had done just that thing—the seven of them with the young spendthrift in their midst, advising, suggesting and settling the saleslips.

Only the one little girl came to rehearsal, slim, quiet, demure, dressed in soft gray, with her mother as usual in attendance! She had the trick of following the stage-manager's orders. She went home directly after each performance. While the rest of the octet flaunted their cheap maids, usually colored girls whom they called "honey," she was served by her quiet mother. Her stage frocks were always immaculate and in perfect repair. Her face bloomed out of them like a pale pink rose.

> MRS. RICHARDSON'S *articles on the theatre will continue throughout the Winter, keeping the McClure readers up-to-date on all that counts in the world of footlights and celluloid.*

The fact that she had been chosen to understudy the principal singer did not increase her popularity behind the scenes, and her co-beauties took a distinctly feminine satisfaction in discussing the good health and vitality of the star. Indeed it did look as if Miss Rosebud would never have her chance. Then sudden bereavement in the star's family circle kept her home from one matinée. The patient, hard-working chorus-girl showed what she could do for one performance only. When the curtain fell that afternoon, everyone behind the scenes knew that her chorus days were over.

This spring I saw the same flower-like face rise smilingly above the same delicate colorings of pink, blue and green, the same shapely feet twinkling through a light dance, but outside the theatre her name glittered in electricity — Julia Sanderson.

Go to the theatre, the horse show, the dog show, the automobile salon — it's all one. You'll find them everywhere — the one-time beauties of the chorus, the old faces that have made way for the new, and not lost a jot or tittle by the transaction.

Some jolly young chaps who did clerical work in a manager's office sought their lunch where "beans *and* ——" came cheap because of indifferent service. One day the director of a new musical comedy was bewailing his inability to find the tall, slender blonde needed to fill a certain group of chorus beauties.

"You ought to see the Swede who spills our coffee at J——'s," suggested a daring youth behind a typewriter. "She'd make your whole bunch look faded."

Without a word the harassed director strode down to the lunch-room for a look at the "blonde wonder." She could not fill an order correctly. She could not speak English intelligibly. Her face was devoid of intelligence.

But her figure was Venus brought up to date, her features, ankle and wrist were patrician, her hair of spun gold. The director brought her straight back to the office and gave her a contract. She never learned to speak lines, to sing, or to dance. But she could wear handsome gowns and pose wondrously while a comedian sang about her. And she would look down at her audience as if they were mere grains of sand. She never developed mentality, and on the road the girls who shared her dressing-room took turns at the ridiculous task of dragging her to the depot on time for their trains. But she married the heir to an English title, who recently died for his country.

History repeats itself on every stage — new faces for old — but the old remain beautiful and carry their owners to success of one sort or another.

Billie Burke's personality lifted her from the chorus to stardom. Beautiful Elsie Ferguson mounted to distinction from the same corner of stage-land. Irene Fenwick, who has been featured in various A. H. Woods productions during the past few seasons, admits that she used the chorus as her entering wedge to the legitimate theatre. Mrs. Frank King Clark, a prominent teacher of singing, belonged to the famous Henry W. Savage singing chorus. Other charming women who were on the Savage chorus list are Minna Schwartz, now the wife of the humorist, "F. P. A.;" Helen Hale, who is married to William Hodge, the comedian, and Jean Cadducci, who married Lee Higginson, Jr., a Boston millionaire.

The widow of that admirable writer, Richard Harding Davis, served an apprenticeship in the chorus before she became known as Bessie McCoy, the dancer. Edna Goodrich left the beauty line to marry Nat Goodwin. Miss Frances King, one of the most successful vaudeville agents on Broadway, resigned from the Shubert chorus for a business career.

"New faces for old" — and the man who holds all records for discovering the new ones is F. Ziegfeld, Jr. Tell any stage-struck girl that she is good looking, and her thoughts travel to F. Ziegfeld, Jr., and his "Follies" as surely as the sun will rise out of the eastern sea.

Sometimes Mr. Ziegfeld goes gunning for personality as well as pulchritude, for talent as well as girlish beauty. You will see him in the cabarets and the burlesque theatres, deep sunk in his seat, studying some "youngster," word of whose abilities has traveled to the door of his office.

A few seasons back, his press representative telephoned that Mr. Ziegfeld had "found" a young girl worth an interview. She had done a "bit" in the annual "Follies" which had created some talk, nothing sensational, but she had the makings of a big hit. Mr. Ziegfeld had seen her step out of the chorus in a burlesque show to give a quaint imitation of a Hebrew child being shown off by an adoring mother. I found her sitting in a dark corner of Mr. Ziegfeld's office, plainly dressed, wan of face and still showing the effects of one-night stands and poor food.

"What are you going to do now that you have this fine salary?" I asked. She was then getting about fifty dollars a week. She looked past me — through the sunny window, over roofs of hotels and business blocks, and drew a long deep breath.

"I'm agoin' to the Park every day an' watch the squirrels as long as I like."

There was her ambition — the Park, green trees, deep breaths of air such as never penetrated her tenement home, or the factory where she passed from childhood into adolescence, or the evil-smelling theatres and hotels set apart for burlesque people.

The other night I watched her give an artistic imitation of Theda Bara, "vampire of the screen," in the beautiful New Amsterdam Theatre. Her frocks were unmistakably of upper Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. And after the show:

"Well, I suppose you've rather lost interest in squirrels and walks in the Park. What sort of a car do you drive?"

And Fannie Brice, with the familiar crooked twist of her thin, expressive lips answered:

"Me — a car? Not today! You know how it is when you have folks ——"

"New faces for old ——" and behind the family beauty, the child of genius — there are always folks!

Speaking of F. Ziegfeld, Jr., and his beauties, it is strange that a few other Broadway managers who are forever talking about hard times on the road, the captious public and its uncertain taste in things theatrical, do not take a leaf from the Ziegfeld book. It's never a bad season for Ziegfeld's Follies. They play forty-eight weeks out of fifty-two, and every week is a winner. In every city, be the run nine weeks or three nights and a matinée, the house is sold out before the show arrives in town. At the end of the season they hold the box-office record in three-fourths of the theatres visited.

Managers say: "Oh, don't talk to me about decent plays, clean plays. Look at the

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THE GRAIN SHIP—John Kendrick Bangs, when Editor of Harper's Magazine, accepted this story against a storm of disapproval in his editorial department. The story as first published in Harper's created a sensation in magazine circles. No description of the plot of this story would do it justice. It must be read to be appreciated as one of the few really great short stories written by an American author.

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Follies. Turn 'em away. Why? Because it's a clean show? I should say NOT!"

It is about time Broadway stopped crediting the success of the Follies to salaciousness. Compared with plays like "Common Clay," "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer," the book of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1916 deserves a place beside "The Golden Treasury" and "Familiar Quotations" on the sitting-room table. The dressing is daring — it always is — but it is not half so suggestive as the lines in the average vaudeville act or the captions of a moving-picture sex play.

The Ziegfeld Follies draw record-breaking audiences and coin money for their owner because he keeps faith with the theatre-going public. So far as human strategy can accomplish the miracle he sends his temperamental principals on the road tour. He pays his chorus beauties more than they deserve to separate them from Broadway. He brightens up his production for the road as most managers beautify theirs for Broadway. He keeps the costumes clean and crisp, and there is no cutting of songs or dances to make early trains. He has educated his public to believe in him. The name of F. Ziegfeld, Jr., on a bill-board anywhere between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, is worth just what the name of "John Burke, Treasurer of the United States," is on a silver certificate. When a few Broadway managers sit at the feet of Mr. Ziegfeld to learn this short but useful lesson, they will win back the "road" — and not until then.

McClure's Fall Theatre Guide

Successes of Last Season on Tour

Musical

ZIEGFELD Follies of 1916 — up to usual standard of music, dancing, and girls; exceptionally beautiful scenery by Urban.

"The Passing Show of 1916," best summer production offered at the Winter Garden by the Shuberts, in many seasons.

"The Blue Paradise" — ran three hundred and sixty-five performances in New York. Cecil Lean surrounded by a mediocre company. Music delightful. Book weak.

"Alone at Last" — pleasing music by Franz Lehar; indifferent book.

"The Cohan Revue 1916" — best satire George M. Cohan has ever turned out, admirably produced; three hours of solid fun.

"Sybil" with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian, and Joseph Cawthorn — best vehicle yet supplied by Charles Frohman Company for these excellent players. Goes on tour at conclusion of early Fall run at "The Empire."

"Pom Pom" — Mitzi Hajos at her best, beautifully staged by Henry W. Savage.

Montgomery & Stone, in the biggest success of their successful career, "Chin Chin."

Dramatic

"Justice" — John Galsworthy's remarkable study of injustice to first offenders, with John Barrymore offering the best acting of his career.

"Hobson's Choice" — amusing Scotch comedy; Molly Pierson in principal rôle.

"Just a Woman" — typical Eugene Water melodrama supposed to depict the making of a Pittsburgh millionaire.

"Hit-the-Trail Holliday" — George M. Cohan in more or less serious mood.

"The House of Glass" — melodrama of the poor working girl jailed by mistake.

"The Great Lover" by the Hattons and Leo Ditrichstein — cleverest comedy of opera life behind the scenes ever written; beautifully played by Mr. Ditrichstein, excellently produced by Cohan & Harris.

"Potash & Perlmutter in Society" — another dramatization of the Montague Glass stories. Packed Lyric Theatre for months.

"Common Clay" — sordid story of a servant girl and a rich young idler. Ran entire season at the Republic Theatre. Without Jane Cowl and John Mason in their original rôles the play will be commonplace.

Mrs. Fiske in her diverting character study, "Erstwhile Susan."

David Warfield in a revival of "The Music-Master."

"The Cinderella Man" — comedy of optimism and sentiment. Shelley Hull, as the embodiment of youth, gives a performance which no theatre-goer should miss.

"Fair and Warmer" kept New York laughing a year. Francine Larrimore in the rôle played on Broadway by Madge Kennedy.

Many other attractions are promised out-of-town theatre-goers. Some may be worth seeing. Others, with the Broadway cast practically eliminated, will be decidedly unworthy.

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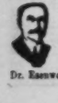

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How to Live Long — and Love Long

[*Continued from page 27*]

a great age by the same means, although born with a weak constitution and a victim of many illnesses.

"One of the most effectual methods," we read in the Oracle of Health (1837), "which a wise man can pursue in order to obtain the blessing of a green old age is to begin at fifty to lessen his daily sustenance of meat and drink. . . . If proper light and wholesome food, such as is easily digested, be taken *in the smallest quantities that can prevent the anxiety of hunger*, the kindly chyle drawn from it will keep the whole mass of the blood cool, thin and sweet longer and better than any other method of diet."

I must remark here that, while we shall require resolution in striving for the longevity prize, it is well not to attempt or promise too much at the start, lest we soon become discouraged and abandon our effort altogether. Let us go slowly, easily, as in learning a language—*j'aime, tu aimes, il aime*—one little thing at a time and presently—*voila!*—your waist line has come down three inches and you are reading Victor Hugo in the original.

I am thinking of my own modest start, about two years ago, towards a suitably ordered plan of life. Being fifteen pounds over weight and feeling "tired" most of the time, I laid out for myself the following easy program:

(1) No butter.

(2) Half as much water. I had been drinking about three quarts a day.

(3) No sugar in coffee.

(4) Two simple abdominal exercises every morning.

(5) As much golf and walking as possible.

I decided on this after reading various health and longevity books (that, by the way, is a thing to do — go to the library and browse through this fascinating literature) and after consulting the teacher of a physical and mental culture class which I was fortunate enough to join at this time.

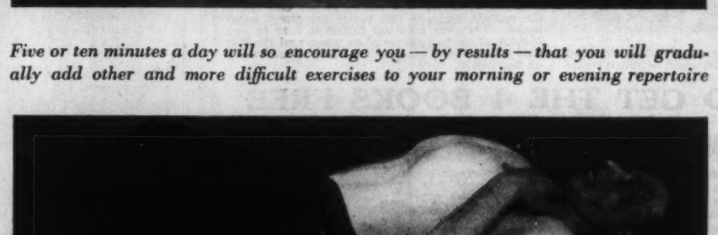
It is astonishing how easy it is, contrary to the general notion, to change habits, to form new ones or to abandon old ones, if we go about it in the right way. My teacher showed me the right way and, within a week, I found myself caring as little for butter or sugar as for the allurements of tobacco which once had held me in strong mastery. Within a month I had lost ten pounds.

This was the beginning of my abstemiousness plan which developed as I learned more about foods and as I began to take a legitimate pride in results. Each person must work out his or her own plan of abstemiousness according to his or her own ideas and needs. Some will decide upon a very light breakfast, a few upon no breakfast at all; some will reduce luncheon to a minimum while a few will dispense with luncheon; some will reduce the starches, some the sweets, some the meats and fats. And many will wisely consult an expert (possibly a doctor) before deciding what they will do or will not do, and before fixing the details of their food regimen. It is certain, however, that all who take this subject seriously will have *some* regimen, some carefully considered plan of food wisdom or food abstemiousness, *for this is the greatest law of longevity*.

The second great law of longevity, and it is of almost equal importance with the first, is that we must give our bodies regular and sufficient exercise, the character and amount of this exercise depending upon our individual tastes and needs. A very limited diet naturally goes with a less vigorous exercise plan, whereas a man who devotes several hours a day to energetic sports or to work in the open air will need an ample food supply. It is a question of giving the body as much fuel as it can conveniently burn, in connection with certain activities, and no more. The more a man eats the more he must exercise. On the other hand, if he uses up much bodily energy in his work or play he must replenish that energy with food. It is evidently foolish for a busy man to take twice as much exercise as he really needs merely to the end that he may eat twice as much food as he really needs. By exercising half as much and then eating half as much, he can protect his health just as well and save time — if he will only do it.

The first of the abdominal exercises spoken of can be done anywhere and under any circumstances. I often do it while sitting at my desk, while lying on my bed, while walking along the street. It consists in pushing the abdomen down and out rather sharply as far as it will go, holding it there hard for a few seconds and then drawing it up and in as far as it will go and holding it hard there. Five minutes' work a day at this will so strengthen the usually weak and flabby muscles of the abdominal wall that you will before long find yourself naturally standing and walking with the abdomen drawn in tight as if you had a strap round it, which indeed you have — a strap of life-saving muscles that you have made vigorous and that now will work in your interest at squeezing away harmful abdominal fat. If you could be present, as I have been, at the dissection of some portly citizen and see how this fat, chunks and layers of it, interfered with his vital organs and, doubtless, shortened his life, you would appreciate this exercise. And you would soon take a pride in massaging your own abdomen with your own abdominal muscles, and would find yourself doing this at all sorts of odd moments with the very best results.

The second abdominal exercise is even more effectual, not only in removing fat but in stimulating all the internal organs. It is done in light costume seated cross-legged on the floor or on a mat or mattress. In this position, with hands resting on the knees, throw the abdomen forward as far as it will go and straighten the head and shoulders, then draw the abdomen back as far as it will go and hunch the shoulders forward. Repeat this five or ten times; you will find it perfectly easy. Then push the abdomen slowly to the left as far as you can, then slowly to the right as far as you can, swaying the shoulders in the opposite direction. Repeat this exercise five or ten times.



Five or ten minutes a day will so encourage you — by results — that you will gradually add other and more difficult exercises to your morning or evening repertoire

Now combine these movements into one very slow abdominal grind — forward — to the right — back — to the left — holding the muscles tense all the time and keeping the abdomen as far out as you can on the outer edge of a circle that it describes in rotating around an imaginary vertical axis inside the body. *Do this grind very slowly and very tensely* so that it takes five or ten seconds to make one rotation. Then reverse and do the same grind in the opposite direction. Do this five or ten times each way and see what a fine glow you will be in.

The advantage of some simple little exercise plan like this at the start is that you will probably keep to it, if you are in earnest, whereas you will almost certainly neglect an elaborate and more adequate plan. And even five or ten minutes a day will so encourage you — by results — that you will gradually add other and more difficult exercises to your morning or evening repertoire; for instance, the rather spectacular stomach roll (shown in the photograph on page 26) which will make you puff and steam, or the "head stand" (page 27) with legs alternately arched backwards and curled down close to the chest for the immense good of your kidneys and to ward off danger of apoplexy. You must not hope to accomplish these two, however, until both your ambition and your physical powers have been considerably quickened. In subsequent articles I shall refer in detail to more advanced bodily exercises, the present point being to get a general view of the subject and to make an easy start.

A third and important longevity rule tells us that we must work actively at some calling and must continue to work as the years pass. All life is based on movement and, by not moving, we prove our uselessness, our unsuitability for life's purposes. Vitality grows out of action. To rest is to rust, to die, says the sage, and all human experience bears him out in this.

"Work is restful to the body," declares one authority. Inaction, idleness, and the constant pursuit of pleasure is simply paralysis of life, and soon develops premature old age."

In his extensive work on "Modern Methuselahs," John Burn Bailey reaches this conclusion: "The great majority of men and women slowly kill themselves by indolence."

"But suppose we do not want to work?" someone cries in vexation. "Suppose our tasks are hateful to us? Suppose the one thing we long for in life is to get away from the drudgery and slavery of work? Then what?"

To this cry of millions of earth's toilers the answer is that there is no worker who cannot, if he will, by a right attitude of mind and by wise action, rise above his work, whatever it may be. There is no worker who cannot fight to make himself a *better* worker and to gain better working conditions for himself and for his fellows. It is the loyal fight that matters, and to thousands of embittered men and women in all classes of society it may be said that, if they had done *more* working, *more* fighting, they would grasp the wisdom in the French philosopher's words, "*Un peu de travail ennuie, beaucoup de travail amuse*" — a little work is wearisome, much work is amusing.

Amusing? Yes. Work may become a glorified play, an absorbing passion, the only worth-while thing in life, if we concentrate on it with sufficient power of mind and clearness of purpose. We must care enormously about the results of our work, for it is this *caring* that strengthens our vital forces and makes us live longer. The great men and women of the world have always been dauntless workers, even in their advanced years.

Gladstone was eighty-three when he swept the opposition from Parliament and became Prime Minister of England. Alexander von Humboldt worked with unflagging industry and accuracy at the completion of his colossal work, the "Kosmos," until he was

Rug on floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 308. The 9x12 feet size sells for $11.00. A Congoleum Rug Border pattern is also shown around the sides of the room.

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3	feet x 3 feet	$ .65 each	6	feet x 6 feet	$2.60 each
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3	feet x 6 feet	1.30 each		Two-piece Rugs	
4½	feet x 4½ feet	1.50 each	9	feet x 12 feet	$8.00 each
4½	feet x 6 feet	1.95 each	10½	feet x 12 feet	9.00 each

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This reduction comes to you in spite of the fact that due to the war, the costs of production and material, especially paper, have gone higher and higher, and the end of the increased costs is not in sight.

At first it was advocated that, instead of granting the annual September reduction, we return at once to the former McClure price of 15 cents the copy, $1.50 a year.

The act was postponed for two reasons:

First, because McClure's is protected for a few months longer by a contract for paper made before the war.

Secondly, because McClure subscribers have come to expect our annual September "rock-bottom" offer, and we have resolved not to disappoint them until the most urgent necessity compels us. By subscribing early you help to diminish the flood of orders that congest our offices during the last months of the year, and this co-operation entitles you to special consideration.

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McClure's is a $1.50 a year magazine—reduced under special circumstances to $1.00 a year. Unless all signs fail, increased costs will force the price back to $1.50 a year. If, however, you mail the coupon at once—by September 30th at the latest—we will book you for a three-year subscription to McClure's at the rate of 83⅓ cents a year, protecting you for three years against all increases, giving you the magazine at a substantial saving and at almost half of what you will pay if McClure's returns to its former price.

Bear in mind that this saving is offered you at a time when McClure's is giving more value to its readers than ever. The Lifted Veil, by Basil King, author of The Inner Shrine, the great serial now running, is but a sign of the rich things in store. The next years will be McClure's greatest years.

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Remember that this is practically a $2.00 saving on your subscription; remember that on September 30th the offer closes; remember that, aside from the big saving, it is easier to send in $2.50 within 30 days than to send in $1.50 yearly for three years.

Be among the few thousands of thrifty fore-sighted buyers who make this saving. To do so you must order now. Mail the special "save-money" coupon in September. Better still—put it in the mails today!

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eighty-nine. Sir Isaac Newton at the age of eighty-four (within three weeks of his death) presided, as usual, at a meeting of the Royal Society in London. Voltaire produced a new play, "Irene," and received a tremendous ovation in Paris at the age of eighty-four. Benjamin Franklin, in his eighty-fifth year, worked actively and effectively as president of the first American Society for the abolition of slavery. Emmanuel Swedenborg toiled at his writings with inspired zeal until his seventy-sixth year. John G. Whittier was eighty-two when he revised and annotated the Riverside edition of his works. The great artist, Corot, in his seventy-seventh year painted two famous pictures for the Paris Salon. John Wesley was seventy-seven when he founded the *Arminian Magazine*, and he remained its active editor until he was eighty-seven. Titian is said to have labored at his art until he was ninety-eight.

And old people of today, by their lives and words, bear witness to the value of activity in lengthening life.

"To stop work at eighty is to invite speedy death," says Chauncey M. Depew, who at eighty-two is actively engaged in our presidential campaign.

"I never take a day off," said the late Mrs. Hetty Green, eighty-one years old when she died and said to be the richest woman in the world. "My affairs demand my constant attention. I am usually at my office from ten until four and can bear witness that hard work has never done me any harm."

I have been privileged to see a great mass of similar testimony in the archives of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's American Genealogical Bureau at Washington. Thus, quoting from these records:

Mrs. Mavara Johnstone (100) of Carthage, Mo., wrote us herself saying *that she does all the housework for a family of three.*

Elisha Marston (101) of Lowell, Massachusetts, "milked the cow every night until he was nearly a hundred."

Wesley Potthoff (100) of Hartsville, Ind., writes us *that on his hundredth birthday he got up at five o'clock in the morning and whitewashed the fence around his home.*

Dr. J. W. Peebles, of Los Angeles, California, writes in his ninety-second year: "I have traveled around the world five times and shall go again shortly. . . . I write for over twenty magazines in this and foreign countries, several in India, and one in the city of Jerusalem."

The fourth rule of longevity provides that *there must be love in our lives.* Love that pours sunshine into our souls and fire into our bodies! Love in all its spiritual and physical manifestations, including faith, worship, passion, gaiety, enthusiasm, friendliness and serenity of mind. Love that is never separated from joy, which two by their presence can glorify the meanest existence, or by their absence make a mockery and a vanity of the most sumptuous. How can we put love into our lives?

The answer is that love comes by loving. The more we give of love the more we have to give and the more we are certain to receive. This power to love does not come to us naturally any more than the power to swim comes to us naturally; it must be worked for and gradually achieved. By warming and exercising the frozen muscles of our souls we can liven and strengthen them amazingly. If we have hard and selfish faces we can soften them and make them kind. If we have grown dull and sour we can cultivate little enthusiasms that will brighten and gladden us. We can resolve to see the best in things and people. We can refuse to have grouches or enmities.

We can demonstrate the amazing potency of a smile, of a cheery word, of some unexpected friendly act. We can prepare endless emotional delights and surprises for ourselves by dwelling upon little human things that we have neglected in our self-absorption, a thousand humble tragedies and comedies that will helpfully stir our tears and laughter.

To live without love is to live without light and warmth. That is why loveless men and women, those bearing the sinister marks of crime and vice, live short lives. They may escape hardening of their arteries, but never hardening of their souls. That is why clergymen and teachers, whose lives abound in love, attain a good old age.

Through all the centuries spiritual and physical love have gone side by side, each completing and glorifying the other, and so they should go today. If we are forced to live on spiritual love alone our physical bodies suffer and languish. There is no love without a sex basis. There are anatomical and physiological reasons why love means a thousand times more to women than to men. Later on I may elaborate some of these reasons.

Speaking in a big sense, sex is the foundation of everything in the world, the law of sex is stronger than all other laws and, therefore, in connection with longevity, sex must be considered in its effect upon the mind, disposition and affections. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's statistics and conclusions, which will be made public for the first time in one of my subsequent articles in McCLURE'S, indicate that there is an intimate and mutual dependence between sex power and longevity.

This much is certain — that a man or a woman whose life has been enriched by the full power and experience of love can keep youth of mind and youthfulness of body to a great old age, can keep the immortal childlike spirit that grasps at new experiences and thrills at new wonders. What woman of thirty is younger than the great Sarah Bernhardt whose eager soul lifts her above the handicap of three-score years and ten, above pain and bodily mutilation, and reveals to her the world as an infinitely beautiful place, still abounding in opportunities for adventure and triumph? Think of her, carried within the battle zone to delight the soldiers of France! *At seventy!*

IN a subsequent article Mr. Moffett will present Alexander Graham Bell's important conclusion regarding longevity, and show how the average person can detect in himself or herself the signs of approaching disease or premature old age.

Thus far we have taken only a general view of longevity, leaving a great number of details for separate articles. It is likely that some persons, having read so much, will say, "But this is all too difficult. Everything depends upon the will power. We must *will* to be abstemious, we must *will* to exercise, we must *will* to work, and we must *will* to love. We cannot do it. We do not know how to use our wills for these ends and they probably are not strong enough anyway."

My answer is that the human will may be strengthened to an incredible extent. As you lie in bed at night spend the last five or ten minutes before you compose yourself to sleep in saying or thinking to yourself over and over again the one thing that you particularly desire to achieve on the morrow.

For example, say to yourself, "All through tomorrow I will keep a pleasant and serene attitude of mind and will not allow little annoyances to make me irritable."

Or say, "At my meals tomorrow I will easily and good naturedly keep to my diet plan. I will have no temptation to eat or drink the things that I have decided not to eat or drink."

Take one such resolve at a time, *only one*, and fix your mind on it before sleeping with a strong inward determination. Announce to yourself ten times, twenty times, slowly and positively, what it is that you propose to do the next day and leave the rest to your subconscious mind, which will work obediently for you while you sleep. Concentrate thus every night for two weeks *on some one thing that you regard as important* and rather difficult. I do not ask you to have faith in this method; just follow it for a fortnight and your faith will come afterwards.

There is another and more wonderful method of strengthening the human will, but this involves long study with a competent teacher. I refer to the use of knowledge (usually called Occult Knowledge) that is contained in those vast storehouses of learning known as the writings of the Vedas. Adepts in this knowledge possess a power of will not dreamed of by others. With the greatest ease they compel their bodies to perform unbelievable tasks; they absolutely control the beating of the heart so that they can stop its beating entirely for many minutes and then make it go on beating again.

To such adepts in mind and body control it is a simple matter to allow a dentist to drill into the live nerve of a tooth, or to let a person like myself (as shown in the photograph on page 26) push long thick needles through such sensitive parts of their bodies as the cheeks or the tongue.

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Life Insurance for a Young Man

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The New Edition of McClure Financial Booklet Ten Cents per Copy

Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing this booklet. Some new material has been added by Mr. Atwood, but the purpose of this Financial Booklet remains the same. It is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that this booklet is invaluable to them. A library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities.

Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

At a time when men and women of almost every age and condition in life are excited and stirred by tales of wealth suddenly acquired in stocks, it is especially desirable to again direct attention to one of the safest and surest means of employing money. Life insurance is a great social institution, and its greatness rests upon its financial soundness and certainty. Its main characteristic is directly opposed to stock speculation in that it has conquered as nearly as humanly possible all chance and speculation.

I do not want to decry the element of chance in life. But the taking of foolish and ill-advised risks is so common that we are fortunate in having an institution in which that element is absent. The fact that this magazine still receives letters from its readers asking about life insurance is a healthy sign. It shows that some persons still retain their mental balance. One can only wish that the proportion of those interested in the more conservative uses of money as compared to those seeking sudden riches would further increase.

Life insurance companies frequently publish the names of successful business men who take out large policies. Such facts should be given still wider publicity. Only a few years ago a leading merchant in addressing a meeting of life insurance agents told how he had taken one endowment policy after another until he carried a huge amount of this type of insurance. He explained the advantages of compulsory thrift to himself, and said that if he had not thus accumulated large sums little by little he would never have built his splendid store. If young men fully realized that even the great ones of business cannot always be depended upon to save and profitably employ their large profits, there would be fewer "lambs" in the stock market.

There are many new tendencies and developments in life insurance, but most of the inquiries that come to this department imply at least, if they do not state, an interest in one of these. It is the tendency toward making insurance useful as an old age pension to the insured himself as well as a protection to his dependent family. Expressed in another way, men want life insurance as well as death insurance.

The form which most questions about life insurance take, is whether whole life, twenty-payment life or endowment insurance is best. These are the three most important forms, and their policy features lend themselves to the effecting of an almost endless number of combinations.

The different policies of any given company are all equivalent in net cost. All the policies of a company have the same mathematical value. Moreover among the 250 or more companies doing business in this country there is not much radical difference in cost. A leading authority on the subject compares the different policies to all the suits of clothes at the same price which a tailor has to offer. They all have the same inherent value, but their material, color and style differ. That is, a policy well suited to one person may not fit another. It depends upon one's occupation, age, resources, health, size of family and many unforeseen future circumstances.

It is a difficult and thankless task for a writer to say which form of insurance is the better in any given case, because so much depends upon circumstance, but a few leading facts may be pertinent. One of the most popular forms is the twenty-payment life, and it is much recommended to young men with families on the ground that by limiting the payments to twenty years they are compelled to meet the burden only when they are young and vigorous. But the young man of twenty-five who buys this kind of insurance may find himself more prosperous at forty-five and far better able then to meet the continuous payments of whole life than he was to meet the far heavier burden of twenty-pay life when he was young and struggling.

But still again it may be argued that twenty-pay life is the better because the cash surrender, loan and other values are much larger. The increased premiums can, it is asserted, easily be paid by many if they only resolve to do so, with the result that a little determination will lead to the accumulation of a larger available fund than would have been the case with whole life.

All these claims and counter claims are confusing to the average person. But the more I study the subject, the more I am driven to the conclusion that the two best forms of policy are the whole life and the long term endowment, especially the forty-year policy. It would be preferable to start in with whole life and change it over later if desired to twenty-pay, rather than to start with the limited payment policy. The reason is obvious. A young man usually needs all the protection for his family he can possibly get, and he can get more of it for less money in whole life than by any other permanent method. A man of twenty-five, by spending say $75 a year can get nearly $500 more insurance for that sum in whole life than in any other way.

I assume that most readers know the great advantage of a twenty-pay policy is that it becomes paid up in a definite length of time and the insurance stays in force without further premiums as long as one lives. But a whole life policy can be converted into a paid-up policy if the dividends, which usually begin on nearly all forms of insurance within a year or two, are left with the company to compound. This is often brought about in twenty-five or twenty-six years, or only five or six years longer than a twenty-pay policy, with the added advantage of having had much more insurance in the interval.

Some authorities advise the thirty-payment form. For the man of twenty-five this seems a sensible suggestion, for he will probably be earning just as much at fifty-five as at forty-five and he will have had more insurance for the same money in the meantime. An interesting modification of the twenty-payment policy is written by one company. The illustration furnished is that of a man of thirty-six. For $5,000 of insurance he pays a premium of $213.50 a year. This is $5 or $6 more than he would give for a regular twenty-pay policy. But at age sixty, which is just a little more than the twenty-year period, the company will either give him the $5000 paid-up insurance plus $1665 in cash, or pay him $375 a

McClure's Financial Booklet

Seventh Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
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Six Per Cent. and Safety
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Lists of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
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How to Analyze a Bond
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Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

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year for the rest of his life, no matter how long he lives, and if he dies before he gets $5000 it will refund the balance to his estate. This illustrates the fact that by paying a premium slightly in excess of the regular rates, many important additional advantages may be tucked onto the usual services which life insurance performs.

Whole life insurance becomes an endowment policy at the impossible age of 96, which means that the face value of the policy is then paid back in cash to the insured. But a forty-year endowment policy bought by a man of twenty-five becomes due when he is sixty-five, which is in many cases just the age when he needs money. Out of every one hundred men who insure at age twenty-five in a certain company sixty-six live to age sixty-five. The extra cost of a forty-year endowment over whole life is only $2 to $3 per thousand dollars of insurance.

The cash surrender value of a whole life policy that has been running forty years is very high, but it does not amount to the full face value. By paying the extra two or three dollars per thousand of insurance, a young man may be certain of the full face value at the end of forty years. Perhaps the chief advantage of the long term endowment over the whole life is in the fact that the idea of old age insurance is more obvious and prominent.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes—Their Rights and Remedies. By Louis Heft. Price $2.00. E. P. Dutton & Co.

American and Foreign Investment Bonds. By W. L. Raymond. Price $3.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Voting Trusts. By Harry A. Cushing. Macmillan & Co.

The publication of these three books within a year indicates the increasing interest in financial and business literature. Mr. Heft's book is especially timely, in view of the fact that nearly two billion dollars of railroad securities have been in default. Although he deals with legal problems, Mr. Heft's book is lacking in extreme technicality and contains a clear, simple statement of the subject. Certainly, it ought to have a wide circle of readers at the present time.

Mr. Raymond's book contains a valuable chapter on the subject of government bonds. It is full of details which, at the present time, interest a larger number of persons than ever before. The book is notable in the number of instances cited and the extent to which history and experience are drawn upon. Whether the book adds anything new to the subject matter is another question.

The work on Voting Trusts will, naturally, have a smaller circle of readers than the other two, but it is fortunate that unbiased attention should be turned to these special phases of corporation finance. Many of them have never been studied before, except from the opposing points of view of the corporation lawyer, and the muckraker.

Greenshields & Company, 17 St. Johns St., Montreal, Canada, will send upon request special information dealing with a new Industrial Issue which they recently brought out.

Babcock, Rushton & Company, 137 So. La Salle St., Chicago, and 7 Wall St., New York, will be pleased to send upon request special information on a high-grade Public Utility issue.

Field, Richards & Company, Union Central Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send upon request a special circular dealing with new issues of high-grade Municipal Bonds.

N. W. Halsey & Company, 49 Wall Street, New York, have just issued an excellent booklet entitled "Bonds Favored by Banks in 1915," showing various factors which have influenced the recent investments of banks throughout the country. A copy of this booklet will be mailed to investors upon request.

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 150 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request Straus's Investors' Magazine, also booklet No. I-551.

An exceptionally complete illustrated booklet, containing 150 photographs of public utility properties in which the Standard Gas and Electric Company owns investments, is being prepared and will be mailed

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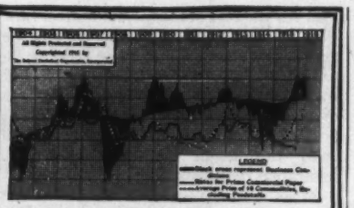

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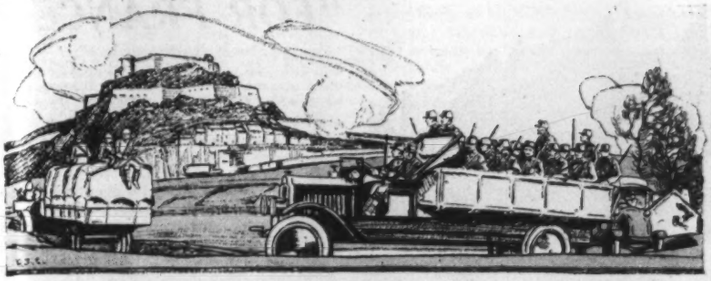

The Fighting Automobile

By Waldemar Kaempffert

READ the accounts of that long series of attacks and counter-attacks, that stupendous campaign, which, for lack of an apter designation, is belittled with the name "battle" of Verdun, and it might be supposed that the French held off the onpouring Germans only by virtue of unquenchable courage. The truth is that Verdun was fought by the French not only with field-pieces and machine guns, but also with gasoline. Had it not been for the automobile and the motor truck, nothing could have stayed the deluge of the Germans.

The Imperial General Staff knew what it was about when it selected Verdun, long considered an impregnable stronghold in the French line, as the object of the bloodiest attack ever made in military history. Study a good military map of the Verdun sector, and you will find, much to your astonishment, that only a single narrow-gauge railway feeds the defenses. Back of the German lines is a network of tracks like a spider's web. Clearly, the French were at a disadvantage. When the test came, their narrow-gauge road was clogged with wounded. Even had it been employed less mercifully, it would never have fed men to the trenches, or food, or ammunition, in those masses which have made this war so appalling and without which victories cannot be won.

The French strategists had foreseen the possibility of an attempt to break through the line at Verdun. An appeal was made to the government for more railway tracks. It was not heeded. Some way had to be found of shifting men and supplying munitions. Joffre had saved Paris with motor trucks, taxicabs, touring cars and Parisian omnibusses. Motor cars had helped to save the Austrians from utter annihilation in their Galician retreat of 1914; for the motor had made it possible to bring up shells fast enough to stem the tide of Russians. Von Hindenburg had won the battle of Tannenberg by motors — won it by juggling two hundred thousand men in motor cars, so that whole regiments could be dropped exactly where they were needed. When the Russians were driven out of Warsaw, then out of Poland, and finally far into Russia, they tore up the railway tracks after them; but the solid roadbed, which they could not destroy, afforded a highway for pursuing German automobiles in a country with roads that at best are mere tracks in mud.

The course to be adopted was obvious. General Herr, in charge of the Verdun sector, worked out a system of motor transport months before the attack began — a system which was worth more to the Allies than the antiquated forts that made Verdun the military talk of Europe, before the war proved that forts were as extinct as the dodo. Roads were reconstructed; new ones were built. These highways became the very arteries and veins of Verdun. Think of the hundreds of field-pieces belching projectiles before each infantry attack on some position held by the Germans ("artillery preparation" is the polite technical term for the proceeding); think of discharging in a few minutes shells which it had taken weeks to make; think of shifting, in addition, a force of two hundred and fifty thousand men with the rapidity of cavalry to meet the exigencies of a critical situation — think of all this and Verdun becomes a motor miracle. A veritable torrent of automobiles flowed over the roads leading to Verdun, discharging their cargoes of soldiers, food, and ammunition near the firing line and looping home to their bases by back roads. And so, men, bread, powder, shells poured into the trenches day after day, night after night, week after week, like so much water through a pipe. Only the automobile and motor truck made it possible to offset the lack of railways and to pit gun against gun.

And the automobile proved the salvation of the rural population, too. It is popularly supposed that an alarmed peasantry flees in terror at the approach of an invading horde. Not so. The peasantry not only stays, but stays even when peremptorily ordered to save itself. It must be actually carried away bodily. So it was in Poland, in the Balkans, and in France. The peasants around Verdun would have tilled the soil behind the firing line itself for all they cared about a battle on which the destiny of a nation depended. They were literally carted to safety — carted in commandeered Parisian motor omnibusses in which little milliners and workmen had once rumbled to their tasks on the boulevards of the gayest city in the world. After that the battle began.

The steel-helmeted infantrymen in the trenches lead no charmed lives. Yet it may be questioned if they are not better off than the drivers of the motor truck supply columns. To cut an enemy's line of communication is a prime object of every commanding general. Shells rain down upon every railway and highway within range. And yet, the supply column must never break down. It must haul its loads as fast as batteries and men need them. Many a pound of meat was delivered to the trenches at Verdun under the fire of bursting shrapnel. For a time, few drivers snatched more than four hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. Many of them slept in their vehicles, in hammocks — the more fastidious in luxurious hay.

The experiences of Verdun are repeated on a less magnificent scale on every battle front. If the horsepower generated by thousands of motor vehicles, which are an indispensable part of a fighting European army's equipment, could be concentrated in a single station, there would surely be enough to run the subway of London, Paris or

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New York. Major Lawton of our army has estimated that a force of five hundred thousand men needs more than eight thousand motor-trucks of one and one-half tons capacity each. Why? Just to keep the men alive. To shift men rapidly from salient to salient, even more are needed. A division of two hundred and twenty thousand men, constituting a tactical unit, eats one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds of food a day. If armies of that size were rare in past wars, it was partly because of the difficulties of transportation. Skeptical historians have checked up the numbers of ancient armies and have found them to be far smaller than enthusiastic chroniclers would have us believe. The hosts of Xerxes and Darius turn out to be the equivalent of a few modern brigades. A mere analysis of the difficulties of supplying them with food without transportation facilities disposes of ancient military pretensions. It was the railway that made the big army possible; it was the automobile that made it flexible.

Long before the war broke out, the great military powers had studied the problem of utilizing the automobile in war. Every motor vehicle was to be commandeered and assigned to a designated military unit. As might have been expected, the English had the worst system; the Germans and the French the best. When hostilities began, the French requisitioned one hundred thousand automobiles and eighteen thousand motor trucks. The German motor contingent could not have been less. Compared with this the three thousand vehicles which the British put into the field in the early months of the war seem almost negligible. The British have learned much since. In the London motor transport war base depot, seven hundred vehicles are now handled every week, four hundred coming in from the battlefield, three hundred going out. At times twelve hundred Englishmen are waiting to be sent to motor transport companies. As many as five motor companies have been shipped across the Channel in a week, a full company comprising two hundred and fifty men and one hundred and twenty vehicles. What the wastage of war means may be gleaned from the demands made on tires alone. England stores her tires for war service underground in cellars having a floor space of two and one-half acres, and she sends out as many as four thousand tires to the front every day.

How have we profited by the lessons that Europe has taught us? The test came when General Pershing was ordered to capture Villa. The use of the Mexican railways was denied him. He was confronted with the problem of feeding troops whose advance base was located more than four hundred miles from the American border. An army that has not enough ammunition to fire all its coast defense guns more than forty-five minutes, thanks to our national indifference, is not likely to have an adequate equipment of motor vehicles. And so it proved. To the everlasting credit of two patriotic automobile manufacturers, flooded though they were with war orders, and to the energy and resourcefulness of Colonel Abiel L. Smith, be it said that we fared better than we deserved. Two days after Villa's descent on Columbus, Colonel Smith ordered one hundred and twelve motor trucks. They were supplied in forty-eight hours and delivered in ninety-six. In a few weeks more the equipment had grown to three hundred and twenty-four trucks, valued at nine hundred thousand dollars. This hastily acquired automobile transport service proved astonishingly effective. Motor trucks climbed hills from which jutted rocks, sharp enough to cut solid tires into ribbons, and threaded trails, trod only by occasional horses. When the wireless would not work because of atmospheric conditions and when aeroplanes were lashed to the ground in hurricanes, the automobiles bridged the gap. A newspaper correspondent who went as far south as Namiquipa, three hundred miles below the border, saw the trucks traveling over the boulder-strewn way below Casas Grandes. "The long string of trucks," he said, "reminded me of ships pitching and rolling in a storm at sea, when they were forced to the rough trails."

Rapidly as motor trucks were supplied for the use of our Mexican expedition, it was not rapid enough. It seems almost certain that had the army been properly equipped with motor-trucks, Villa would have been captured long ago and there would have been no Mexican imbroglio. Captain Kilburn stated before the Metropolitan Section of the Society of Automobile Engineers that our army was held up for six days for lack of motor trucks.

Our War Department has made inquiries as to the number of trucks that our manufacturers can supply in a military emergency. A questionnaire was sent to about two hundred manufacturers, of whom one hundred and thirteen replied. It seems that about three thousand trucks a month can be obtained of a type that will conform in all main essentials to army needs. It would be possible to obtain six thousand additional trucks a month of a type that nearly conforms and that could be used in an emergency.

The automobile industry has grown so prodigiously as the result of war orders that it happens to be in a peculiarly favorable position to meet the immediate needs of the army. From July 1st, 1914 to April 1st of this year the total number of automobiles and trucks exported was 93,009, valued at $133,150,326. It is probable that our exports of automobiles will fall off, not because of our Mexican difficulties, but because the Allies are beginning to supply their own motors. Hence the motor industry is admirably prepared to make up for our past military carelessness.

NOTE: McClure readers who own a car, or who expect to own a car, will be interested in the McClure Automobile Year Book just published by McClure's Magazine and described on page 10 of this issue. The price of the book is fifty cents. The book will be sent prepaid to anyone sending fifty cents in stamps to McClure's Magazine. Address all communications to the McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

What Happened in Foregoing Chapters of

The Straight Road

FINDING life with her husband unbearable, California Baird decides to leave her home, taking with her their four-year-old boy. Callie, as she is called, had married Oliver Baird, who was a good deal older and lacked any of the finer qualities, at the instigation of her mother when she was only seventeen, and then only because of the shipwreck of a boy-and-girl love affair between her and Philip Stanley. Hoping that some of her childhood friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, now living in San Vicente, will befriend her until she can find work, she makes her plans to go there.

Soon after reaching San Vicente Callie calls at Harvey Watkins's office, and he not only promises to give her a position, but gives her a free scholarship to a business college and loans her money for expenses. He is strongly attached to Callie's little boy and insists on the child's going out to the home of the woman who is taking care of his house while his wife is away.

In spite of the fact that Callie works hard at the business college and spends a large part of her spare time working for Mr. Dale, an author, she sees a good deal of Harvey Watkins, until he tries to make love to her. Then she breaks off their meetings as far as possible. Later on Delia Watkins returns and she and Callie renew their old friendship. Delia advises Callie to try to get a position on The Clarion, a local paper, which she does. Her work there is under the direct supervision of Mr. Stokes. After a long time he gives her a special assignment which takes her out to a lonely district far from home. She is to meet Miss Bailey, his sister-in-law, at the end of the car-line, and they are to cover the case together. When she gets there, she finds Mr. Stokes waiting for her instead of Miss Bailey. Furious at his deception and insolent manner, she tells him she will never return to the office and breaks away from him, running until she is sure he will not follow. By the time she reaches home it is very late and she finds she has lost her key. She goes to Mr. Dale's, awakens him, and he helps her in through the window to her room.

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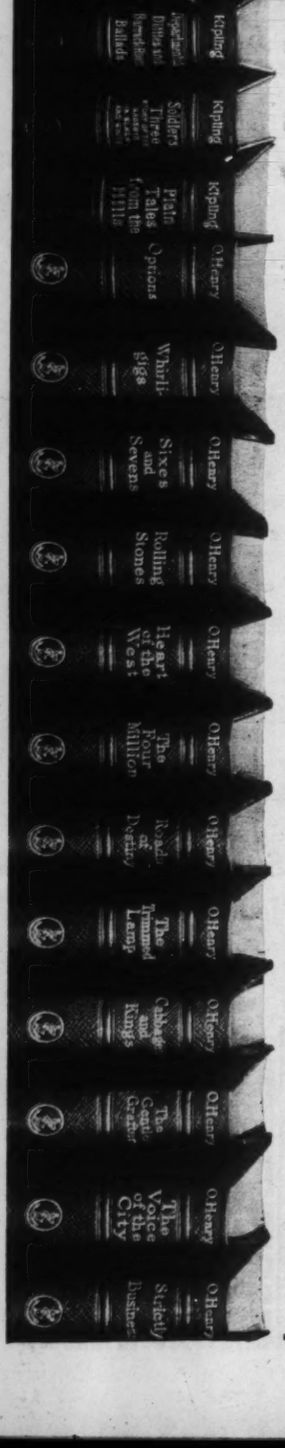

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Accounts Payable

[*Continued from page 31*]

"*They've been having supper in the dining-room!* And we've been *here* — I — I never noticed it! It never occurred to me! And Janet —— "

"Mrs. Gordon?"

"Yes! This looks like home-breaking in earnest!"

"Oh, but I'm sorry!" said Miss Wendell in palpable contrition. "What will Mrs. Miller think of me! Hadn't we better hurry down, and join them? You let me do the explaining —— "

"Too late! Listen!" In the living-room the orchestra swept briskly into the measure of "Here Comes Tootsi." Crosby and the actress exchanged glances. At the foot of the stairs appeared Janet, in outraged dignity. She said nothing, but her attitude and her expression were eloquent.

"I'll make it right with Janet," volunteered Miss Wendell hastily; but before she could take the first step downwards, Mrs. Gordon was seized by the corpulent Mr. Rudderford, and forced into rhythmic action.

"Oh, well," said Crosby, in deep gloom, "it probably wouldn't have done any good anyway."

So that he was inconceivably amazed and grateful when, some hours later, Janet, on climbing into the big roadster beside him, hardly waited to be out of range of the veranda lights before she put her head on his shoulder, and cried a little, and — because he mildly suggested that unless he could steer the car he might very easily run into a ditch — insisted in woeful terms that he didn't love her any more; and that she, on the contrary, was crazy about him.

HE waited until after breakfast the next morning — Sunday — to tell her what he had in mind. She, at the time, was reading the fourth and most absorbing section of the newspaper, and didn't want to stop unless his communication was important.

"It *is* important," said Crosby, "and I'm afraid it won't please you any too well. I've worked it all out — and as I told you last night, our books don't balance."

At that she dropped the paper.

"Crosby! It isn't — serious!"

"Serious is hardly the word," he admitted. "But it isn't a joke, either. You remember how happy you were when we came to Waverley, and everyone began to rush you? And you said that as soon as we were established, it wouldn't be so bad? Well — I find that during the last calendar month we've been to five dances and eleven dinners, and we've had two dinners and a reception here — and heaven knows what you've been doing when I'm in town. So I've figured that we have a sort of open account with Waverley, and *we* show a big deficit. It can't go on."

"It's — it's too expensive, Crosby?"

"Yes — and not altogether in money. You spoke last night of women who break up homes. In this case you and I are breaking up our own."

"Crosby! If you're comparing me ——"

"I'm making no comparisons whatsoever. But the thing can't continue ——"

"Why, what can we do, dear?"

"Migrate," said Crosby.

"Migrate!" Her voice was faint.

"I know it'll hurt you, dear, but it's the only way out. We can't go on like this — I want you to think it over carefully, and agree with me. Everything we do costs us money, or time, or energy, or sacrifice — doesn't it? Let's look at the facts. It costs us six thousand dollars a year to maintain this house — and it's the worst house, with the worst land, and the worst view, in the best section of Waverley. What do we charge against that?"

"Why — my friends," she faltered. "And — and everything we do! If we didn't live up here, we wouldn't stand anywhere at all!"

"Fine!" said Crosby cheerfully. "And that's another one of those vicious circles I mentioned yesterday. It costs us six thousand dollars for a house that entitles us to belong to the best set in Waverley — and the best set of Waverley keeps us so busy entertaining and being entertained that most of the time I'm groggy in the office, and my income is just beginning to suffer. Now then — take up the families one at a time — let's consider the Millers. They've given us the favor of their friendship, and because you think Mrs. Miller is the best judge of social matters in town, we've taken over some of her standards — and we're driving a car that cost about twice too much, because you didn't want to have the only Flivver in Waverley."

"But, Crosby ——"

"Oh, I *like* them! I like limousines, too, but I know I can't legitimately support one. Well, we're friends with the Rudderfords. I like them, too — immensely. We see them about three times a week, and Mrs. Rudderford costs you the difference between the price of her own clothes, and the price you *ought* to pay for yours — because you can't be less ornamental ——"

"But — but *everyone* takes her judgment about clothes ——"

"Surely! And that's what you're paying right now for the sort of relationship you have with her. All right — we're friends with the Ogdens. They cost us one quarrel every time we go there, because of the way he ogles you ——"

"But she flirts outrageously with *you*, Crosby! You know that!"

"Proved!" said Crosby. "And, furthermore, they cost us a subscription of two hundred dollars — which is no trifle! — for the new club-house, because they're so powerful socially that you didn't dare to refuse Mrs. Ogden when she asked for it. So, on the present basis, or any other, we can't afford the Ogdens. We're friends with the Sinclairs ——"

"Crosby! You're naming the very best people in *town* ——"

"Right! The Sinclairs cost us a few ideals every time we go there. It's a high-class suburban café ——"

"They're only hospitable, dear! Please!"

"That's according to your point of view. Their main idea of hospitality is distilled stuff on the sideboard — help yourself! — and *we're* beginning to put in a consignment because 'it's the thing to do!'"

"But you knew when we came here what it was like!" she stammered.

"Not entirely. I didn't know the restrictions. And everywhere but in their own house the Sinclairs are mighty pleasant. As long as we live *here*, we can't meet them on any other terms — as you say —, without losing some of our rank. But in another locality we could begin fresh. Sum the whole thing up — and it looks as though we're paying too much for our friends. We want to keep some of them, but not more than one out of three. And we don't want to live *their* lives — we want to live ours. Isn't that reasonable?"

"I — don't know," said Janet wretchedly.

"And therefore," went on Crosby, "I thought we'd better look around for a smaller house — we've *got* to! Because it's just as easy to be a social bankrupt as any other kind — and we're heading straight for the rocks. Will you see what there is for rent?"

"In — Waverley?" she quavered.

"Certainly! It's convenient, and ——"

"But I've told you so many times — we wouldn't be *anybody*, Crosby ——"

"As a matter of fact, we aren't now," he said. "That's the trouble. We're spending all our income and all our resistance trying to buy somebodyship — and we haven't bought much more than a lot of current liabilities. And if you ever want to find out who your friends really are — cut down your entertaining. . . . And by the way, the one who gave me this idea was Miss Wendell."

"It was!" said Janet.

"On the stairs," said Crosby.

"And you — you weren't flirting at all!"

"Not a flirt."

"And she put this in your head?"

"She certainly did."

Janet came to him, and sat on the arm of his chair, and smoothed his forehead.

"Well," she said, in a curiously subdued tone, "I didn't *think* she'd wreck our home *this* way, dear! But it's better this way than — than the other. I — I'll look for a littler house, Crosby — if you want me to." She laughed lightly, and kissed him. "But if it's all the same to you, next time I — I'd almost as soon you'd — flirt a little, Crosby. I — I'm scared!"

In the end it was Crosby who found the house — Janet's expeditions were, somehow, unsuccessful. It was an old, weather-beaten, brown house set in a grove of tulip trees; it was assuredly not fashion-

able in its architecture or in its decoration, but even Janet had to concede that the interior possessed character. The rooms were low-studded, but spacious; the doors were ill-hung, but paneled; the furnace was decrepit, but enormous open fireplaces offered a charming compensation. There was no garage, but there was an ancient and rambling barn which could readily have accommodated a full car-load of the runabouts which Crosby favored for the future.

Janet's conscience gave her scant encouragement on the day that the lease was signed. She went forward to her doom in the bitter realization that she was to pass out of the social life of Waverley as she had passed into it — abruptly, and without the noise of trumpets.

Indeed, when she first nerved herself to confide her secret to the surest of her friends, she was prepared for almost any contingency. She was in such straits of uncertainty that she wouldn't have been greatly astonished if Mrs. Miller had turned upon her a cold and haughty gaze, and rung for a servant to show her the door. On the contrary, Mrs. Miller widened her eyes, and said that it was the most sensible thing she'd heard of in Waverley in years.

"You young people," she continued, "come out of New York to an expensive suburb, and think you have to live by the routine of people twice your age and ten times your resources. It's just young things like you and Crosby who fatten the pockets of real-estate sharks — and others. Why, this is the time of life when you ought to be *saving* money — not spending it! I'm glad for *your* sake that you're planning to move."

Janet soon found it to be a matter of general information that the Gordons were altering their mode of life not because they were already in difficulty, but because they didn't want to be. She gradually began to perceive that there were other young couples who didn't follow their example, not because of lack of approval, but because of lack of nerve.

"It's funny," said her husband, the night before the evacuation of the more desirable house, "but I've had as many congratulations on this move as I did on the other. What's the matter, Janet — is *every*body living on a shoestring?"

"It's all right so far," she conceded. "They've been adorable to me — but I can tell better after we've been a month in the other house."

"You still think there's a chance of your being ostracized?"

"Not that, but — oh, wait and see!"

The brown house, equipped with Janet's period furniture, was gratifyingly habitable, and unquestionably teeming with the spirit of the Colonies. It had an air of poise about it; it wore well. The big roadster went the path of all used cars, and in its stead came a chipper little vehicle at three hundred and ninety dollars — f. o. b. Detroit. The Gordons, dining at home, argued happily as to the geographic disposition of a phonograph, of a landscape drawing, of a particularly offensive and comfortable chair; and Janet's sorrow at parting from the Hill folk was again tempered by the knowledge that Crosby was on account of this move several hundred dollars a month ahead of Mr. Micawber's recipe for permanent content.

But at the end of two or three weeks, when the furniture had settled into place, and the pictures were hung, and there was nothing left to argue about at dinner save the gasolene mileage of the red motor, Crosby observed that his wife often displayed symptoms of distress, and that her laughter wasn't always quite spontaneous. He demanded a reason, and got it; no one of the old guard of Waverley had called.

"And that isn't the w-worst!" said Janet. "No one's even *asked* us to dinner — or — or anywhere! Of course we c-couldn't have gone — but they haven't asked us! I t-*told* you so!"

"Hm!" said Crosby. "That's curious! I see the men on the train every morning — they're the same as usual. Maybe we're finding out that I was right, dear. They weren't our friends — they were simply fair-weather intimates. I hate to think so — it hurts. Why don't you pick out somebody we still want to be friends with — and telephone 'em to come over and see what happens?"

"But I d-did!"

"Oh! Who was it?" asked Crosby.

"The Millers! After what *they* said, I thought ——"

"So did I." His smile was fixed, and mirthless. "Well, it ought to be pretty clear to us, then, hadn't it? I thought we had a few who'd stand by us. I'm not down-hearted yet — this may be accidental. But if it's the way the system actually works, I'm glad we didn't waste any more time, aren't you?"

"It's a l-lovely house, dear — just as pretty as it can be. And we *are* saving lots and lots of money, but ——"

"Hello!" said Crosby, peering out to the road. "There's a car stopping!"

"A car! Why, there's two of them!"

"Two! There's three — four ——"

He glanced sharply at Janet, who came rushing into his arms.

"Oh, Crosby!" she said. "Oh — *Crosby!*"

The door-bell pealed insistently; outside there was the sound of many feet, of motors humming, of gay voices and excited laughter.

"The whole *town's* coming!" said Crosby thickly.

He was standing irresolute in the middle of the room when the guests poured in; the Millers first, followed by the Rudderfords, and the Rudderfords' cousins, and the Bradleys and the Sinclairs, and still more and more, until they overflowed into the dining-room and the kitchen, and out to the veranda and over the lawns; and then all at once Crosby, weak-kneed from the suddenness of the shock, was aware that boxes and parcels and queerly knobbed packages were drifting through to the pantry, and that a tremendous rattling echoed in the kitchen — and that Janet was clinging tightly to his arm, and trembling in the excess of her joy and excitement and relief.

"Old-fashioned house — old-fashioned party," said Mr. Miller, pumping first Crosby's hand and then Janet's. "Rabbit party — surprise party. Brought the makings with us."

"We were *so* afraid you'd find out about it," said Mrs. Sinclair. "My dear — we've missed you so!"

"This is why I wouldn't come when you telephoned," whispered Mrs. Miller in Janet's ear. "We wanted to do it all together. It was Mrs. Ogden's idea!"

"We've got everything but the paprika! Janet — where do you keep the paprika?"

"All the men come out and be ready to buttle."

"Make the Gordons sit down and behave."

"How many of us are there — thirty-eight?"

"You brought the ale, Sinclair — where's an opener?"

"Plates! Somebody hand around the plates!"

"Use some cups instead of glasses, if they won't go 'round."

"In behalf of the village of Waverley," said Mr. Rudderford, unrolling a shaggy bundle, "I present you with this important adjunct to this — er — mansion." He displayed a large jute mat, with the customary legend: "Welcome."

"Aren't you going to speak to me?" said a soft voice in Crosby's ear, and he turned to meet the violet-blue eyes of Elsie Wendell.

"S-speak to you!" he stammered.

"I dined with the Millers again — they didn't think you'd mind my coming — they told me what you've done. I congratulate you!" she whispered.

"*You* did it!" said Crosby blankly. "But — here they are again!"

"Then," she told him soberly, "they were better friends than you thought — and you've done a wise thing anyway. You'd have been right either way — if they hadn't come — or if they had. Because in either case, you'd have reduced your accounts payable. You're independent, now. Your friendships will cost you only what *you* think they're worth. Don't you see I was right?"

"Right! Of course you were right! And ——"

He was deafened by a concerted cheer from the thirty-eight guests, now solidly packed about him. Everyone seemed to hold aloft a glass of ale — all eyes were upon him; and then, significantly, upon Mr. Miller, who beamed upon Crosby from the dining-room doorway.

"Here's to the Gordons," apostrophized Mr. Miller. "And — and — oh, shucks!"

He winked at Crosby, and lifted his glass higher. "Here's mud!" he ended confidently.

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Mr. Atwood's financial articles for the coming year will be of real value to all investors.

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Financial & Insurance Department

McClure's Magazine—251 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

12 VALUABLE UTENSILS IN 1

Pudding Pan

The two-quart pudding pan will be found useful not only for all kinds of puddings and pastries, but also for making stews, round loaves of bread, jellies, etc.

Tubed Cake Pan

By inserting the tubed inset in either the pudding pan or the colander, you obtain a fine tubed cake pan.

Combination Cooker

By placing the pudding pan in the large kettle and inverting the colander, you can obtain an excellent combination cooker. Meat can be cooked in the large kettle while vegetables are steaming in the inset.

Steam Cooker

By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan, using the inverted pudding pan as a cover, you have a very good steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, saving space and fuel.

Stew Pan or Steamer

By inverting the colander and placing it on the top of the pudding pan you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

Berlin Kettle

The large five-quart kettle when used with the cover makes an excellent Berlin kettle. It is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities because of its peculiar shape, which prevents "cooking over."

Bake Dish or Casserole

The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of food, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

Colander

The perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander for draining vegetables, macaroni, washing lettuce, etc.

Preserving Kettle

The large kettle without the cover will serve nicely as a preserving kettle. Preserves can be cooked in this kettle with no stirring, thus saving a great amount of labor and time.

Double Roaster

A splendid self-basting double roaster can be had by inverting the pudding pan and placing it on top of the large Berlin kettle. Roasts cooked in this double roaster are tender and have a most delicious flavor.

Double Boiler

The two quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

Cereal or Coffee Roaster

By inverting the colander and placing it on the Berlin kettle you can easily roast coffee, toast corn flakes or make delicious popcorn, especially when the corn is prepared with melted butter.

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ACTUAL PIECES and DIMENSIONS:—5-Quart Berlin Kettle, 9⅝ inches diameter, 5½ inches deep; 2-quart Pudding Pan, 9¼ inches diameter, 2⅝ inches deep; 2-quart Colander, 9⅛ inches diameter, 2½ inches deep; a Loose Tubed Inset forming Cake Pan, and a Cover with non-heating knob.

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THIS "12-in-1" Aluminum Cooker Set is without doubt the greatest invention in the field of modern cooking utensils. It is the master design of practical cooking experts, and has received the enthusiastic endorsement of the Household Equipment department of The Ladies' World, and of many practical housewives.

You are asked to give it a free trial in your own kitchen. You are asked to test the set from the standpoints of usefulness, economy and labor-saving.

You are asked to try the twelve combinations it forms:—**DOUBLE BOILER, BERLIN KETTLE, BAKE DISH or CASSEROLE, COLANDER, TUBED CAKE PAN, PUDDING PAN, DOUBLE ROASTER, COMBINATION COOKER, STEAM COOKER, PRESERVING KETTLE, CEREAL or COFFEE ROASTER, STEW PAN.**

Note how with these combinations you can stew, preserve, cook vegetables, make cakes and puddings, steam cereals, and in fact cook every kind of dish used.

Take for example the 5-quart Roaster—just one of the 12 combinations. At dinner time, should you wish to cook anything in the popular casserole style, such as chicken, or a pot roast with vegetables, you reverse the pudding pan and obtain this roaster, which, with the flame turned low, will roast the meat nicely, retaining all the flavor and rendering it remarkably tender.

After you have tried the "12-in-1" Cooker give us your verdict—accept or reject the set. We are so sure of what your decision will be that we willingly pay the cost of sending it to you.

We Stand Between You and the War Price of Aluminum

Our Surprising Offer

We will send the set without one cent of expense to you. Show it to your neighbors. Test the various combinations in your own kitchen.

If the set doesn't back up all our statements, return it at our expense.

If you decide to keep the set, pay us just $3.67, which is less than the cost of three separate dishes. Please look into the price as closely as you examine the utensils. Price similar articles in the shops. If you can buy such a set for less than $4.50, return our set at once. We are certain you will find that $5.00 comes closer to the store's price.

The War demand is making aluminum soar in price. Before this demand, however, we made contracts with large manufacturers running into thousands of dollars. We are buying today more cheaply than the largest retailers and this is the reason why we can give prompt buyers the benefit of this "below-the-market" price.

If you haven't the cash at hand, you will be extended the courtesy of a charge account, so that you can buy this set on easy monthly payments, at a slight increase over the cash price. Credit rates will be sent at time of shipment and you can then decide how you desire to pay.

Made to Last a Lifetime

Each of the articles is made of thick 99% pure aluminum. The thick aluminum gives great strength, yet the utensils are light in weight, easy to keep clean and easy to handle. Each piece is highly polished and shines like silver.

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Mary and Marie

[*Continued from page 14*]

around the corpses of their owners; men and women and children mangled and tortured and slaughtered — the whole hell-pot of savagery, of cruelty and of lust. . . .

Gripped of horror, gone of reason, so she lay for a time, wide of eye, lips parted, her face the color of the white-washed wall of the stable of Papa Michard through the roof of which long, licking tongues of flame were now beginning to eat their way. She heard the screams of women, the groans of men, the frightened whimpering of children. . . . The little river called to her. But she did not hear. Only she lay there while her brain burned and her soul cried out to God.

AS Mary's maid was slipping on Mary's silk stocking, the door opened and her father entered. Mary took her eyes from the surface of a gold-chased mirror long enough to favor him with a look. He appeared exhilarated.

From his inside pocket he took an envelope. This he threw carelessly on the table.

"For me?" asked Mary.

He nodded.

"What is it?" she queried.

"A war bride," he answered. He smiled, with infinite satisfaction. "I made a little killing today. That," and he indicated the envelope on the table, "is your bit. I thought maybe you might like to give a party or something on your birthday. How about it?"

Mary conceded that it was an excellent suggestion. She thanked him. And inasmuch as the envelope held stocks equivalent in value to five thousand dollars, she thanked him again.

"But what did you say it was?" she queried. "A war what?"

"War bride," he explained. "One of the stocks that those darned fools over in Europe are boosting by killing one another. This is United Cartridge, preferred. I've got a line on another that's going to be a peach. And if only the war keeps on a few months longer, we'll have that place at Newport that your mother's had her eye on so long."

The whirling horror that tore her soul grew less. Reason, unseated by the drenching terror of blood and torture, crept weakly, pitifully to her brain. Marie opened drawn, fear-bitten eyes. Naked walls, red, glowing. . . . Corpses. . . .

Vague thoughts, aching, awful, came to her but to lose themselves ere they could be grasped. It was like trying to find bodies in a sea of blood.

Her father. . . . She remembered. . . . Him they had killed. . . .

Again the sea of blood.

Her mother. . . . Again she remembered. . . . That scream. . . . It was her mother's voice. . . .

And once again her reason, gripping with agonized fingers of effort, slid back into the blood-red sea of vagueness.

And so for a thousand thousand years. . . . She lay while all the ghouls of hell pounded at her brain and tore her soul. The river called softly, the old river, the friendly river. . . . But for all the noise, she could not hear. . . . The willows whispered, too. . . . But the voices of willows are so very soft, so very gentle. And perhaps they, too, were soul-stricken, for willows do not travel, and see so little. . . .

Came Reason again, thrusting its battered head above the blood sea. . . . It spoke to her. . . . Again, vaguely, she heard. . . .

It was trying to tell her something. She clenched her hands; she shook the pounding ghouls from brain and soul. . . . She tried to listen. . . .

There were other villages, Reason was saying, other villages like her own. There were other villages, gentle villages, lying beneath God's cupped hands, as hers had lain. Other villages there were, and in these were other people, gentle people, people such as had been those that now lay dead and dying amid the red pyres of their homes. Gentle people like these there were, who did not yet realize all the reeking horrors that mankind can do to man. And if the invaders had not gone too fast, there might yet be time for someone to find these gentle people and tell them of the reeking horrors so that, at least, they might save their lives in flight. This it was that Reason told her through all the tumult of the tearing, pounding ghouls. And this it was that she heard. And, hearing, she tried to rise to her feet. . . . Her arms were weak, like a baby's. . . . Her legs trembled beneath her. . . . She looked down at them, strangely. . . .

And as she looked, wide of eye, drawn of lip, Reason again spoke. It told her that that of which she thought might well mean death — and worse. It told her that where she was, she was safe. Hidden, she was, and secure. No one would come to the little pool where rested the river, where leaned the willows. There was no reason why anyone should. So that, as long as she stayed there, she was safe. It told her that, their blood lust sated, the invaders might pass on; that then she might find a place of permanent safety. Surely, there must be some place that was safe; so that, by staying where she was for perhaps a day and a night, she might at least save life, and that which is more precious than life. . . .

So Reason told her. . . . She heard, and plainly. She sank to her trembling knees. . . . And now another voice was calling. . . . It was that of the old river. It called softly, and unbelievably gently. . . . She listened. . . . By and by, after a very long while, she rose again to her feet. . . . Her knees were stronger. . . . She stood as stood Joan of Arc who, too, heard voices. . . . And Marie listened now not alone to Reason, not alone to the river, but, as well, to the voices of all the people of the gentle hills, the vast land-spread murmur of a happy people lying all unsuspecting beneath the peace of God's cupped hands — the peace the devil was so soon to ruin, to ravish and to wreck. All these she heard. And above all, the voice of God, Himself. . . .

It is not always that those who try, succeed. It is not always that those who succeed, try. But to try, and not succeed is, to the one who tries, success; for that circumstances are against, or beyond, one in no way lessens the praise that one deserves. So it is that to try and not to succeed is so infinitely better than to succeed without trying.

Marie was innocent. But she was not ignorant. When she left the shadows of the willows beside the little pool where the old river lay at rest, she knew full well what was in store for her if caught. She knew that women are born to be mothers. She knew that unbridled men are born to be beasts. . . . These things she knew. But the voices of Reason and of the river, the land-spread murmur of the people of the gentle hills, and the voice of God Himself were in her ears. . . . And so she went.

I wish that the God who spoke would let me tell you that she went in safety. I wish He would. . . . But it was not so to be. He called in vain, as did the voices of Reason and the river, as did the land-spread murmur of the people of the gentle hills. . . .

MORNING came.

Bruised and torn and naked, fouled of body by all the filth of earth, she crawled weakly on hands and knees back to the little pool where lay the river beneath the willows. . . . Crooning softly, as to a frightened child, the old river took her to his breast, the gentle old river that was so kindly and so wise. And in his kindness and his wisdom came to her torn, wracked body and tortured brain, at length, the God-sent peace that passeth all understanding. . . . The willows shivered a little, in the morning mist. . . . Yet willows, you know, understand but little. . . .

For, you see, her soul was so very clean.

That night it was that Mary gave her party. It was a most brilliantly successful affair. There were eighty covers; and, following the dinner, the guests danced until four in the morning. It was broad daylight when Mary went to bed, very happy, very beautiful, and — yes — very drunk.

All of which is, of course, quite as it should be. . . . Or is it?

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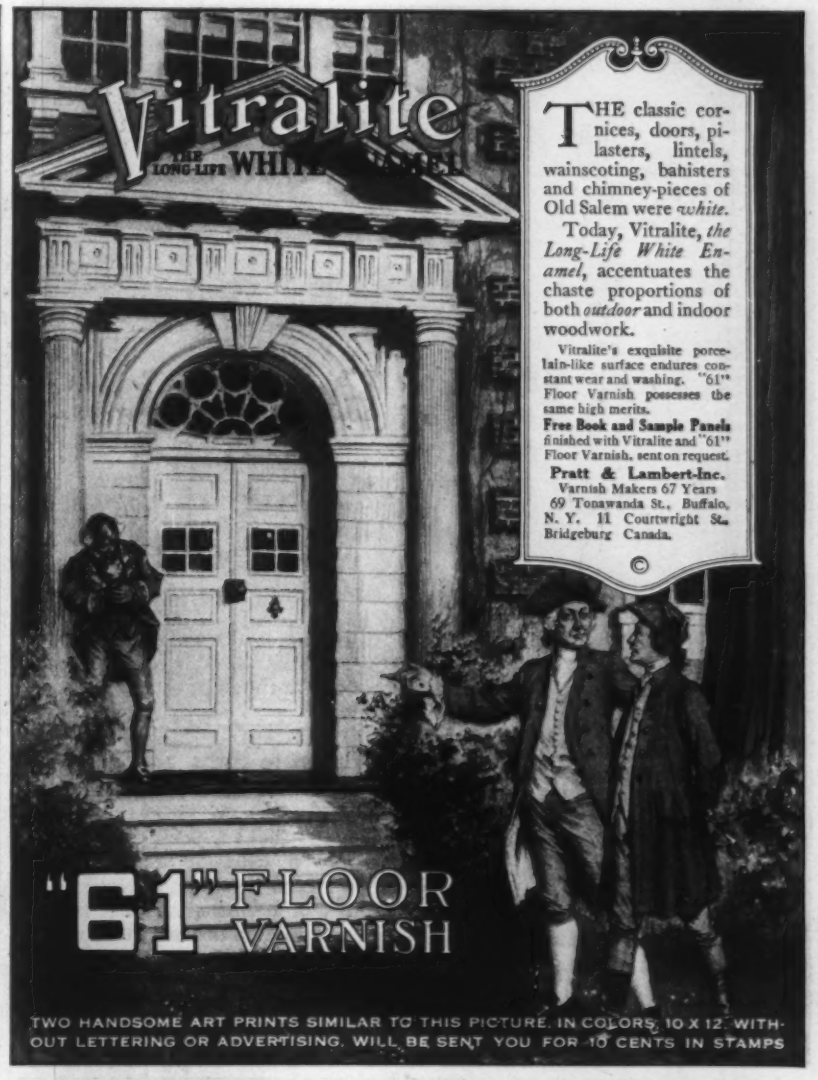

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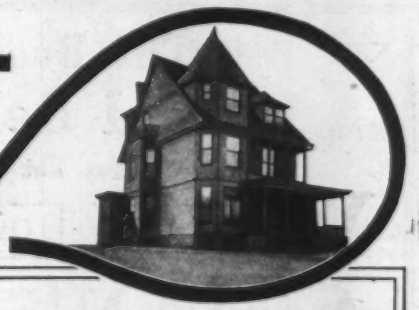

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